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JULY, 1923

DECKERS ON THE COAST

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

Down on the after-deck, shielded from sun and rain and the idle stare of the promenade, they were spread in a sprawling heap on Number Three hatch. Sixty, counting the children, as the ship left Colon. Nine hours later, what with the motion of the vessel and money troubles, the great negress in the purple kimono set up a roaring, and she was got out of the crowd somehow; and then there were sixty-one.

In that congested microcosm, however, this was no more than an ephemeral inconvenience. It was more or less perplexing to a spectator how so many of them, with their diversities of sleeping paraphernalia, had contrived to embed themselves in a species of human mosaic, upon a thirty by twenty-five hatch. Nevertheless, it was not adequate. They overflowed on all four sides, spilling from camp-bedsteads set solidly athwart the gangways, snoring on bags of dunnage draped upon the winches (which were still hot, and caused occasional squeals as some small darky clutched the pipes and cylinders), and dispersing upon the bulwarks, where several were holding secret communication with the heaving waters.

As it grew dark, a huge wired bowl was suddenly turned on, and the as-

sembled voyagers were flooded with yellow rays. It was easy to see that some of these people were accustomed to this method of traveling and had grown expert in dealing with the minor problems of existence in such circumstances. There was a girl, for instance, on the port side, who had brought her own narrow iron bed, with sheets, and who revealed the skill of a quick-change artist in divesting herself of her shore finery and appearing, as if by magic, in a scarlet peignoir, her hair cascading over brown shoulders, and between her lips a cigarette offered by an appreciative saloon-waiter, who, with one eye cocked to watch the long port alley for the second steward's approach, was laying the foundations of, let us hope, an enduring friendship.

There was the aged negro, so grizzled that he seemed incredible and out of place save in an advertisement, who sat on a basket suitcase on the deck and read slowly, and with devastating enunciation, from the Old Testament.

There was the perennial and solitary vagabond, in dire need of a shave, his feet thrust into soiled rope-soled canvas shoes, his head bound in a calico undershirt borrowed from a neighbor, already sound asleep.

Others were less easy. Again and again they rose from their chairs and beds, and settled themselves in supposedly more comfortable attitudes. A mother, with her three, all on one strip of canvas and laid out as if for interment, was periodically aroused by her offspring in monotonous rotation. Fed, their dark little faces still moist from the suckling, they fell back and slept instantly, lying in utter and innocent nakedness like statues of polished chalcedony. A couple, man and woman, perplexing enough to the European unversed in the life of the Coast, fondled one another and chuckled at intervals at their own whispered remarks. Perplexing, since he was a heavy blond young man with a silky beard concealing a weak chin, while she was a vigorous and beautiful quadroon, the wedding ring conspicuous on her finger as she lolled in her chair, alert, intelligent, bright as a new penny when she leveled her gaze upon an appraising saloon-waiter or scullion who meditated an advance. Less easy, these, since they were just married, and the future in Calomar, whither he was bound as a clerk, was uncertain.

Beyond them, and engaged in rapid converse with some of the crew, stood a man of uncertain age. His cap was of some furry fabric spotted to resemble the skin of a leopard, and his soiled linen suit hung loosely upon him. His face was drawn into vertical lines, into harsh furrows, and the expression of his irascible and bloodshot eyes was that of a man engaged in secret warfare with Fate. At times he turned, and the light from the cargo-cluster illumined that ravaged countenance with dreadful fidelity. There was an air of excitement about him, too, since he talked with the rapidity and gestures of one who lacked time to complete his story; and he looked around into the glare of the light as if he saw some-

one in the distance, overtaking him.

And he had competitors: from the recumbent forms arose a murmurous cacophony of diverse organs. Children whimpered and squalled; four Negroes snarled and gabbled as they shot craps; a piratical creature strummed on a banjo and hummed; while on the starboard side, a furious uproar raged around a gray-haired virago, fit model for the Eumenides herself, who was accusing a smiling youth of stealing a bottle of eau-de-cologne from her bag. This was the most popular show of the evening. The dame sat there on her bed, her chemise sliding from her incredible shoulders, her bony arms and jaws moving in a convulsive synchronism. Men stood over her, with folded arms, and watched every movement, as if she were some monotonous automaton they had wound up and set going. This impression, that she was not human, but a clockwork affair, gained force when, of a sudden, without warning, as she foamed and choked, and lunged toward her adversary to strike him down to death, some word spoken amid the din made her stop and, collapsing upon her pallet, she shrieked with laughter. She seemed to have run down, her spring broken, her interior mechanism gone derelict.

But the man on the other side of the hatch took no notice of these distractions. He was driven by something more than a mere momentary gust of animal passion. His incessant watchfulness, as he turned his head again and again toward the light, reminded one of a wild animal devouring his prey in an alien jungle. Like a wild animal, too, he took no notice of the snapping jackals near him, or of the natural noises — the booming of the wind now rising, the rattle and flap of the awning, the sough and spit of the sea along the side. He held the three men in white jackets in subjection to his

vibrating finger and swift impetuous speech. They made no sign, save to spit and flick ash from cigarettes, but they remained. Here was necromancy, since they knew the steward was already searching angrily for them. They remained. The dinner-gong thrummed musically along the corridors as the bell-hop moved to and fro. They remained. The figure of the second steward, spick and span, shaven to pink perfection, emerged smartly from the port alley. They saw him and moved, yet dominated by the cadaverous being in his dirty linen suit, who was offering them, so to speak, the kingdoms of the world. And then the steward saw them, and they rushed into the starboard alley toward the kitchen, leaving the necromancer to sink down on a yellow leatherette suitcase and fumble in his pocket for a cigarette.

All his life he had been an imaginative man. There had come to him, with the romantic tales of childhood, a shameful yet alluring conviction that he would be able to know those desperate doings in reality, be able to rip away the baffling veils hung between himself and the things he desired. There was a dark significance in the way he sat there, his chin on his clenched hands, recalling the vivid moments of his life. He surveyed with stoical courage his boyhood dreams, which were always of material import — dreams of gold and silver, or slaves, and houses of barbaric solidity. What he wanted had always to die, and when it was dead he no longer wanted it. So, as he grew older, he thought more and more of wealth, hard minted bulion, never finding that mysterious idealism which is the key to the riches of the world. Now, on the eve of success, he was poor.

He looked back. The soilure of the deck at which he stared through his unwashed fingers became transmuted

into a dark mirror, in which he saw his life in a series of episodes. Yet were they episodes? Were they not rather a series of sudden irretrievable crashes to lower levels of industrious resignation? For he had been industrious. He had been a clever boy at school, and the scholarship which had sent him to the University was easy to him. Yet it was the first stage in his unlucky career. He saw that now. It had started him up the rickety ladder of learning. While his real self, his imagination, was concerned with the things you could get hold of, money and its transmutations. That was the first drop, when he found himself a bookmaker's clerk at Newmarket, instead of student in cap and gown at Cambridge, a dozen miles away. He had not regretted the change at the time; he had defiantly enjoyed it, and it might have been his career. But the favorites won day after day, and he had been forced to beg a ride to London.

He recalled all the succeeding years, and saw no flaw in himself. Bad luck. He had asked no more than some of the wealth in the world, yet people got the habit of regarding him with contempt and disdain, as if he suffered from some moral lesion. And he was sometimes a little bitter with the gentry who preached that a man, to succeed, should concentrate upon his ambition. Had he not done just that? Yet he had failed very badly indeed.

And it came to him, as he sat on his poor and inadequate valise, staring at the deck, that his struggle had been very much with simple circumstances, and not with people. Neither he nor they had been evil. And also there was this fatal gift of his, of talking with terrible facility. Why was that? Always he had suffered from it. Give him a listener, and he was 'away to the races,' as they used to say at home. Even when he had got a business posi-

tion, this gift of tongues, as one might say, was no asset. Once, when he had been admitted to an interview, and he was tearing along, thinking that he was doing finely, his client had shot half out of his chair thundering, 'Shut up!' There had been a silence, a moment of paralysis, and then a mutter from the man: 'What d' you think you 're doing? — Drive a man crazy,' and such-like comments.

Why was that? Never got anywhere, in spite of his education and fecundity of speech. Even this evening, when he confronted the ship's doctor in the surgery, and was identified on the list of deck-passengers, he had somehow launched into an uncalled-for loquacity, and had found the man, his eyeglass screwed into his experienced blue eye, examining him critically. And had there not been a faint sound like '*cacoëthes loquendi*' as he went out? The doctor thought himself safe, no doubt, in talking Latin to a decker. But had he really gabbler's itch?

He stared at the deck and wondered. Even as he did so, he found his lips forming the words that he had 'no animus, no animus whatever.' There it was — *cacoëthes loquendi* — gabbler's itch. He frowned. It was a grave disadvantage, this lack of animus. Because a simple fellow had no consideration in the world, if he talked. They shouted, 'Shut Up!' or just stared and moved out of earshot. His wife, for example, had simply cleared out, left him for good. Of course he had failed to support her. Ah! but there was another side to that. He had never been successful with women. Nobody could hold it against him that he had done them any harm. It was true that he ought to have supported his wife. But he had a humorous conviction that she would have gone — anyway. Saw it in her eye, one day, while he was talking very fast.

There was something about him, he was well aware. He made a momentary comparison of himself with that doctor, for instance, with his finely wrinkled yet healthy-looking parchment skin, his alert poise, his superior, monocolled scrutiny. About the same age. Thirty years ago they might have been contemporaries at the same college. And he, the doctor, had never said a word beyond 'What 's your name?' and that valedictory mutter in Latin. Was that the difference? No. Something else, he felt quite sure.

He was apparently unaware of the turmoil surrounding him, the buzz and chatter that arise always from a huddled mass of humans, who are being carried, like cattle, to their desired havens, and who become garrulous and musical and quarrelsome, merely for lack of responsibility and employment. He did not notice how, in the course of ceaseless rearrangements of baggage and persons, he had become isolated. He sat now on his valise, on the deck, a solitary being, apart. The deck was now like a large chamber walled in by the wind. Above the great bowl of light which poured its rays diagonally upon them and threw immense black shadows into the after-gloom, the canvas awning seemed to be struggling to escape. It bellied out from the halyards in a concave vault of quivering fabric, and then suddenly descended and began to flap viciously in the gusts that came over the bulwarks at intervals. Beyond those bulwarks was darkness and heaving waters, and a wind that gave out great booming sighs as it fled over the sea.

He looked up at last, and found himself as if shunned. And his undisciplined imagination took it as an omen when a wave suddenly reared up over the bulwarks and fled aft, splashing him contemptuously with spray. Nobody touched but him! He shook the

water from his eyes and stood up, glancing round to discover the witnesses of his misfortune. But the occupants of the hatch were preoccupied with the problem of existence. The eddying wind and the beating canvas were giving trouble. Children were crying, and the mothers, reared up from their beds, were looking about for more secluded quarters. Several had already moved stealthily aft, and were lost among the crew.

The ship took a long careening roll, and the sea leapt out of the darkness, sparkled and gleamed in the light, and detonated upon the deck. Murmurs and cries mingled with the sough of the water through the scuppers. The forms of men, safe in the shelter of the alleys, were silhouetted against the far brightness of the kitchens, whence had come great crashes of falling metal. Above the straining canvas, the guy-ropes hummed and tackle squeaked as it was flung about by the wind and the scend of the ship. As she drew out from the horns of the Dark Gulf, she began to wallow on the outer edge of a hurricane.

Yet the fact that no one had seen his discomfiture with that first wave was for him a source of satisfaction. His mind ran swiftly over the situation, as he edged in between two massive bollards under the lee of the bulkhead. He saw one of those to whom he had been confiding his plans peering out upon the deck as if looking for him, and wearing an expression of hard curiosity.

II

He drew back. He must think. His trouble was, of course, money. Money for an adequate boat and tackle. But for that he would not have mentioned a word to these supercilious beings who would be in Sovranilla for a few hours, and then gone, to Curaçoa, to Port-au-

Prince, to Havana and New York. No! Much rather would he have depended upon the people he knew in Sovranilla. Perhaps it would have been better if he had never left it. And he would never have heard that conversation, carried on in growls behind the lattice-work where he sat smoking a cigarette after he had washed the dishes for Jovita's Chinese cook.

Jovita was the proprietress of the Love Nest Café for Officers, in a discreet back-street in Colon. The café was upstairs over the street, and was screened all round with romantic greenery trellised over painted lattice. Jovita's two daughters, as big as herself, were the sirens. They danced and looked ponderously languorous at young ensigns from Indiana and Ohio. But the growls came from maturer throats. Captains of ships, he reflected, smoking cautiously, and lowering his ear until it was on a level with the voices. The lattice-work had creaked as the owner of the growl leaned against it. Outside the Love Nest in the arched street, the tropical rain was descending in wavering sheets. It poured like a momentary cataract over the corrugated iron roof of the kitchen. So the captains of ships replenished their glasses and growled on.

The word Sovranilla came out. One of the speakers grumbled that 'they could do what they liked with it, once they got it to Sovranilla.' And then 'six hundred thousand dollars. Gold, in little barrels a strong boy could run off with!' The speaker became indignant. 'And nowhere to put it but a cupboard on the boat-deck, with a rotten old ship's-lock on it. Of course,' — here the growl became very thick, and almost inaudible, — 'nobody knowing it, just as safe, eh?' And, 'What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve for'; and a reference to the 'worries of life,' followed by guttural laughter and

contralto badinage from a daughter of Jovita.

The watcher looked critically at her through a crevice in the heavy foliage. That was not his weakness. It exasperated him at times, that men should abandon realities for such ephemeral solace as women afforded. Yet they had their uses, he reflected. They were kind enough. At Sovranilla, when he was so utterly on the beach that he had but one pair of pants, a brown-skinned creature, with soft black eyes and gentle voice, had sewn industriously on his behalf. He had bought her a bottle of perfume when he won eleven dollars on the Commandant's bird at the village cockpit. But for the idolater of tangible riches, there was no lure in feminine softness. Indeed, he had this much feminine about him, — and it may be some explanation, — that he loved the things they loved: the glitter of gems, the seductive feel of amber and ivory, the smooth caresses of silk, and the satisfying solidity of coins. He experienced a sensation almost of vertigo as he imagined those 'little barrels a strong boy could run off with.' The cigarette burned his fingers sharply, as he crouched with closed eyes by the lattice-work, listening to the syncopations of the phonograph.

And they were up there now, a hundred feet away from him, those little barrels. He snuggled down between the bollards and tried to visualize them — clean solid little affairs, with fat scarlet seals, exquisitely portable even for 'a strong boy.' But with a mysterious lack of logic his mind would not be preoccupied with them. He discovered that his vividly imagined fortitude was undermined by a desire to return to Sovranilla. Do what he would, he could not evade a secret conviction that he regretted his departure. Why had he left?

He drew hard on a cigarette as he

recalled that unkempt coast town that sprawled along the crumbling edge of a shabby bluff. He liked it. There was no appearance to keep up. The streets were lanes of mud or dust, with steep gullies cut here and there athwart them; and pigs and fowls wandered in and out of the houses. He liked it. They were kind to him. Always, when he had been in low water, there was a meal somewhere for him. He could always get a canoe and paddle round to a sheltered cove, for an afternoon's swimming. And the brown-skinned girl liked him, for she would always iron a shirt when he asked her.

And he had left it all suddenly, without a word of good-bye, because of his fatal facility of speech. There was no doubt that, once started, he could not stop. He told that passenger an astounding tale as he walked up the long jetty carrying the gentleman's valise. And what he realized now, as he sat with his back to the vibrating bulkhead and watched the white water spring upon the bulwarks was that, 'when he got going,' he was not himself, but the person he imagined he was — that alert and efficient image in the rear of his brain! He would have to carry that other magniloquent self upon his back all his days, suffering for the follies of one who seemed to be a fantastic and irresponsible kinsman.

Carrying the gentleman's valise, and carried away himself upon a swift gust of speech, he was aware suddenly that he had been presented with a decker's ticket to Colon. He had shown conclusively and exhaustively that, if he could only get away from Sovranilla, he could regain his position in life. He had invited a college man to consider the agony of spirit another college man suffered in that shaggy dump beside the emerald-green combers of the Caribbean. He saw himself, as he talked, flung down in uttermost misery behind

some convenient wattled hut. He saw life unfolding for him amid the glare and rattle of the night-life in Colon, wealth coming to him in heaps of paper and metal, followed by the respect of his contemporaries. So it had befallen, and he had walked out of the great docks, his own small satchel in his hand, his head high, until he was out of sight. Then he knew he was better off, far better off, in that little town of Sovranilla.

And as he thought it out now from his refuge behind the bollards, he saw himself as the owner of a secret which would make them all rich. He imagined himself walking about among them, able at a word to turn the whole place upside down. But he would never speak it. He saw himself again when he came to die, handing on the secret of the money he had cast into the sea at such and such a place, giving the bearings of the lighthouse and the buoy on the sunken wreck. He even saw in imagination the stir that would arise in Juan Pierella's botega when the news went round. Game cocks and roulette wheels would be forgotten while they discussed it in whispers. Little barrels!

And then, seeing those white-coated men by the door, their glances falling at times in hard curiosity upon him, hiding there between the bollards, he made a determined gesture and turned his mind resolutely from these fancies. And this resolution of his, like a grapnel, caught upon the first thing convenient in his mind. He would have nothing to do with these people on the ship. They had scarcely concealed their amusement while he had sounded them as to their willingness to go into a venture that might be a good thing. He ought to know by now that these people had no ideas above smuggling drugs or egret feathers in their underwear, or perhaps pilfering trinkets from

a passenger's trunks. He hated them, when they came ashore in Sovranilla. On one occasion he had risen in a paroxysm of disgust because a crowd of them had walked into the room where he was talking to that brown girl while she ironed. Even they, tough as they were, had seen something ominous in the gestures of the thin, unshaven man in shirt and pants, the cigarette trembling in his fingers as he lashed them with his incomparable tongue. A mistake, they muttered, and withdrew, ashamed. Neither he nor the girl had said a word for a long time, and then he had slipped away into the darkness.

As the evening wore on, it was evident that the people lodged beneath the straining awning, and attacked by the seas that leaped the bulwarks at uncertain intervals, would be in distress. The chief officer, in dirty white uniform and long rubber boots, came down the ladder from the bridge-deck and consulted with the bos'un, a harassed expression on his face as he looked around. The man crouching between bollard and bulkhead watched him with dislike. It was part of his character to hate uniforms; but behind that human trait there lurked the subtler reason that these men could not be induced to talk. They barked, or snarled, or grunted, or were sullenly silent. You could n't get near them. He recalled the doctor, with his monocle, his spotless white and gold regalia, his cool, silent appraisal. They symbolized for him, these men, a world in which he had failed to get a footing. Thinking of them, Sovranilla, with its pigs and fowls walking in and out among the humans in the adobe huts, was, by comparison, home. There everybody talked, interminable rigmaroles in Spanish, about nothing at all — about the pimple on the nose of the conductor just in on the train from

Calomar, or the new white enameled basin Emilia Gurmiesindo had ordered from New York through Wong Choy's general store, or the bottle of perfume which the assistant commandant had smuggled for his wife, but which he had given to Vina Muñoz, who was not esteemed.

And there was another and subtler reason hiding like a shadow behind all this. He was unable to appreciate their fidelity to an abstraction. He could be inspired by those he knew. As he flinched from a great wave that roared along the rail and vanished without coming inboard, he had a sudden vivid consciousness of his affection for the folk in Sovranilla. But to work all one's life for people one never saw was folly. An idea! A chimera! And no doubt flung aside when they were too old, eh?

He would have plunged into a fresh depth of imaginative reflections had not the whole ship sprung to life before his eyes. The officer stiffened to an alert rigidity as the whistle whined and blared suddenly above them, three long blasts, and then he ran to the side. The sailors followed suit, lining the bulwarks. The sound of men running came to the ears of the man crouching out of sight. He could remain in this position no longer. He rose, and looking earnestly at his little valise, walked to the side.

At first nothing could be seen save the great foam-flecked planes of the sea, a series of enormous and advancing ridges with toppling white crests as they passed; and the glare of the portholes so illuminated them that beyond was a place of vague darkness. But as he gazed, he saw, away on the starboard bow, a slow rising globe of intense light, a globe that exploded into a cascade of distant spangles. As the radiance died out and the ship sloped sharply forward down the weather side of a wave, he saw something else, which

evoked from his troubled and weary spirit a sigh of relief. Only for a moment he caught the deep red glow of the wreck-buoy outside Sovranilla, and then it disappeared.

At once, as that rocket ascended into the distant darkness, the officer and his crew abandoned their plans of moving the deckers to some other part of the ship and ran up the ladders to the boat-deck away above them. And it was easy in the confusion for the man who had stood beside them at the bulwarks to follow unobserved. The mere act of ascending was an inspiration to him. For a moment he shrank back as he found himself confronting the long smooth camber of the promenade deck, with its colored lights and recumbent forms; and then he sprang on up the next ladder, and came out upon a place of baffling obscurity and a masterful rushing wind.

For here was no water, only a ceaseless pressure of air. It roared about him as he stumbled over deadeyes and guy-ropes. It tore at the collar of his shirt and flapped the trousers about his knees and ankles. But he gained what he wanted, a high clear view of that ruby light; and he clung to the corner of a deck-house and watched it. All about him were men shouting as they toiled above one of the boats. The wavering beam of a flash-light suddenly threw them into brilliant relief, and their eager faces as they turned gave them the appearance of a party of conspirators. He shrank back into the shadow of the house as the light advanced. No one, as far as he could imagine, had noticed his hurried ascent with the crew. And now, while they were putting the boat out over the water, his mind became clogged with sensations.

He became aware that he was concealed from view by the very thing he had set out to seek. He could no longer see either the men at work or the

ascending rockets from the bark on her beam-ends below the bluff, or the ruby light winking from the wreck-buoy. He was in deep shadow, and sheltered from the roaring wind. And an ecstasy assaulted him, a desire, not so much to do what he had vividly imagined, as to see if for once his imagination had not played him false. And he began to explore, concentrating in a few moments some of those discoveries often spread over years.

For while he was feeling for the door, behind which lay the money that had obsessed him, he was also exploring his own nature. He was conscious of standing beside himself and watching with painful curiosity what he would do. The door, of course, would be locked, but there was a window, a round scuttle opening inward and too small even for the strong boy the captain had sardonically specified. And he saw himself reach an arm into that window, and felt beneath his hand the rough edges of a barrel-head. For an instant he was almost in a swoon as he saw the enterprise crowned with success. A determined struggle with the door, a dozen swift journeys to the deserted lee rail, a quick fixing of position in his mind, and then away down to the raucous uproar of the deckers, stage by stage, emerging from some dark corner where he had been sleeping in innocence through the storm. How could they suspect him? He fondled the smooth perfection of the plan.

For once his imagination had not fooled him. Here it was, at last, the authentic foot of the rainbow. He saw himself in Sovranilla, telling the children, as the passing rain-squall fled over the emerald and silver waves, that there was a cask of gold at the foot of yonder colored arch. He would make an allegory of it, until the time came when they could go out and see how truly he had spoken.

And that thought made him shrink back as if he had been struck suddenly in the darkness. He felt the hot plates of the funnel against his hands and shoulders. There it was again, that devil with the forked tongue as it were, the devil of loquacity. He sprang away and stumbled aft until he came to the rail overlooking the awning. It was going, the wind was ripping it, halyard by halyard, and he could discern the hullabaloo of the helpless folk dodging the ruthless lashings of the canvas. Could he accomplish nothing without this ebullient verbiage? His hands closed desperately on the rail, as if the rushing wind was a fate trying to bear him away.

And as he stood there, fate came to him, in the guise of a man in oilskins who bumped into him in the darkness, who asked him who he was, and without waiting for an answer bade him go forward and man the boat.

He thought, afterward, when he had reached it, had clambered into it as it swayed on the outswung davits, that he must have spoken at length to the man in the oilskins — a man with a voice both furry and hoarse, red-faced and solemn under the sou'wester tied below his chin. Must have done that. The words of that man sang in his ears like harpstrings: For the Lord's sake, shut up — not so much conversation — talk later — see the rockets — get in — ready, bos'un? — then lower away!

The ship had been stopped, and by the time the boat began to descend, all way was gone from her. And it seemed to him, as he sat in the boat among a half-dozen of silent men, that their rapid passing by lighted deck and bright port-holes, row on row, into the darkness below, was a symbol of life. Consecrated to a high purpose, they descended into unknown perils as if from another world; and suddenly they were afloat and the falls unhooked, and

they were pulling with a mystical union of energy toward a cascade of falling stars.

Here, for a stark materialist, the episode would have ended in failure. But for him it was a revelation of his own potential character. Sitting there in the obscurity of the storm, joined with unseen and unknown men in a common beneficent endeavor, he shed the pretentious trappings of an irksome life-habit and comprehended resolutely his true bearings. He saw them as, when he was poised high upon a lofty wave-crest, the ruby light of the wreck-buoy shone across to him. He saw them when, after enormous labor, they had won to the lee side of the great bark, dismasted and careened upon the white-toothed rocks below the bluffs. He saw them as those

frightened and weary men tumbled aboard with a shout and a whimper of delight. But he saw them best of all when, after the long, long pull, they gained the little harbor and stood at last upon the jetty below the silent huts of Sovranilla. It was the moment of dawn, and the steamer was standing in toward the anchorage. None of the strangers noted his gesture as he faced the eastern ranges where the sun had touched the snowy summits of the Andes with rose. It was a gesture of surrender and illumination, a symbol of what he now comprehended and believed.

And often, in after days, the children would see him pause in his talk when a rain-squall fled away over the Caribbean, and make that gesture toward the rainbow, watching in silence where the shaft of it sank into the emerald sea.

UNPRINTABLE

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

A FEW of our great thinkers have gone out, out — out beyond good and evil. When it comes to definitions and specific cases, the rest of us may differ sharply. But with reference to the abstract principle we are still within shouting distance of one another. We have preserved our 'illusions.' We have not yet learned to look upon words as merely patterns made in a child's game of letters. We still believe that there are important values represented by such symbols as 'good taste' and 'decency.' We may quarrel about standards of

decency; but we agree — I hope that I do not generalize from insufficient data — we agree that persons who have 'lost all sense of decency' are undesirable, unfragrant, and perhaps imbecile and unsafe to be abroad in the community.

Our common sense accordingly takes measures to provide against destruction of the sense of decency by perverts who subsist on the propagation of vice, or who, as mere amateurs of depravity, find their delight in corrupting the minds of the young. Our common

sense does not attempt to legislate with reference to highly disputable points of taste, but only with reference to the elements of common decency. For this reason our regulations are not devised by æsthetic experts or professors of ethics or Galahads, but by fairly worldly all-around men, equally competent with respect to railroads, boxing, and tariffs. These representatives whom we have elected to care for our public welfare have declared by law that a certain class of literature is unprintable. In this class falls, according to various Federal and State enactments, every book and picture which is 'obscene,' 'lewd,' 'lascivious,' 'filthy,' 'indecent,' or 'disgusting.'

Under authority of these acts, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and similar agencies have confiscated, destroyed, and excluded from the mails a great mass of 'demoralizing' matter concerning which our common sense is not in doubt — matter which comes to respectable noses only when some brief newspaper paragraph reminds us that there are monsters among us engaged in the business intimated with shuddering horror in Henry James's 'Turn of the Screw.'

But these moral agencies have also obtained in recent years the temporary suppression of several novels, which 'everyone' has read, written by English and American authors whose other works are 'in every library.' In the circumstances, common sense naturally raises the question whether there has not been a failure of justice. I doubt whether any man versed in letters can read the records of a celebrated literary trial without coming to the conclusion that judges and lawyers are, so far as their professional training is concerned, unequipped for the task undertaken and really as much at sea as they have frequently shown themselves when they have employed their grave wis-

doms in settling the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Their self-confidence in such affairs is supported by their certified expertness in handling evidence — of a sort. They think that they understand the law. They have explained it to the jury in just about this fashion and in nearly these words:

'The question before you, gentlemen, is very simple.' (That is their first error: the question before the gentlemen is one of abysmal complexities. But let us not interrupt the Court.) 'The question is not to say how this book affects you, or persons of your seasoned experience and virtue. The question is whether this book tends to deprave the minds of those open to such influences, and into whose hands a publication of this character might come. It is within the law if it would suggest impure and libidinous thoughts in the young and inexperienced. A book to be obscene, need not be obscene throughout the whole of its contents; but if the book is obscene in part, it is an obscene book.'

A schoolboy far below Macaulay's conception of the type can perceive at a glance that any jury which honestly obeyed these instructions could bar from the mails the Bible, Shakespeare, or even an unabridged English Dictionary, which, as there is testimony to prove, is quite capable of suggesting impure and libidinous thoughts in minds 'open to such influences.' In the celebrated, but now remote, case of *Madame Bovary*, the prosecution, indeed, like a prurient schoolboy, selected from that grim and repellent history of illicit relations all the passages descriptive of sensual passion, wove them into a suggestive little narrative of its own, and thus presented its case to the jury. The defense, on the other hand, argued with a good deal of piquancy and cogency that Flaubert had dealt with

sensual passion in the temper of Bosuet, with excerpts from whom the notebooks of the novelist were full; and that to judge a serious work of art without reference to its total intention and effect is not merely unjust but grossly absurd.

II

Each attempt to apply the law in such cases results inevitably in an extension of the legal prosecution and defense into an acrimonious, yet not uninteresting and often diverting, public debate between authors in general and the officers and friends of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Whatever the result of the legal proceedings may be, the cause of 'outraged virtue' is lost the moment that it is carried into the newspapers, where, as Mark Twain might have said, it is as much out of place 'as a Presbyterian in hell-fire.' The cause is lost through the manifested ineptitude, ignorance, and incompetency of those who espouse it. In these cases — if I may be pardoned for employing a vulgar and violent expression — in these cases, a good man, whenever he opens his mouth, puts his foot into it. A country clergyman writes in that he has not read the book in question, but he knows that our modern authors are a 'bad lot,' and he wishes the prosecutor 'more power to his elbow.' An irate judge declares that he and his daughter *have* read the book, and he only wishes that he could 'get it before the public!' An Outraged Parent says that he would like to read it; and in this wish he is joined by the association of Y. M. C. A. secretaries, the Associated Mothers' Club, the Boy Scouts, and the Camp Fire Girls. Members of any or all of these associations are prepared to affirm, after a careful perusal of the objectionable book, that it is not fit for them to read.

By this time, what began as a serious matter of public morals would degenerate into farce, and the case would be lost in the court of common sense, even if the defense did not utter a word. But the defense never lets the prosecution off so easily. The defense is endowed with tongues which it knows how to use effectively, if not always scrupulously. The persuasively articulate part of the public, all the wits of the press, editors and authors of every shade of merit and respectability, habitually unite in condemnation of the law and in derision of those who have attempted to enforce it. It is to be noted that they also, for the most part, think it unnecessary to have read the book in order to protest against the prosecution of its author. They protest 'on general principles' — on a considerable variety of general principles, which I shall summarize.

They protest from a general belief in the 'freedom of the press,' and from a feeling that a free press is on the whole more vital to the public than any law curbing it can be. They protest from a general belief in the 'freedom of art.' A few of them argue that art should be free because all true art is moral. More of them argue that art should be free because it is neither moral nor immoral but unmoral, and its influence æsthetic and, therefore, no concern of the legislator or moralist. They contend that the suppressive statutes were framed against pornography, not against art; and they assert that it is easy to distinguish art from pornography. In conclusion, they characterize the prosecution as illiterate, black-mailing, filthy-minded, impertinent, and meddlesome.

After such an encounter, Militant Morality retires from the scene like a badly punished game-cock, with all the young cockerels of the press bursting forth into derisive crowing. If the legal

prosecution also has failed, the book receives an almost official certificate of innocence; and it may be cried up as a pure, decent, beautiful, and significant work of art. If the prosecution has been successful, the book may be suppressed till every schoolboy's curiosity has been whetted to know why; then it may be released and devoured by thousands of readers enlisted mainly by the publicity work of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The law as applied to books issued by regular publishers through the regular channels is, I think, futile and mischievous.

III

In spite of this belief, the case against the law and against the Society is usually presented so unfairly and with such malice and with such defective arguments that there is little satisfaction in joining the popular demonstration against them. I remember hearing not long ago a conservative Russian nobleman lecturing on the present situation in his native country with a sobriety of speech and a balance of judgment to which, in this matter, our American newspapers have not accustomed us. At the outset of his discussion of the Bolshevik régime, he told us that, in his study of public affairs, he invariably proceeded upon the principle that every movement which commands the enthusiastic adhesion of great numbers of people must have something in it which deserves respectful attention.

If this principle appeals to us, we shall not join the wits of the press in dismissing with derisive laughter the Outraged Parents, the Associated Mothers' Club, the Y. M. C. A., the Catholic Club, the bishops and lesser clergymen, the Lord's Day Alliance, the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, and the various religious organizations

which have rallied behind the execrated banner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. We shall strenuously object to the characterization of a cause which such organizations espouse as a blackmailing and filthy-minded enterprise. We shall even admit the possibility that they have a genuine grievance. And, having made that admission, we shall be less concerned to minimize it than to suggest a wiser method of getting it redressed. If we approach the subject in this temper, without recrimination and indiscriminate mud-slinging, we may conceivably persuade them, as well as our own side.

I, for one, believe that they have a grievance. But like most enthusiastic crusading masses, the reformers injure their cause and expose themselves to bitter disappointment and to retarding reactionary movements by asking and expecting too much — by asking and expecting the impossible. They have created the impression that they are actuated by a desire 'to make the world safe for children and adolescents.' It can't be done. It is what an enthusiastic reformer would call a beautiful and inspiring thought; and there is something attractive to the best that is in us even in the most extravagant aspirations toward an ideal good. Yet it is as hopeless to make a morally safe world by wiping out all the germs of moral infection as it is to make a physically safe world by wiping out all the germs of smallpox, typhoid, and influenza.

Since it can't be done, the hope of doing it is, to sober consideration, not really beautiful and truly inspiring, but fantastic and dangerous. It deflects and absorbs to no purpose attention which might and should be directed toward that which can be done. We may stamp out centres of infection here and there; but operating on the world with a view to making it safe is a task

beyond human instrumentalities (and the Dean of St. Paul's believes that God himself has given it up). The world is an old rake, a hoary incurable, and will always be breaking out in one place or another. That which experience proves can be done with some effect toward protecting the young from moral as well as physical diseases is to vaccinate against them — to put inside children and adolescents something capable of resisting and combating the morbid elements which, though the influence of the 'world' be avoided and excluded, still malignly germinate in the cloister, in the cell, in the dusky isolation of the heart.

The law which the reformers seek to enforce against authors is an attempt to make the world safe by exterminating one out of billions of possible sources of infection. If it could be enforced, it would be as effective as 'swatting' a fly in an African jungle, except that a well-swatted fly does 'stay dead.' Those who defend it, I suspect, conceive that this law is the same sort of law as the Volstead Act; and *that*, they are convinced, is going to be in the interest of public welfare. Those who oppose the law designed to suppress indecent literature are also, I think, generally under the impression that it is the same sort of law as the Volstead Act, and that it should, for essentially the same reason, be abolished. In a vital respect it is not of the same sort. It differs from the Volstead Act in a fashion which may permit a man of sense to applaud the one and yet to condemn the other.

The point is this: the legal definition of 'intoxicating liquor' is, though perhaps unscientific and absurd, perfectly fixed and objective. Whether a variety of liquor is intoxicating under the law can be accurately determined by scientific methods. Since this is true, there is nothing essentially impractica-

ble in the task given to officers when they are ordered to confiscate and destroy 'intoxicating liquor.' But the legal definition of indecent literature is not fixed and objective; it is fluent and highly subjective. It differs from decade to decade, from year to year, from nation to nation, from town to town, from class to class, from age to age, from one person to the next. And there is this salient difference in the application of the two definitions: the presence of alcohol is sought in the liquor, but the presence of indecency is not sought in the book. It is sought in the mind of the reader of the book.

That is, indeed, the ultimate place in which to seek it, for there is nothing decent or indecent but thinking makes it so. It is notorious that even a renowned piece of sculptured marble which produces in one person a kind of religious tranquillity and philosophic contemplation, with a sense of the eternity of form and the transience of passion, may at the same instant excite in another beholder such shamefastness that he will cry out for fig leaves, or such unruly emotions as, unchecked, may disrupt society.

Or, to take another case: I myself recently pictured, with what I thought were chaste strokes and in what I thought was a pure æsthetic mood, our *jeune fille*. But I could not conjecture the effect that it was destined to produce in the minds of the young, the innocent, the inexperienced: I find that Mr. H. L. Mencken speaks of this picture as 'lascivious.' What responsibility such facts impose upon the artist!

It is, furthermore, a puzzling paradox in the moral world that, as one progresses toward decency, one discovers that the number of objects which the sense of decency has to operate upon diminishes rather than multiplies, while to a person who has

lost his sense of decency the universe bristles with indecent suggestion.

In recognition of these facts, jurymen who are to determine the quality of a disputable book are instructed in no scientific method, not even in a rule of thumb. No: they are instructed to conjecture whether a book is indecent by first conjecturing how it will affect young minds which are, conjecturally, open to the conjecturable influences of such a book. But jurymen and officers of the law, bold and enterprising as some of the latter are, cannot penetrate into minds to collect the evidence requisite for conviction under the law; and it is merely absurd to send them there.

IV

Yet it is entirely possible to condemn the law in its application to authors without for a moment denying the reality of the problem with which it is intended to cope. It is also quite possible to condemn the law without accepting more than a fraction of the case which the guild of authors have attempted to establish in their own behalf. In my opinion, the authors have taken up positions quite as untenable as those occupied by the reformers — positions from which, in the interest both of literature and of public morals, it is important that they should be dislodged.

It has perhaps never been true in Europe, it is no longer true in America, that it is 'easy to distinguish art from pornography.' It was true in America as long as our literature was mainly written by scholars and gentlemen with an adequate sense of the powers of their profession and of their responsibility to society for the exercise of it. It was true in America as long as our literature was written by members of a class to whom the life of the senses was an interest quite inferior and sub-

ordinate to the life of the mind and the imagination. It was true as long as artists did not concern themselves with pornography. And till this present generation, pornographic writing would have appeared to our chief American authors, with hardly an exception, as an interest perhaps of other lands, other times, other types of culture, but as an interest from them and their land and their type of culture inconceivably remote.

Pornography is defined as a 'treatise on prostitutes,' or as 'obscene or licentious writing.'

When our literature passed from the hands of scholars and gentlemen into the hands of our barbarian artists of what Emerson called the 'Jacksonian rabble,' it lost much of the high seriousness, the decorum, and the impeccable decency characteristic of the New England school. It eventually enlisted the pens of numerous writers who repudiate responsibility to society, and who are far more interested in the life of the senses than in the life of the mind and the imagination. Among these have appeared several authors to whom the sexual life is the all-absorbing centre of interest, and who have devoted no inconsiderable skill to familiarizing us with the life of the prostitute, and to domesticating her, with her amateur sisters, in our literature.

Now, the life of these interesting creatures who are beginning, as it were, to swarm about our firesides and to 'homestead' the vacant territory of our imaginations may or may not be written in an obscene or licentious fashion. If these words are ever applicable to literature, they are plainly, in my opinion, applicable to some of the most praised and prosecuted books of recent years. But the question whether they are applicable does not depend in the least upon the artistic

skill with which the books are written. It depends upon the effect which they are designed to produce. Art, strictly speaking, is nothing but the means employed to produce a desired effect, and is not to be confused with beauty, which is the effect upon fine minds of fine art employed by fine artists. The difference between a filthy story told by a coal-heaver and a filthy story told by an artist is only the difference between expert pornography and inexperienced pornography, when, as is often the case, the effect sought is the same. There is undeniably a streak of salacity in human nature, and some very eminent men of letters have from time to time, in the intervals of more noble occupation, permitted themselves to express it.

Certain critics and authors who are quite willing to have the coal-heaver's filthy story debarred from the mails, because it can be understood by coal-heavers, protest against debarring the filthy story of the artist, because only the highly sophisticated can understand it. I object to the discrimination, on democratic principles! I avow that it affects me, an 'equalitarian' of a sort, like a proposal to forbid the coal-heaver beer, because he can get drunk on it, but to allow the comfortable bond-holder champagne — not because he cannot get drunk on it, but because the coal-heaver cannot afford to get drunk on it. The 'morality' implicit in the discrimination reminds one of Falstaff's penitent resolution never to get drunk again except among gentlemen and such as fear God, and not among drunken knaves. In the presence of such moral subtleties, I become an old-fashioned angry upholder of the 'rights of man.' I declare that, if the sophisticated possess a right to have their delight in the salacious gratified by a piece of expert pornography, then my poor coal-

heaver has a right to have his delight in the salacious gratified by a piece of inexperienced pornography.

But the warier critics avoid this ticklish position. They prefer a quicksand of a more plausible surface. Those who argue for the 'freedom of art' on high æsthetic grounds contend that the moral influence of works of art is vastly exaggerated. The influence of works of art, they declare, is artistic. Æsthetic experience, they assert, is unique in kind.

When one discusses the matter in this fashion, one is soon lost in a metaphysical mist; so let us return to our coal-heaver. What they contend is that the effect of the coal-heaver's inartistic filthy story may be degrading, because it operates in the moral consciousness and may have practical consequences; but that the effect of the author's artistic filthy story may be disregarded, because it operates in the æsthetic consciousness and has no practical consequences.

Has anyone remarked how at variance this æsthetic theory is with the theory upon which a great part of the French, Russian, and English fiction of the last seventy-five years has been constructed? 'What is man?' ask the novelists from Flaubert and Zola and Bourget to Thomas Hardy and Gissing and George Moore. 'A hoop rolled by a whimsical boy,' 'clay on the potter's wheel,' 'a figure of wax under the modeler's thumb.' With such images, they have expressed their constant sense that he is the 'victim of circumstances,' the 'product of environment'; and more than one of them — for examples, Flaubert in *Madame Bovary* and Bourget in *Le Disciple* — have tellingly expressed their belief that literature is a decisive element of the environment, a potent factor in the circumstances.

The distinction between the moral

and the æsthetic consciousness, so vehemently insisted upon by many contemporary critics, — with a suspicion that the 'freedom of art' depends upon maintaining it, — has, so far as I can discover, but slender support from modern psychology, and it is constantly belied by common experience. We find no independent bureaux in man for dealing separately with moral and with æsthetic facts. The entire psychophysical organism receives them as a unit. Every image presented to the mind makes its record in the nerves, and tends to produce an appropriate 'motor response.'

We are all by inheritance mimetic monkeys; we tend, like the untutored members of the A.E.F. in France, to imitate everything that we see and hear. There is tension of the vocal organs, even in silent reading; and our chests vibrate to the sounds of a symphony. The face of an impressionable coach involuntarily mirrors the actor speaking his lines at a rehearsal. Children, after reading the Gospels, play at crucifying their playmates.

As we grow older, we learn to check the overt expression of these spontaneous responses of the nervous organism; but what we call an 'æsthetic response' appears to be only a practical response checked at a certain, or rather at a quite uncertain, point. The spontaneous response is still frequently recorded in dreams. A man to whom every kind of cruelty is abhorrent, having speculated in a waking hour with a kind of curious horror upon the kind of person who could have obeyed that injunction: 'Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone,' dreams in the following night that he and another are engaged in casting stones upon some person in a pit; and wakes himself by the intensity of his aversion from the spontaneous and merely mimetic cruelty of his imagination.

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In our waking hours, the check on the imagination, which prevents it from stimulating the nerves to a visible 'motor response,' is sometimes in this form: 'This is not real — I am in a theatre.' Often it takes the form of a moral consideration: 'I shall make a fool of myself.' 'What would people think of me?' The indeterminate moving line between practical conduct and so-called æsthetic experience depends upon moral and kindred 'inhibitions'; so that we may almost assert that our æsthetic experience is determined and, in a sense, created by our moral discipline.

But common experience proves that, in impressionable persons, the activity of nerves and imagination stimulated by works of art has the possessive and unopposable force of a dream, and controls the physical organism, sometimes with quite inæsthetic consequences. Samuel Pepys records that the ravishing music, at a performance of 'The Virgin Martyr,' 'did wrap up my soul, in pure æsthetic delight, and 'made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife.' The following passage from Wordsworth's *Excursion* is pure enough art, and should therefore be 'without consequences,' as the Croceans would say, 'in the practical sphere': —

Jehovah, — with his thunder and the choir
Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones, —
I pass them unalarmed.

But Crabb Robinson tells us that reading this passage brought on a fit of illness in William Blake — a 'stomach complaint which nearly killed him.' Wordsworth was a contemporary of Blake's; and I myself have been similarly affected by the works of some of my own contemporaries. One of the works of art which has most excited the suppressive agents puts me to sleep; but all the others which have

come to my notice affect me somewhat like a glass of warm water and mustard. These violent effects may, however, also be produced by pieces of 'fossil literature' taken out of what Mr. Untermeyer calls 'the lifeless and literary storehouse' of the past. I have seen a sufficiently unemotional man, of fifty and upwards, driven from the theatre in blinding tears by the presentation of a dramatic work nearly twenty-five hundred years old — *The Trojan Women*. And Professor Hatfield has recently argued, in the Publications of the Modern Language Association, that Scott's novel, *Anne of Geierstein*, had practical consequences in certain features of that very practical body, the Ku Klux Klan.

The Greek dramatists let their audience know that much rough and lustful business goes on in this world. The reason why they did not actually present on the stage Clytemnestra with her axe braining Agamemnon in his bath was, I suppose, that with their customary clearness of insight into human nature they perceived that æsthetic experience is seldom or never pure. The effect of that violent stimulus to the nerves and imagination would be incalculable. Some spectator with the image working in his brain might mimic that dreadful action in a waking dream. There is little reason for assuming that the moral check which prevents æsthetic experience from overflowing into practical conduct is more highly developed in us than it was in the Athenians. Our reading public is not so free from Barbarians and Helots that we can afford wholly to disregard the psychological facts which appear to have convinced the most 'æsthetic' of peoples that the publishers of works of art are among the chief makers of public morals.

On the contrary, we have still, and are likely to have for a long time to

come, an immense reading public of extraordinary naïveté. I think it is a fact at the present time that the average American of considerable general intelligence and education still, in the simplicity of his heart, looks upon authors as a superior class, with a quasi-priestly function and responsibility. By the average man I mean, in this connection, the man or woman who habitually reads the 'best sellers' and the periodicals with a circulation of a million or so.

Incredible as it may seem to the 'blasé literati,' this average man ordinarily reads a book or magazine with the idea that it will shed some light on the problems of his inner or outer life, that it will instruct his emotions, and show him what to approve, and how to act. If the author's apparent likes and dislikes with reference to things in general harmonize pretty well with his own, he feels fortified and encouraged, and declares that it is a 'good book.'

He makes little distinction between an expository article and a work of fiction. He is so direct and simple in his responses that, if he praises a novel, he usually means that he likes the sort of people and the sort of society that the author has pictured. Ironical and satirical implications, unless they are terribly obvious, escape him. When in these pages, not long ago, I mentioned 'Mr. Hergesheimer's admirable *Cythæra*,' — thinking of the mordant expression he had given to the feverish boredom which now affects a certain stratum of our 'citizenry,' — a really very well-read lady, nourished on 'good old English fiction,' flew at me in wrath, exclaiming: 'How dared you call that sort of society "admirable"?' It is astonishing how general such reactions are. On another occasion, when I permitted myself in public to praise Mr. Bennett's picture of *The Five Towns*, it was one of our distinguished

women writers of fiction who, wishing to destroy me, asked the public to consider what my judgment was worth after praise of such disgusting towns.

V

In these circumstances, — and these are the circumstances of American authorship, — literature is a part and a tremendously impressive part of the environment of the mind. Its influence, though incalculable, is not in the slightest danger of being exaggerated. Its influence is immense. It is daily increasing. It is rapidly becoming 'the effective voice of the social government.' Just in proportion to its effectiveness as art, it takes possession of the emotions and the imagination of men, and thus controls the dynamic part of the public mind.

Now, to modify the controllable part of environment in the interest of public welfare is one of the noblest enterprises of statecraft. To attempt it is not an 'impertinence,' when it is attempted by men who understand the materials they are working with: it is a duty. Speculative writers, from Plato to Tolstoy, clearly perceiving the intimate connection between literature and public welfare, have, in jest or in earnest, proposed it as the duty of statecraft to control with a rigor far beyond the wildest dreams of the late Mr. Comstock the publication and circulation of books.

I have argued that they, and our own Platos and Tolstoys, propose the impossible. They have resorted to an improper and an ineffective instrument.

Must we then wholly abandon the attempt to modify this potent element of our environment, as quite uncontrollable? Other instruments of control have been suggested. Mr. Bennett thinks that if suppressive societies were suppressed, and if prosecutions were

left to the police, then — *authors* would be reasonably safe! But what about the Public? A revival of the informal censorship once managed by publishers themselves might be proposed; possibly that informal censorship is still faintly in operation; yet the old-style publishers are giving way before authors of the new style; in the last analysis, few publishers are 'in business for the fun of it'; and the supreme question asked of the average submitted manuscript must be: 'Will it sell?' A body which exists for 'the furtherance of literature and the Fine Arts,' the American Academy, might be asked to designate a committee of men of letters to pass official judgment upon questionable books; and if that body desired to diminish its popularity, this would perhaps be an effective step in that direction.

I am sure that I shall be charged with coming to a very feeble conclusion, perhaps to an impotent and hopeless conclusion, when I express my belief that the only proper instrument for undertaking the modification of the temper and character of our literature is an independent and dispassionate criticism. But if anyone declares that this instrument is more inadequate than the law, I shall retort, as Mr. Chesterton retorts to those who declare that Christianity has failed: 'It has never been tried.' Of course, the statement is not quite true, yet it is true enough to bear consideration. It is true that independent and dispassionate criticism of the so-called 'unprintable' books, criticism in the common interest of publishers, authors, and readers, is now almost nonexistent. Instead, we have violent partisan combats between champions of literature who express their contempt for public morals, and champions of public morals who express their contempt for literature.

The confusion of these conflicts, in

which no principle is established, will never end until a conception of public welfare that includes the interests of both literature and morality is restored and reintroduced as a mediative and conciliatory agency between the contending parties. Criticism's need of fixing that conception is as elementary as navigation's need of the North Star.

The next elementary step is to establish on firm grounds the intricate inter-relationship of so-called æsthetic and so-called moral experience — to establish what one is tempted to call the essential unity of experience in the psychophysical organism. This is not a task for the police. It is not a task for suppressive societies.

After that difficulty has been disposed of, criticism, thinking of public morals, may propose to itself some such questions as these: Granting that literature has a profound influence upon conduct, are you prepared to say, with reference to any considerable number of definite cases, precisely what the nature of that influence is? Have you made, for example, any accurate discrimination between the effects produced in the psychophysical organism by the various sorts of literature in which the sex life and sexual emotion are more or less freely displayed? Are you sure that 'shocking' books are always harmful to public morals, or do public morals occasionally require to be shocked? Is it conceivable that candor, so 'brutal' that it employs words which are 'obscene,' and relates facts which are 'disgusting,' may be prophylactic — may provide, indeed, that vaccine against moral infection which reformers are seeking? Is it clear, for example, that it is less evilly inciting to young minds to refer to a prostitute as a 'daughter of joy,' as delicate euphemists refer to her, than to speak of her as a 'whore,' as Shakespeare speaks of her?

After endeavoring for a time in these matters to see 'the thing as in itself it really is,' criticism, thinking directly of the interests of literature, and only indirectly of public morals, may propose to itself some such questions as these: Assuming that the exhibition of sex and the treatment of illicit passion are innocuous to public morals, is it in the interest of literature for authors to enter into rivalry with one another for honors in the field of pornographic art? Is it wise to create a situation in which no novel will sell which does not pun- gently depict illicit passion? Is there not a danger that American authors who now specialize in this subject will, as they grow older, find themselves obliged, like certain of their European colleagues, to present a 'salacious' scene at the end of every chapter, in order to hold the attention of over-stimulated and jaded readers? Is it not true that, if you turn too high a light upon passages of this sort, you kill the interest of everything else in your book, so that readers will pass over your beautiful writing with such blurred and dull vision as men turn on the loveliest landscape, after staring with naked eyes at the sun? If you habitually present what you call 'sex' as sensual passion or as disgusting animalism, are you not imprisoning yourself in an hallucination and speaking infamously of that power, which Spenser, contemplating it from another point of view, spoke of as

lord of truth and loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest sky.

All these questions, I suspect, are a little over the head of the New York policeman. They are problems for an independent and dispassionate criticism. Unless we are prepared to answer them, we are not yet properly prepared to say what books are 'unprintable.'

MY JUNGLE TABLE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

MANY, many, many years ago, in some distant place, among trees or rocks, perhaps on the banks of a river, certainly in the warm light of the sun, one of your ancestors and mine became tired of squatting on a branch or on the ground, and sat himself — or herself — on a fallen log. If it was himself, then he must soon have felt the need of a lap on which to rest things — his hands if nothing else. And from that day to this, his male descendants still feel that lack, down to the last unfortunate who is handed a cup of tea or three-legged eggshell of cocoa, a serviette, and a cake, with no support other than wholly inadequate knees.

Of the first table I can relate nothing with certainty, but of the last I could gossip endlessly, limited only by writer's cramp and my supply of adjectives. For I am at this moment sitting at the last table ever made — last because it is not quite finished. I am forever tacking on a little shelf or an annex at one side, and so I feel a right to place it at the opposite end of our distant forbear's piece of bark, or stiff frond, or whatever it was that he balanced on his hairy, bowed knees. And yet his table and mine are much more alike than the mahogany roll-top, with swinging telephone and octave of assistants' push-buttons, to which our more sophisticated, but less happy, bank presidents sit down.

That reminds me, however, that my laboratory table is also of mahogany;

because here in the jungle of British Guiana it is the cheapest material in the form of boards.

The crabwood top grew in this very jungle, its first, rich red-brown cells fashioned from the water and earth and sun at least a century and a half ago. It is possible to detach the double character of the rings, indicating the two annual rainy seasons — the two springs which quickened the sap and leafage — and two periods of drought when the life of the tree slowed down. Close to the heart of the great board is a strange ring, or rather node between rings — a wide, even space, which my reckoning places about 1776; about the time when our forefathers were fighting for freedom, whose memory we may not now toast even in wine; they had just penned a Declaration of Independence, whereas we are considering passing a law to keep monkeys in their proper place.

I pause in my table-talk long enough to thank Heaven that we are still allowed to believe in the rotundity of the earth, that the Indians' gift of tobacco is still permitted us, and that tea is not yet thrown overboard!

The year 1776 at Kartabo was one of almost continual rain, — so much my broad crabwood space shows, — with no slack-growth period for this slender sapling. And imagination helps us still further when we recall something of the human history of the place. Ever since 1600 the Dutch had striven to make

this region habitable. The little fort on the island off shore had bravely pointed its guns down river, had fired its bell-mouthed cannon in victory, and had silenced them in defeat to English and French privateers (often an old-fashioned way of pronouncing pirate!). Hundreds of Indian slaves had worked on the four plantations near here; and only in 1772 had the settlers admitted that this region was fit only for the jungle, wild animals, and future enthusiastic scientists with tables.

And now I realized that my table-top had sprouted in the very year that the Dutch had left for the coast — one of the first wild things to spring up in their retreating footsteps, a pioneer in 'letting in the jungle.'

The magic of my jungle table is always apparent in one way or another. No thoughts which it generates, no happenings on its surface, are aught but vivid, vital, memorable: it is an event to hurry out to in early morning; it is a regret to leave for jungle-tramps and for meals; it is only exhaustion which excuses its midnight abandonment. A magic carpet transports one's body from place to place; whereas my table impels mental gamuts from quiet meditation to dire tragedy, from righteous anger to wonder at the marvelous sights it vouchsafes me, and despair at thought of their interpretation. Only once have I ever become impatient with my artificial lap, when an injury to my foot compelled me to remain indoors for a time. Then, indeed, the jungle called and *les affaires de ma table* palled — a commentary on my lack of philosophy.

II

The first magic that my table made was to prove to be alive. The top was undeniably dead, well seasoned and

inert, but my black boy Sam had cut the legs from jungle saplings. I put my hand down one day and felt a soft tissue something, halfway to the floor. It seemed a moth's wings or a tangle of dense cobweb; but to my surprise I saw that my table was sprouting leaves — rather pale and dwarfed, limp and flabby, to be sure, but of rapid growth; and besides there were four other buds just started. I had put cans of water on the floor beneath the legs to discourage ants, and the sap of the new-cut poles had greedily sucked this up, and even in the dimness of the laboratory light had begun to spread into foliage.

It was proving a real jungle table, and I was rather thrilled to see that the warfare of the wilderness had already begun at arm's reach — a tiny caterpillar had crawled from somewhere to the new-blown leaves and had eaten out a bit. I pictured my table as sprouting, growing higher and higher, until, in lieu of Alice's toadstool, I cut jungle saplings for my chair-legs too, and mounted with the table! The Indian summer of my table-legs soon passed, however; the sap dried, the leaves wilted, and from saplings they became furniture.

But the magic continued. If the crabwood boards of the top were not quickened into even passing vitality, they could do equally surprising things, the first of which was to become vocal. Day after day there arose a low grating throb, lasting for a few seconds, and sometimes increasing in rapidity and pitch until it assumed a true musical quality. Its direction eluded me, until I happened to have my ear close to the table, when the vibrations seemed to sound at my very eardrum. Then one day I noticed a tiny pile of sawdust on the floor, and traced it to a rounded hole from which at intervals came the sound. For three months my musical

table continued its monotone, day and night, until even in the quiet of mid-night it became part of the silence, and I was aware of it only with effort. Then it ceased, and its cessation held my attention more than its occurrence had done.

Months later, when the last of my small table-furnishings had been packed, I tipped up the table to carry it away, and there, in the hole from which the monotone and the sawdust had flowed, hung suspended a gorgeous, mummified beetle, its long antennæ of salmon and black curved up and over its back, while its fluted cuirass shone through dust and dim light, deep forest-green, framed with a delicate border of primuline yellow.

My table-top had furnished nourishment, sanctuary, sounding-board, through all the long period of immaturity; but at the climax of this little life the hardened vegetable fibres had held firm, despite all the efforts of the green beetle, and cruelly withheld freedom by some slight, needless entanglement of its hind legs. So passed two tragedies of my table — the first vegetable, the second animal.

Usually my table is littered with beautiful, mysterious things, which to a casual onlooker could have absolutely no meaning. There is a small, exquisitely moulded bony cup, or vase, partly covered at the top, and with a long, daintily curved handle, which I keep suspended as a receptacle for pins. It might well be a delicate *netsuke*, carved in pre-democratic Japan by some craftsman who wrought for love; it might be almost anything but a music box. And now my reverie was interrupted by a sound from the neighboring jungle — a sound common but never old. As the bony box might have been far other than it was, so the deep vibrations could well be elemental — a distant wind, sinister as if it came straight from

blowing across terrible fields after battle, or through cities wracked with pestilence; the eaves round which it had howled must have been very evil, roofing ancient castles that sheltered thoughts of treachery and deeds of unfair violence. But I knew that the rich primeval resonances came echoing from big, bony boxes exactly like my pin-holder, in the throats of a tree-top circle of beings like aged, thick-necked dwarfs, dwarfs squatting high on swaying branches, looking out toward me over the expanse of quicksilver water.

At the climax, when it seemed impossible that any one animal could produce such an appalling volume of sound, a blur swiftly feathered the surface of the river, as if the impinging ululations of monkey voices had actually been translated into visibility, as liquid in a glass is troubled in sympathy with certain chords of music. My ear changed focus, and like a searchlight shifting from distant cloud to airplane attended a sound at my very elbow, throbbing, muffled — and again my table sang.

Amazing things, things apparently well within the realm of black magic, occur and recur on my table. Late this evening a windless tropical rain fell so evenly and steadily that the monotone on the bamboos seemed intended for some other sense than the ear. I sat describing the delicate arrangement of the tiny bones and muscles of the syrinx of a flycatcher, striving to understand how there could emanate from this instrument such an intricate vocabulary of screams and whistles, trills and octaves, as this bird and its fellows uttered every day in the laboratory compound.

Suddenly something flew swiftly past my face and alighted clumsily among my vials and instruments. I saw a giant wood-roach, all browns and grays

with marbled wings, strange as to pigment and size, but with the unmistakable head and poise and personality of a New York 'Archy.'

The insect had flown through the rain and into the window; but a glance showed that it was in dire extremity, being in the grasp of a two-inch ctenid spider. The eight long legs held firmly but had not been able to prevent the roach from flying. At the moment of alighting, the arachnid shifted its grip, and secured the wings so that further escape was impossible. Both were desirable specimens, and I instantly slipped a deep stender dish over them and again lost myself in my binocular microscope.

Fifteen minutes later, I looked up and saw a sight so strange that Sime himself would hesitate to delineate it. The spider still clung tenaciously to its victim, but the wood-roach had her revenge. She was barely alive, yet in a quarter of an hour she had changed from a strong, virile creature to an empty husk, dry and hollow, while over her and the spider, over glass and table-top, scurried fifty active roachlets. They had burst from their mother fully equipped and ready for life, leaving her but a vacant, gaping shell, a maternal film, the ghost of a roach; tiny green, transparent, fleet, they raced back and forth over the spider. He grasped in vain at their diminutive forms, at the same time still clutching the dying, flavorless shred of a mother roach, holding fast as if he hoped that this unnatural miracle might reverse itself at any moment, and his victim again become fat and toothsome.

I knew that some of the fish swimming in the aquarium close by lay thousands of eggs, and that other insects leave myriads of offspring; yet this magic of the wood-roach, this resolution of one into fifty, made won-

derfully vivid the reproductive powers of tropical creatures. When, in a moment of time, relatively speaking, a single insect can be broken up into half a hundred active, functioning duplicates of herself, the chance for variation, for new adjustments, for survival of the more delicately adapted, is faintly understood. Here was spontaneous generation with a vengeance.

III

To hark back again to sounds and voices: I could fashion a whole essay on the calls and songs and noises which come to me at my table, from river, compound, and jungle. On very still days I can hear the giant catfish thrumming deep beneath the water, and the cry of hawk-eagles high in the heavens; at hot, high noon, Attila, the brain-fever Cotinga, calls and calls and calls; while through the hush of midnight there comes the hopeless cadence of the poor-me-one; I know from a sudden babel of hummingbird squeaks and frenzied shrieks of flycatchers that a tree-snake has been discovered in the bamboos; I am certain without looking that it is very close to five o'clock, when the first old witch cuckoo begins 'wha-leeping' on its regular evening excursion for a drink in the river.

Probably by virtue of my table's magic, I have learned, like Chubu and Sheemish, to work a little miracle all by myself. My principal technical work just now is the study of the syrinx of birds — their remarkable, complex organ of voice, placed far down beyond the throat, in the very body itself — and the correlation of its structure with the actual voice of the bird.

At present I try to solve some knotty problems of tinamous, — strange, bobtailed gamebirds, related both to fowls and to ostriches, — which live on the jungle floor, lay eggs like bur-

nished turquoise and age-purpled jade, and call to one another with sweet, liquid whistles. My Indians bring in numbers of these birds for the mess, so I have an abundance of material for study.

I try an experiment on my table, which has already been successful in other cases. I decapitate a bird before it is plucked for the pot, and holding it firmly on its back I strike a sharp blow on the muscles of the breast. Nothing results, so I shift the position and try again. This time a short, high note is produced. I draw out the neck a little, and obtain a lower note; still farther, and strike a half-tone lower in the scale. If I could prolong these, I could reconstruct the whole plaintive evening call of the variegated tinamou, here on my very table-top.

Then I take the windpipe, and carefully work out the wonderful architecture of the whole organ, the delicate adaptation and adjustment of each part fulfilling its special function, the whole working together as no man-made machine ever could. From throat to syrinx the windpipe extends, composed of thin membranous tissue, kept open by a series of a hundred and twenty-five perfect rings. Here we have assurance of an entrance for air forever clear and open, so mobile that it bends back double, yet with no chance of closure through any contortion of the neck.

The throat end is guarded by a slit, which opens and closes at the slightest need; the opposite end marks the top of the syrinx and the division into two tubes, each leading to a lung. For twenty rings above this point, the windpipe is slightly enlarged and almost solid, forming a bony sounding-board, which acts, in a less degree, like the throat-box of the red howling monkeys, giving resonance and carrying-power to the voice.

The syrinx itself is boxed in by four pairs of large rings and semi-rings, which protect two pairs of cartilage pads. The pads of each pair touch one another along their inner sides; and when the windpipe is relaxed the seam between them is closed tight. A slight tug, as in my decapitated bird, corresponding to a raising of the head and neck in a live individual, and the pads revolve slightly, bringing a constricted part of each into the seam, forming a tiny gap. Through this the air from the lungs and air sacs rushes, and we have the mechanism of the first, high, clear note of the call, a superlatively sweet whistle on G sharp above middle C, carrying a mile through the thick jungle.

Although it is quite another story, my mind rushes on, away from the technical anatomical problem, to the realization that this sound is a summons from the very advanced female of this species to any unattached male bird, an announcement that she is ready to lay an egg for him, provided he will incubate it, hatch it, and assume entire charge of the young bird. And I do not know whether to cheer or blush for my sex when I state that the woods hereabouts are full of amiable, domestically inclined males, who are eager and willing to agree to this rather one-sided contract. Their syringes are almost identical, but the loud evening calls are invariably those of the idler sex. *Notes for Women!* must have been the slogan of the long-since successful tinamou suffragists.

It is amusing to trace a circular gamut of human interest in animal sounds. Aroused by various screams, warbles, whistles, roars, chirps, trills, and twitters in the jungle, an intelligent interest impels us to desire to know the author; having accomplished this by patient stalking and watching, and, if need be, shooting, the wish is

aroused to discover the accompanying emotion, the incentive; and then the fascinating problem presents itself of the answer—whether in terms of action, or vocal; whether filial, amorous, pugnacious, or merely companionable. This is more difficult, but in many cases possible. Almost always this ends the quest, while it is still incomplete. The method, the physical mechanism, is after all the foundation of the phenomenon; and when we have secured a specimen, and taken it to our table,—a tinamou in the present instance,—then we may produce the call artificially, and by tireless and detailed dissection detect air-channel, resonance chamber, syrinx mechanism, vocal chords, controlling muscles, and envy the enormous bodily reservoir of air—lungs, sacs, the very hollow bones themselves. Leaning back and listening to a living wild tinamou calling in the neighboring forest, feeling rich in the possession of its *Who! Why! and How!* we realize the fullest joy of intimacy with the furtive beings of earth.

IV

After a long jungle tramp, I was leaving Hacka Trail for the Station clearing, when I caught sight of a group of small objects on the underside of a gigantic bromeliad leaf. If the leaf had been fifty feet up, they might have been great fruit-bats, if twenty feet, their size would have equaled that of vampires; but as they were only out of arm's reach above my head they could not be more than an inch in length.

When I had hacked off the leaf and dodged its fall, I found nine little chrysalids clustered together; and even on close scrutiny their resemblance to a group of diminutive bats was still absurdly real. This intimate association of chrysalids is as rare as the

nocturnal gathering of butterflies to sleep close together in a jungle glade.

I carried off the leaf curved into a great emerald arch, and fastened it over my table, where it dried into a fluted dome of green tissue. Three days passed, with no sign of change from the chrysalids swinging from their silken pendants, when my eye caught a glint of silver far down the underside of this same leaf, near the tip. Another glance made me think them inexplicable dewdrops; a third crystallized them into pearl-like consistency; while a fourth careful scrutiny showed me that they were two eggs of a scarlet and black heliconid butterfly, the kind that fluttered fearlessly ahead of me along the jungle paths. Here was a splendid example of oblique discovery, of scientific second sight.

I wondered what sculpture the surface would show—these two isolated spheres, shining like the third zodiacal sign against a dark-green heaven. At the first look through the microscope, I forgot all about the surface and possible spines or hexagonal lattice-work; it was the contents which drew and held my attention.

A butterfly egg, in due course of time, should yield a caterpillar, which, before it emerges, is wound into a curve to fit its minute spherical home. But here was a new cosmos—a planetful of slowly moving creatures, which had nothing in common with a heliconid caterpillar. Slowly they milled around their little world, living, like some Gulliverian organisms, on the inside, looking out. The egg was an opalescent sphere, a twelfth of an inch across, and in my microscope field it seemed really suspended in space—in a dark chlorophyll ether.

More than once, as my eye tired in watching, I seemed to see the whole egg revolving, while the inmates remained stationary. Now and then one

of the egg-beings turned and went against the current, setting up a traffic whirlpool which caused all to cross and recross in confusion.

The film of eggshell was translucent and clear immediately beneath my eye, clouding into exquisite purplish pearl at the periphery. One of the inmates came to rest directly beneath the surface, and I saw that it was a tiny grub, legless, searching about blindly, feeling, sensing, living, after whatsoever manner grubs live who find themselves prisoned in a butterfly's egg. The grub hastened on, fell into wriggle with its companions, and soon slipped from view below the edge of its world. Doubtless in a few seconds it completed its internal orbit and again crossed my field of view; but like a circulating Roman army on the stage, or the sequence of ideas in some spheres not attached to jungle leaves, all seemed identical. I could never tell when the same one appeared again; indeed, while they moved I could make no estimate even of their numbers. I only knew that some minute hymenopteron, doubtless a member of the wonderful tribe of Chalcids, had a few days before thrust her ovipositor through this translucent pearl and left within as many eggs as there now were grubs; then had flown on to the next egg. I once was fortunate enough to observe this fairy egg-laying,¹ and now I was trembling with excitement at the unexpected treasure trove I had unwittingly brought to my table.

Closest examination from every side, with a high-power lens, revealed to me no hint of the place of entrance. Once, when I crawled from the heart of great Cheops out through the robbers' tunnel, and finally scraped and squeezed through the narrow crevice through which they had broken in, I thought it

small indeed. But here was a phenomenon far more wonderful than a full-rigged ship in a bottle, a snowstorm in a paper weight, or the thieving Arabs' entrance into the Pyramid.

Four days passed; the wonderful globes lay before me, and then I examined them again. A remarkable change had been wrought; a living planet had devolved into a dead satellite; the egg had become a sarcophagus, with a dozen mummies. The little cases were arranged around a central core of débris, some standing on end, as in the Egyptian room of a museum, a group of three facing one another, as if some wordless gossip passed from one sealed mouth to the next. A single mummy-doll rested against the opal shell, with eyes pressed close to the translucent pane — eyes which at present existed only in outward form as insensitive tissue. This one individual had chosen for his final pupal change a position where the first nerve-tingles of sight would reflect the mysteries of the world beyond that sphere of food and fellows which had heretofore bounded his existence; my masculine pronouns are adumbrative, not casual.

So passed a week, with the little silent mummies still unchanged; seven days — sufficient time, biblically speaking, for the creation of the world. But, just as all the glorious truth and beauty of evolution is concealed within the metaphor of Genesis, so, hidden from our groping senses, miracles of change were being wrought within the butterfly's egg.

The following morning the spell had broken, and the sphere again seethed with life, resurrected, reincarnated. On the central compost-heap were piled twelve suits of second-hand pupal skins, tissue-paper cartoons of their wearers, glimmering weirdly through the shell. The tiny wasps were emerged and active, and already there

¹ See *Edge of the Jungle*, pp. 38-40, and *Atlantic Monthly*, 'A Jungle Clearing,' January 1920.

was a hole bitten through, with chips of splintered opal scattered outside.

As I watched, a wasp midget shoved aside a group of idlers, pushed his way to the door, and began to gnaw with all his might. His great bulging scarlet eyes blocked the way, as he tried time after time to press through. The whole eggful knew that something of great import was happening, and the outside air must have carried exciting tidings, for all moved about as quickly as their crowded quarters permitted. Twice the Gnawer left his labors and walked about nervously, once making the entire circuit of the egg. His leadership, his pioneer daring, was marked not only by action: I found that I could readily distinguish him from the others. He was a shade smaller, his lines were trimmer, and upon his back was a round insignie of gold.

Several others came to the opening, tried to pass, and turned aside; none made attempt to aid in the escape from prison. Back came the ambitious one, and fell to with all his strength. He lacked leverage, and only when three of his companions came up at one time was he able, by pressing his hind legs against their faces and bodies, to break off an unusually large bit of the horny shell. This made a splendid gap; and after two smaller bits had been chewed off, the little insect wriggled through the jagged hole, and stood upon the summit of his world.

Tiny though he was, needing thirty-five of him to cover an inch of space, his coloring was exquisite; eyes dull scarlet, sparsely covered with golden hair; body armor of glistening black from head to tip of abdomen, with badge of yellow gold shining from between his wings. These wings were small, paddle-shaped, and almost free of veining, while the scales on their surface glowed with iridescent play of lilac, yellow, and pale green.

Now ensued an elaborate cleaning of every part of his body, and then he ran off at top speed. Several quick turns near by on the leaf, and back he came, gave a final wipe to his forelegs, climbed up, antennæd the hole, and took his stand a wasp's length away. This action came as a complete surprise; I never expected him to return after such a laborious escape.

Soon a second wasp came to the breach and squeezed through. Hardly had its combing and scraping been completed when, to my astonishment, the Gnawer rushed forward, roughly seized the second wasp, and began to bang its head most unmercifully. At every push the head of the unfortunate insect wobbled as if about to fall off. Suddenly it rose to its feet, and the first wasp mated with it. I then realized that, instead of assault and battery, this was courtship; that, in place of horrible fratricide, this was the nuptials of brother and sister.

The mating lasted but a second, when the first wasp returned to its watchful waiting, and the other spun its paddle-shaped wings and flew off as far as the confines of the covered glass dish permitted. I never took my eye from the lens as the miracle continued. One after another the sister wasps emerged, to the number of eleven, and in each case the male enacted his rough courtship and mated for not longer than two seconds. In each case, without a moment's hesitation, the female flew swiftly away. Once, when three emerged quickly one after the other, they did not leave the egg, but waited quietly for the male.

The whole thing began and ended so quickly that it was some time before I could review the wonderful performance, from the conjectured laying of the eggs, through the grub, pupa, and now the adult stage. I looked again at these midgets, only a thirty-fifth of an

inch in length, and considered their necessities in life — food, mate, and a butterfly's egg; and I realized the enormous advantage of this simplification of the mating problem. But the most astonishing thing of all was the thought of the anticipation, of the perfect adjustment of sex in the unformed organisms, the prenatal compulsory affiancing, together with the apparently satisfactory disregard of inbreeding adumbrated in the very eggs themselves of the original mother wasplet.

No matter how imperfectly I have translated this event, disregarding my futile phrases and in spite of my inadequate description, it was a most wonderful happening. In delicate achieve-

ment, astounding unexpectedness, and magical matter-of-factness, it left the onlooker with a supreme realization of ignorance and a dominant sense of awe.

And so, as I sit at my table, my little cosmos of space and time presents deaths by violence, and lives of quiet, unperturbed peace; acrid, burning odors and smashing, sweeping brilliancy of color; living skin, soft and smooth as clay, or fretted like shagreen; voices almost high enough to become visible; comedy so delicate that appreciation never reaches laughter, and tragedy so cruel and needless that it stirs doubts of the very roots of things. All these, and many more, begin, occur, and pass before me — things which go to make up a world.

EUROPA

BY CHARLES D. CHRISTOPH

THEN when the bull lifts his white head,
My glorious girl, do you think you reign?
Do you not cringe, you who were so powerful?

We who stand firm, we brothers of the Minotaur,
We can tell you all the steep hoarse songs
Sung on an ancient continent now long sunk.

You cannot shield your breasts from the hooves of the bull.
There is a bellow sounding out of far old skies;
Lie down in the bloody grass and weep for the
great eyes of cattle.

MAINE COAST PHILOSOPHY

BY RAY MORRIS

I

LET us take our location and background well east, where the fog is always ready to drift in from the sea, against the spruce trees that rise in ragged outline above the granite shore. The day has five requirements to be met and dealt with, each with its own ceremonial: food, water, wood, ice, and garbage! These are very ancient necessities, but the city, by intensive organization, has taken away from many of us the curious pleasure of dealing with them directly. The city makes us forget what our grandfathers knew; how much more diverting it can be to keep the machinery of life running than it is to provide conscious amusement for one's self.

The camp usually starts the day with the water problem, which is wholly in the hands of a minor but capable gasoline engine; an engine of infinite personality, ready to perform its whole duty with a merry heart if, and only if, it is dealt with in a spirit of sympathy and understanding. There are, I believe, mechanical souls, born that way, to whom the care of a temperamental engine presents neither problem nor amusement; of them I speak not. This record is the record of the thoroughly non-mechanical city man, who has these things done for him at home, either by John, or by somebody who is telephoned to in the village.

But the camp has neither John, nor telephone; if we ourselves cannot make the engine run, the penalty is immedi-

ate, and the camp must go without water, at least in quantity. This bald statement of fact is not intended to be a threat, however; we can make the engine run, most of the time, and we take the special pleasure in dry cells, igniters, and gaskets that comes with the partial attainment of any unfamiliar handicraft. When the engine is running sweetly, with the proper number of explosions to the minute, we wipe our hands on our khaki trousers, with a profound sense of satisfaction and accomplishment. The morning pipe tastes best then, and there is nothing but friendly comradeship in the passing comment of the gulls watching over the pump-house cove.

The charm of getting in the ice is more obscure; it arises, I think, from determined and successful dealing with a rather unscrupulous adversary; cold, wet, slippery, and intensely heavy by nature, with no thought of meeting you halfway. What the ice would best like to do is to remain frozen in the floor of the house in the woods, where it has been spending the summer; it would also like immensely to wet you thoroughly with enormously cold water, and then slip off on your foot. But you circumvent it and defeat it at every turn. Your first weapon is a very mighty one — the crowbar. Then, the piece of ice being fairly ejected, torn loose from its stronghold by superior intelligence, aided by the mechanical principle of the lever, you turn its own

natural attributes against it. It wants to slip; it shall slip, therefore, into the wheelbarrow. It is inordinately heavy, but the camp is down hill from the ice-house, so we need merely restrain it in its natural instinct to go down hill.

To get it into the ice-box requires a lift, and various fittings and chippings. We used to lift the ice against our bosom, strainingly, wetly, and coldly; we did not know any better, because we were raised in the city. Now, however, we use ice-tackle, with the mechanical aid of two double blocks, and we play again on an unsuspected weakness in ice character. Ice can never resist the driven sharp point, that is, the ice-tongs; but, the point once in, it applies all its massive, silly stubbornness against any tearing-out process which would so easily release it. And so the 'piece' is tonged and swung up on the block tackle, all without effort or struggle. We have learned what the country all around us always knew; we have relearned what our grandfathers knew. Not only have we got the ice in, but we have not exerted ourselves!

The infinite range and variety of things which the Maine native can cause to happen without exerting himself, is worthy a separate study. Take, for example, the setting of my mooring: a native boulder weighing some fifteen hundred pounds, which was induced to leave its chosen resting-place at the head of the cove, and moved a quarter of a mile into position. And nobody exerted himself!

The manner of it was this. On a rising tide, a stout dory was floated over the boulder, and chains, with a device to trip them, were passed under the boulder and around the comfortable waist of the dory. It was time, then, for the attendants to smoke their pipes and watch the tide rise. Two hours later, the dory, a little flushed, but triumphant, floated away with the

boulder under it. In the proper part of the cove the chain was tripped and the mooring set — and nobody had exerted himself; nobody, that is, except the tide and the dory.

But we are gossiping when we ought to be at work. At this time of day, it would be better if we were to go for a row with the garbage, intending, quite frankly, to come back alone! Should this seem too definite a yielding to poor company, let us hasten to assure you that this is one of our best overtures to nature, always ready to provide amusement in these latitudes. The point of the adventure being, not the garbage, but the sea gulls, who go so far out of their way to show what basely material souls may be hidden beneath a snowy exterior.

There is only one gull about when we issue the invitation to the banquet, and that one is far overhead, aloof, and rather coldly majestic. He comes down immediately, however; finds, to his regret, that he is not as courageous in our presence as he supposed he would be; and circles away again, rather anxiously. Then there is a rush of wings as two other gulls arrive, at great speed, out of nowhere, bank against the breeze, and alight.

Our first guest rather feared that this would happen. He returns, nervously; finds a great sense of security in the society of others; and joins the party with eager haste and a certain laying aside of dignity.

Somebody has to squawk, now. I am sure it is unintentional, or at least not intended to arouse the neighbors, because there is nothing ostensibly co-operative in sea-gull nature. But somebody squawks.

And now the Folly Island squad arrives, skimming very close to the water. A gull does this when he is in a special hurry; optical illusion, perhaps, because the sense of progress,

twelve inches above the water, must be tremendous.¹

Now forty gulls have accepted our invitation; now seventy; now a hundred, and it is not yet five minutes since the table, so to speak, was set. Looking at this matter purely from the gulls' standpoint, and disregarding entirely any question of personal taste in viands, we cannot get away from the feeling that this mad competition, this dreadful urgency to arrive ahead of one's neighbor, and the consequent necessity of bolting one's food, mars an existence that might otherwise be almost idyllic. The gull has a singularly beautiful person; he enjoys admirable health and vigor, lives to an advanced age, and carries himself on his solitary watches with the pride and dignity of the elder Cato. How sad, therefore, that his true life, lying so near the surface, should be intensely acrimonious, bitter, and greedy.

Taste, we know, is not debatable; there are certain refinements which seem important to us and do not seem important to the gull, and that is all there is to it. But to feel obliged to bolt whole a thorny sea-perch a foot long, afterward shaking the tail convulsively, to register success and satisfaction — this does not go with the demeanor and bearing of a Cato; it makes life less worth while, somehow. A hundred gulls, living together on a reef in a state of suspended hostility, seem all to keep fit and to get plenty to eat between these mad and rather unproductive rushes after the boat that is cleaning fish, or the other sudden and unexpected banquets that get provided from time to time. It may be, then,

that we are dealing merely with the pleasure of the chase, which often assumes strange forms. But if it is socially and athletically important to arrive instantly at every fish-cleaning, every garbage party, the nervous strain must indeed be great, and ever present. No wonder that dispositions get tense and crabbed and that the vocabulary of the sport is rude and hasty.

II

In discussing the camp's food-supply, let us touch lightly on the semi-weekly trip to town in the car, and the effort, on the return trip, to separate and keep separate the children, the kerosene, the leg of lamb, the sugar, and the bread. We buy meats and groceries, but the charm of the general store, down by the fish-wharf, with its tempting cod-lines, hooks, and sinkers, marine hardware, and, of course, gasolene, dry cells, and 'Fig Newtons,' is less than the special joys attendant upon the direct pursuit of fish and berries. These the camp provides for itself, with much organization and ritual.

Nobody wants to eat a sea-perch, for example, although he abounds in our waterways. But the cod; his red cousin the rock cod; the pollock, the haddock, and the flounder, — disgraceful in his personal tastes but objectively delicious, — all these are eagerly sought, and each is a highly specialized character, with habits and customs that may be odd, but must be respected.

Consider this matter of catching a big cod. The supper-table size is rather plentiful; but the forty-pounders require organization — something akin really to folk-lore. The local marine characters, and their fathers and grand-fathers before them, take and have taken the same 'ranges' to get the big fellows. You get the spindle in line

¹ We have discussed this point with Mr. Orville Wright who says the gull is right and we are wrong. By flying close to the water, the gull brings about a sort of air-compression beneath his wings, and increases his pace. — THE AUTHOR.

with Schoodic Point; then you bisect with a line from the church-steeple to the outer corner of the Ducks. At the intersection is a famous feeding ground — or a sanitarium, perhaps — for stout, elderly cod. To induce them on board the launch is no matter of dainty casts, light rods, and carefully selected flies. The elderly cod are seventy-five feet or so below the surface, and have made all their arrangements to stay there. Two enormous hooks, clam-baited and attached to a sort of clothes-line, weighted down with a couple of pounds of lead, constitute an almost undeclinable invitation, however.

The big cod takes your bait in a leisurely way; he does not hurry, nor does he want to be hurried, and landing him is something like frisking a trunk out of the hold of a steamer. But the thrill is there! Your passenger, as he approaches the surface of the water, is enormous, — unbelievably enormous; and your personal satisfaction goes back, no doubt, to old barbarous beginnings. This thing is huge; it did not want to be caught, and you have caught it and intend to eat it — or a pound or two of it! Do not inquire whether the point of view is so particularly different from that of the sea gull triumphantly bolting a perch two sizes too big for the obvious limitations of comfort and digestion. Perhaps the strong sea air makes us alike barbaric; we do not know, nor do we care; we have caught a big cod, and would very likely swallow it whole, if our mouths were not so absurdly small.

For a touch of sporting gayety, the plunging, rearing, dashing kind of fish, either the pollock or the haddock, will satisfy. The pollock is a silvery, lavender-shaded fish, built along speed lines. The haddock is much the same shape, but has decorated himself in a grotesque, court-beauty manner: a 'stream line' on each side, and one

great foolish spot of purple, quite unconnected with the general design, but very fetching, nevertheless. Either of these fast-moving gentlemen knows how to impersonate a salmon; and if you get two at once, as you often do, — one on each hook, and splitting tacks on the way up, — you have no doubt that you have caught something. The cod rests ponderously on or near the bottom; the pollock and the haddock are always going somewhere, or coming from somewhere, in a great hurry, and half-way to the surface.

I am a little ashamed to talk about flounder-fishing, but let us be frank with each other. The way to catch flounder, breakfast size, is to have a flounder garden to catch them out of; the way to plant a flounder garden is always to clean your fish off the float. But let us not examine this subject further. You do not wonder what the flounder finds to eat one half as dainty as he is himself; you know what he finds to eat, because you put it there for him. Although we have had more personal experience with the care and feeding of flounders than with the care and feeding of pigs, our country background prompts the impression that we admire bacon in spite of, rather than because of, the varied and somewhat hasty diet of the pig.

III

There is so much to Maine coast deep-sea fishing, besides the culinary and sporting aspects, however, that we must not dwell too long on these. The foundation of it all is the launch; and the foundation of launch navigation is dry cells and gasolene, those prime staples of marine life east of Rockland. We speak not of mahogany speedabouts: we mean the native launch — one cylinder, make-and-break; and you mix your lubricating oil with

your gasoline in the tank forward. We do not operate with a captain; why should we delegate to another the thrilling satisfaction of training that one-cylinder engine to heel; of making it go when you want to, and of diagnosing and remedying its absurd complaints? Enslaved, illogical, elate, we greet the embarrassed marine gods. Much of navigating, much of marine engineering, we do wrong; but we have left untouched all the principal reefs, and, as we write, we are safely at home, after dealing with fog, smoky south-westerners, and carbon on the igniter. *Gaudeamus, igitur, juvenes dum sumus!*

The best time of day on the Maine coast, is early in the morning. It is also by far the most fashionable time of day to begin launch operations. Lie at anchor in Burnt Coat Harbor, and note the time of day when the line fishermen get under way for their day's work. About dawn the *put-put-put* out of the harbor begins. Some of the boats syncopate, while cold in the morning. Others are loud, clear, and amazingly punctual in their explosions. One we named the Peter Piper, because it dealt so accurately with the line about the peck of pickled peppers.

Dawn is too early for us, however; but about seven o'clock the sea air is wonderfully fragrant; the early morning mists are rising, and the gray, unpainted wharf, with the gray, unpainted sheds on it and around it, and the quick, stirring boat-life all about, is a charming thing. In common with the camp dog, we like the smell of the Maine coast as well as anything else about it, and it is at its very best in these early hours.

Nor is the enjoyment lessened by the thrilling fact that we may have a little fog navigating to do. Our compass is of the best; but a launch is a very receptacle of iron, in all shapes and forms, from the engine to the anchor, and

launch compasses are given to listening to strange voices of attraction. Do not suppose, therefore, that you can parallel-rule your course on the chart and steer it by compass; you will get somewhere, no doubt, but your land-falls will be a bit sketchy. Open-and-shut, or glimpse, navigating in the fog, is easy, safe, and thrilling, however. You know pretty well the direction from your own harbor to Moose Island, and so you set for Moose, observing what course the compass pleases to call it with the anchor where it is. That course you hold, through the fog, and fetch Moose Island squarely. Then you get an approximate bearing; edge in to the shore, and eventually pick up Goose Cove Rock, identifying it readily by its scaffolding for tarring weir-nets. And so on, down the coast, proceeding from the known to the unknown, and anchoring in cases of extreme doubt. If you have judged your day shrewdly, the sun has burned the fog off before you get to the fishing-ground; meanwhile, the only traffic to look out for are the lobstermen, examining their traps and picking them up out of the murk, one after the other, with an unerring, compassless certainty which suggests the carrier pigeon.

A lobster, gridiron-cooked on a rocky island over a driftwood fire, is one of the very good things of this coast; but the lobsterman does other things, too, for your pleasure. During the fall and winter he digs and 'shucks' enormous quantities of clams beside his little workshop on a sheltered, diminutive cove. The piles of shells furnish a marvelous fertilizer, and wild raspberries, of great size and lusciousness, grow in profusion beside the shells. The pursuit of berries sounds a bit maiden-auntly for a camping party; but set out some early morning in the launch, with the lobster workshop coves and the shell-piles as your object-

ive, and you will spend your time with much satisfaction.

Among the daily camp responsibilities, we have not spoken, nor do we intend to speak, of 'wooding,' except to observe that it is one of the best of sports for a week-end, and easily the worst for a month. Driftwood plays a fascinating part, while it lasts; but the chopping and bucksawing of trees, afterward splitting the billets to stove size, is one of those clinging, obdurate jobs, which eventually embitters the soul.

There is another reason, too, for buying wood. This country of the east Maine coast abounds in shy, friendly characters, who make gently helpful suggestions, and are most efficient in meeting your wants, if you will let them. What else they find to live on is a study in itself. One charming neighbor of ours 'lobsters' for a living. He is in the sixties, wears spectacles, smokes a pipe, and presents an altogether serene picture of contentment and human satisfaction. Unmarried, he has a bit of a farm, but it is doubtful if he sells any produce from it. He rises at four, fishes for sculpin, — that amazingly thorny, unsatisfactory fish, so beloved by the lobster, — baits his traps, resets them, and is back in the cove again by nine, ready for lunch, I believe it is. He tells us he often takes in a hundred dollars from his lobstering in a good year. Other cash resources are not in evidence; I do not believe they amount to much.

A little farming; some work on the roads; a certain amount of 'wooding' in the winter; odd carpentering jobs, and work on and around the boats and the weirs — this is what our east coast mostly lives by. Weir-fishing — the construction and operation of these great marine mouse-traps, stretching out from the local headlands to intercept the shoals of herring that subse-

quently become dignified into sardines — is, in spots, a considerable industry, and the factories at Bass Harbor and Southwest Harbor are kept busy. But I suppose no business is more utterly speculative. The Maine coast does not gamble in oil-stocks, but it does gamble in weirs; and many a local little fortune of a thousand dollars or so, plus what the weir-builder can borrow, goes the way of the white alley. When 'sardines' take a streak of running into your weir, you may take in forty, or sixty, or a hundred dollars a day. The sardine boat from the factory *put-puts* merrily into your cove; the nets from the storage part of the weir pour a shining flood of herring into the dories, and the fishermen, in their hip-boots, wade waist-deep in herring, as they shovel them into the sardine boat, receiving spot cash on the basis of the estimated capacity of the dory. But weirs, at present prices for twine and labor, cost perhaps two thousand dollars to make; the nets must be cared for, repaired, and retarred at the curious little tarring stations; stakes must be set by floating pile-driver — and then the fish go away, as quickly and silently as they came; or else, in their abundance, the bottom falls out of the market; the factories are overstocked, and the sardine boat no longer calls. Weir-building goes in waves: in the latter part of the war it was extremely active and temporarily profitable; but now most of the nets are up, on the section of the coast by the camp, and there remain only the stakes, highly dangerous to launch navigation at high tide — and the unpaid debts for twine and labor.

At the height of the speculation, a thoroughly interesting thing to do was to row out to the weir at sunrise and see the fishermen appraising their catch. Each new day brought its fascinating possibilities of sudden profit; and a

gallery of directly interested sea gulls added a touch of color and of subdued but eager comment.

But the day's work at the camp is done, though we have been long enough about it. There now remains the peculiar and special pleasure of a game of chess, sweetened by tobacco-smoke and the sense of a considerable amount of physical labor punctiliously performed, and followed by a very brief swim in what is probably the coldest unfrozen water in the world. Around sunset we shall have visitors: a party of loons may choose this evening for a perfectly absurd and screamingly noisy 'jazz' party in the cove, dashing about half out of the water, and shouting with laughter. Later on, the heron will probably come by, in the dusk, flying heavily, and remarking 'crawk' loudly and critically from time to time. The

contrast between the impatient, middle-aged dissatisfaction of the heron and the adolescent, flapper gayety of the loon is ridiculous. We wonder, lightly, if the heron was never young, and if the congenial party of loon never grow old, or, if so, how it affects their conduct of life. We think, also, of the sea gull that swallowed whole the perch with all the bones, scales, and so forth, appurtenant thereto, and wonder if it is still perfectly comfortable and self-composed. On the whole, we believe so, though we do not know why.

Finally, we get around to the philosophy of living in perfect contentment on a hundred dollars, cash, per year. Are we really any better off than the lobsterman, and is he really happier than the sea gull, or the irrepressible loon? We do not know, but we do not propose to worry about it, because it is bedtime.

THE SAILMAKER

BY ARTHUR MASON

I

THE four-masted ship Washaway lay rolling in the trough of the sea, in a calm gap in the Pacific Ocean, walled in by the westerly winds and the Northeast Trades.

The flapping of the sails had started a seam in the main lower topsail; the Sailmaker was aloft trying to sew it together. He looked like a black, hairy pig stretched out on the yard.

'Take a pull on the lee buntlines,' he called; 'what d'ya expect a man to do up here — pull his soul-case out?'

'Is it a bad tear?' roared the Captain, from the midship bridge; 'her-ringbone it if it is, and put a patch on later. If it is n't make a quick job of it; we 're going to get the wind soon.'

An orange cat sat miaowing on the fore hatch, her eyes aloft on the man on the yard. He, unconscious of her calls, turned the upper half of himself around and sniffed twice as he saw the Captain walk aft, apparently at ease as to the fate of the sail. He suffered from what he called a dryness of the

nose, and his sniff was habitual and expressive, being always denunciatory when his ability was in question. Nevertheless it worried him a good deal, and he wore an electric belt to cure himself. It had been recommended to him for all kinds of diseases and was a nickel-plated affair, with a pool-table-cover lining, and bare buttons next the skin. In cold weather one had to get used to it, he said. Nevertheless the current was there, sending its healing thrills 'to strengthen the system.'

As he swung around now to face his work again, he gave his trousers a hitch, settling the belt into place, fixed the sewing-palm in his hand, and shouted down below, —

'Belay them buntlines!'

The upper topsail flapped wind against the Sailmaker, and blew his sandy beard into his face. He fanned it away; but it kept coming back, and in desperation he buttoned his coat over it. He was angry, for he sniffed and sniffed; his long thin legs warped around the stirrup that held the foot-ropes. He looked the picture of distress.

'This is what a man has to put up with,' he hissed through his teeth; 'and for him down there to tell me what to do! Herringbone it, eh? He don't know a bloody thing, that 's what he don't. It 's a ripped seam, damn it!'

He rubbed the sail-needle through the hair on his head to get oil to pierce the canvas. 'Happiness has gone from the sea,' he said; 'old sails, old junk, and expect a man to keep the wind from blowing through 'em — me that 's sailed on the finest ships!'

The needle grated against the palm. As he forced it through the seam: 'I 'll tell him what I thinks when I gets down there — working like a coolie for three pound ten!'

'Hurry up, there, Sailmaker,' shouted the Captain; 'there 's a breeze com-

ing away off the starboard quarter. It 's the Trades. We must get that sail set.'

The Sailmaker called back: 'When I does a job, I does it, Captain'; and his sniff sounded afar.

'But the wind, man, the wind,' pleaded the Captain.

The man on the yardarm was silently stubborn. He sewed on with the neatness of a seamstress. He finished finally, but not hurriedly, and remained on the yardarm to admire his work, while the crew stood by ready to sheet home the topsail; then, carefully tucking the needle into his coat and winding the unused twine around it, he shouted, 'The job 's done, Captain.'

The Captain, for lack of an answer, spat over the side, his eyes blinking savagely.

The next day the Washaway was reaching away north for Puget Sound, with a six-knot breeze. The Captain went into the sail-room with a tune on his lips. The Sailmaker was sewing a new length of cloth into an old flying-jib. On account of a curve in his back caused by his work, he had some difficulty in raising his head. He paid not the slightest heed to the whistling Captain, who stood surveying the sail.

Presently the Master spoke: 'We 'll make that new sail now. In these latitudes the winds are light and we need every rag to push us north.'

He waited for the Sailmaker to speak. The orange cat was playing with the beeswax ball on the bench beside the sewer.

'Now, Lucy,' said the Sailmaker kindly, 'don't be getting yourself all waxed up; you 're the worst I ever did see for getting things tangled.'

He took the wax away from her, and stroked her with his big calloused hand.

'There, now, play with something else.'

The Captain, who had started another tune, must have been getting angry, for he suddenly stopped whistling. The Sailmaker with dignity unfastened the hook that held the sail close to him, reached in his pocket for a short-shanked clay pipe, lit it, and when it was pulling well, sniffed, and asked, —

‘What sail is that you mentioned making?’

‘It ’s the sail for the placery boom.’

‘Oh, that one,’ said the smoker; ‘you have been talking about that for three years. You ’re going to make it this voyage, eh?’

‘Yes,’ said the Captain; ‘you ’ll make it, and I want you to get to work on it right away.’

‘Don’t be in a hurry, Captain, there ’s a lot of work on that sail. The making of it is n’t where the work lays; it ’s the measuring of it that ’ll take the time.’

The Sailmaker was n’t at all good at figures. He had his own way of doing things, and felt that he could point to the successes of years to uphold his resentment of interference.

‘There ’s nothing to measuring that sail,’ said the Captain; ‘it ’s made like a trysail, you know. Get the hoist first, then the angle from the peak to the tack, give it a long sheet and have plenty of fullness in the after-leach — don’t you see that ’s easy cut from figures; then I ’ll give you a hand sewing it together and we ’ll have it on her in a jiffy.’

The cat jumped up on the Sailmaker’s shoulder and rubbed her head in his beard. He took the pipe out of his mouth and turned to her with a deep sniff.

‘Lucy, you keep out of this, or I ’ll take you away to your box.’

‘It can’t be made that way,’ he went on, turning to the Captain; ‘in the first place you ’re not allowing for the

roping and the splices, to say nothing about your grummets. Where would your angles come in these? Captain, when I makes a sail, I makes a sail to catch wind. Figures I ’ll not say there ain’t something to, but they ’ll foul ye on a sail every time. It just can’t be done, and that settles it.’

The Captain looked puzzled. He was n’t much of a sailmaker, and the other knew it; it was n’t becoming to his dignity, however, to surrender so easily.

‘I know it can be done, and we ’ll do it my way. Figures never lie.’

‘Ships never leak, neither,’ said the Sailmaker, shaking with inward malice, but with never a quiver of his bronzed face.

Few men of the sea, even in the canvas days, have been shipmate with a placery boom. To say the least about its sail, it is a clumsy contrivance, and can be used only on one side of the ship, when the wind is light and abaft the beam. It takes skill to get out the boom, and there is more or less danger in fitting it for a sail to bend to. The boom is from thirty to forty feet long, and projects like an outrigger forward of the fore rigging and out from the ship’s side, at right angles. It is held by a wire topping lift that runs from the foremast to the end of the boom. It also has two guys, fore and aft, to keep it straight and steady.

The Sailmaker knew what he was up against to build a sail for this, and was terribly upset that the Captain should think it so simple. He could not look to the crew for sympathy, for it is well known that wind-jammer sailors are entirely lacking in feeling for the sailmaker. They regard him as an idler and a snob, necessary, but despicable. The sailmaker does not improve matters often, for his feeling is for his art, and he considers them beyond the pale of appreciation of such as he.

So the Sailmaker of the Washaway, for want of human sympathy, turned with all his heart to Lucy, the cat; and she purred comfort in his ear, and he grew very fond of her. He trained her to have nothing to do with the rest of the crew. Let one of them touch her, if he dare! Even the Master. The ship might be his to command; not so the cat.

One morning everything was right for measuring the new sail. The weather was pleasant, with a warm sun, and the ship lugged away under a full spread of canvas.

'We 'll measure that sail to-day,' said the Captain.

'Have it your way; it 's not for me to tell you your business,' said the Sailmaker, 'only don't blame me when the figures goes wrong.'

'I 'll take the responsibility,' answered the Captain crossly; 'there 's been enough argument about this thing. Get to work now.'

The Sailmaker blew his nose; this time it sounded like a whistle. The cat was playing with loose rope-yarns on the deck.

'You get out of harm's way,' he said, moving her and her rope-yarns to the lee of the main hatch; 'this is no place for a cat, with a new sail to make.' Then, looking scornfully at the Captain, 'I 'm not a man that don't see a thing when I looks at it.'

'Take this tape and go aloft,' said the Captain; 'get the head length first.'

The Sailmaker buttoned his coat over his beard, and took to the rigging cautiously. The cat, who, in spite of all his pains, had followed him forward, went mewing in his wake. This disgusted the Captain, who gave her a slap with his hand, and pulled her off the bulwark rail. The Sailmaker saw it out of the tail of his eye, and, still climbing, waved the Captain off with his hand. A sailor shinned out to

the end of the boom, and held the measuring-tape.

The Captain stood on deck with a businesslike air, ready to jot down the figures.

'You 're high enough,' he shouted; 'measure from there.'

The Sailmaker looked down at him. 'High enough, eh?'

'Yes, pull the tape tight now; what have you got?'

'Don't be in a hurry, Captain, remember your figures.'

A snicker ran through the group of sailors who hung around watching the performance. The Captain felt it bitterly.

'You do what you 're told,' he barked up the mast, 'and do it in a hurry.'

The back wind from the foresail blew his beard from under the buttoned coat into the Sailmaker's eyes and mouth, and muffled his reply. While the Captain waited, he fought to tie it up again.

'Some time to-day, some time to-day,' the Master roared up; 'I 'd think you 'd cut it off.'

If the Sailmaker had words, he did n't use them. His sniffing could be heard all over the ship. When it had almost come to the breaking-point for the Captain, he called down in an exaggerated way, —

'Five and fifty.'

'That 's too long, entirely; come down a bit. There, measure from where you are. Now what have you?'

A long wait, in which the ship herself seemed to feel the suspense. Then, —

'For-ty fe-et!'

'That 's fine; come down; I got it all now.'

When the Sailmaker reached the deck, the cat boarded him, and the Captain handed him a slip of paper.

'Here you are,' he said, proudly; 'cut to the figures and here 's your sail. The

head forty; foot thirty; after-leach twenty-five.'

The Sailmaker looked long at the paper, while the cat rubbed her head against his beard.

'Do you get it?' inquired the Captain, with a disdainful look.

'The figures? Why, of course, man, what else would I be thinking about? Well, in the first place your sheet is too long; it 'll foul the forward house.'

'Tut, tut, you don't know what you are talking about.'

'I don't eh? When I looks at a boom, I cuts the sail from my eye, and it fits, it does.'

Another 'Kee-hee!' from the sailors.

'Make it my way,' said the Captain, angrily walking aft to the poop.

II

That afternoon, while the Captain was taking his nap, the weather side of the main deck was swept clean. The Sailmaker was down on his knees, drawing a pattern of a new sail with white chalk. From the trouble he was taking, it was obvious that he intended it to smash the Captain's creation. An occasional dash of spray over the side would wash away his marks. He would put them in again, sniffing with pleasure over his task.

The Captain awoke, and thinking happily of his new sail, which by now should be well along toward completion, stepped down on to the main deck, rubbing his eyes.

'What the devil have you got here?' he said to the Sailmaker, scenting delay and disappointment.

'What have I got here, did you say?' The Sailmaker rose to his feet. 'I 've got what it looks like. Hem!'

'He 's spent the whole afternoon laying out the new sail, sir,' explained the mate, spitefully. He had just been trying to pet the cat.

The Captain looked over the chalk-lined deck. As nearly as his nautical eye could discern, the tracings seemed to be the design of some queer animal. Yes, that was it. It was a perfect representation of the Great Bear, and in spite of himself, he was interested in locating the position of the stars. Then he sternly put aside the fancy.

'So this is what you 'd like to hoist on my ship,' he said scathingly.

'I 'll bet a plug of black twist,' volunteered one sailor to another in an undertone, 'that Sails 'll have his way.'

'Why,' said another, 'the old bloke don't know wot 'e talks about. Watch the Marster get arfter 'im.'

'Hi 'opes,' said a third, 'that the blarsted quoit carn't be myde. Wot the 'ell does 'e know about the bloomin' syle?'

'What are you fellows doing, gaping around here?' said the Captain. 'Get to work; get brooms and buckets and scrub these chalk-lines off the deck.'

'E 's never the syme after a sleep,' the gossip continued. 'E 'as n't 'ad 'is bloody Java this afternoon.' And they shuffled forward to obey the Master's command.

'Hold on,' said the Sailmaker, 'before you do anything with my lines.'

'Hold nothing,' shouted the Captain; 'you had it from me to make the sail, did n't you?'

'I 'm not denying that,' sniffed the Sailmaker, 'but your measurements are away out and I 'll prove it to ye.'

'Prove it, damn it, prove it! Belay scrubbing the deck for a bit.'

'Aye, aye, sir.' And the crew giggled again, and kept clustering a little closer, for this was one of the moments when discipline makes for familiarity.

'Stand where you are,' the Sailmaker commanded the Captain, while he pulled a rule from his hip-pocket; 'I 'll show ye.'

He walked forward till he was

abreast of the boom, and taking twenty-five steps down the deck, he stopped and faced forward.

'Come here, and watch,' he said.

He held out the rule and closed one eye. The sailors kept edging closer.

'Can you see the middle of the stay?'

'I can,' said the Captain nervously.

'Well now, keep your eye level. You see the rule in front of your eyes — the top touches the bottom of the stay. Well, now, let your eye drop down the rule till it's on a level with the boom. Aye, now, that's six inches where my hand is.'

'Well?' said the Captain.

'Well?' said the Sailmaker.

'I'm damned if I get it.' For a moment the Captain seemed to be losing ground.

'There's three feet to the inch on the rule; six times three was eighteen, when I went to school; eighteen feet from the middle of the head to the clue — that makes the head thirty-six feet long, and that'll fit her, yes, sir, that'll fit her! Them's the measurements on deck.'

The Captain could feel the sailors rub shoulders with him, so close were they, as he stooped over the deck-chart. This reminded him that this was a terrible breach of discipline. Who was Master on this ship anyway?

'Who ever heard of making a sail that way?' he said aloud; then continued, 'I want this made my way, d'ye understand, Sailmaker?' And to the crew, 'Get to work and scrub the deck!'

'Will you have your coffee on deck, sir?' asked the steward, advancing obsequiously.

'No, no, in the cabin.' And the Captain betook himself to his refreshment.

The Sailmaker sat down on the hatch.

'You just can't make some people

see anything,' he said, mournfully, addressing the cat, who had crawled up into his lap and seemed to be his only friend. The sailors were making fun of him.

'The old cove knows he can't stand up in front of the Marster.'

'E knows syle, 'e does.'

So ran their slurs; and the Sailmaker, feeling it keenly, got up and wandered off to the sail-room.

The sail was made according to the Captain's plan, and under his supervision. The Sailmaker used his best skill in sewing and roping it. He seldom spoke, except to the orange cat. The crew kept up their insinuations, but he just sat and sniffed, apparently lost to all but his work. He was none the less deeply humiliated, and at night, within the confines of his narrow room, he held conversations with himself.

'I'll leave her, that's what I'll do, and me here going on nine year. They don't need a sailmaker. They don't know one when they see 'im.'

One morning, when the wind was blowing fresh from abaft the beam, the Sailmaker put away his fids, needles, wax, and twine.

'Your sail is ready,' he sniffed to the Captain.

'Here you fellows, lay aft here, get hold of this sail and bend it on her!' shouted the Captain excitedly.

The crew, greatly interested, carried the sail forward and bent it.

'She'll make another knot an hour,' said the Master to the mate.

The Sailmaker took a position against the weather main-rigging. The cat was asleep on the snug side of the forward house. According to the Sailmaker's predictions the sheet of the new sail should come somewhere there. No one thought that the sail might be dangerous to the sleeping cat, and those of the men who saw her paid no attention to her.

'All ready to hoist away!' shouted the bo'sun.

'Up with her!' roared the Captain. As he passed the Sailmaker, he said with a sardonic grin, 'Now you'll see what figures can do.'

What the Sailmaker said was lost in the noise of the flopping sail.

'Belay the halyards and aft to the sheet! Hurry, men, before she strips herself and tears the gear down atop of your heads.'

The Captain was becoming agitated. The Sailmaker did n't budge an inch. His eyes were fastened to the sail, his lips were moving, but who could hear him now? Was that the faint flicker of a smile showing through the parted strands of his beard? A malicious man might have smiled. The sail was far, far too large.

With a noise to which the roar of cannon would be mere poppings, the sail ballooned and caught aback in the wind. It was even dangerous for a sailor to get near the sheet to flatten it aft. The crew were running wild, everyone talking and swearing. The bo'sun vainly tried to restore order.

It was easy to see the fault in the sail. It looked like the pocket in a seine net. The halyards were up two blocks, and wads of slack were still in the luff.

The Captain saw his mistake with anguish.

'It's all wrong, men,' he cried; 'get it down before somebody gets hurt.'

About this time the orange cat, awake now and curious to investigate the noise, stretched herself and crossed the house-deck. The Sailmaker saw her and started running toward her, calling, 'Get out of there, Lucy, get out of there!'

Too late. Along came the ruthless sheet, and with its swirling tail picked

her up and whirled her into the sea.

'Save the cat!' begged the Sailmaker.

'What?' exploded the Captain, 'save a cat and lose my sail? I should say not!'

'You won't save my cat?' The Sailmaker had a strange look in his eyes.

'No, no — a cat? No!'

The ship was easily making eight knots. The drowning cat was astern.

'He'd have to save a man, and he knows it,' muttered the Sailmaker, as he shed his coat.

'Man overboard, man overboard!'

'Let go the weather braces. Hard a-lee-e-e!'

The man at the wheel saw the Sailmaker jump. Well he knew his duty. He threw a lifebuoy after him by spontaneous action.

The new sail was forgotten in the rush for the lee braces; and as the ship came up, the wind took it away, and the boom with it.

Far astern, and rove through a lifebuoy, rode the Sailmaker quite calmly, the orange cat perched on his shoulder.

'I told you that sooner or later you'd get into trouble. Now let this be a lesson to ye.'

When the boat's crew rowed him alongside the Washaway, he sent the cat up first.

When he climbed over the side and reached the deck, the crew were so overcome that they wanted to hug him. The Captain had nothing to say. He just stood wondering, with his hand on his Adam's apple.

The Sailmaker unbuttoned his shirt, and with the water still dripping from him, he reached around his waist, unbuttoning the electric belt, and pitching it on to the hatch.

'The salt water's ruined ye,' he said, with a real smart sniff.

A SMALL BOY'S READING

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

I CAN just see the Boy at the other end of fifty years, looking quite small and far-off, as if through the wrong end of an opera glass, reading his first book. He was then about four years old. He is sitting in his own personal chair, which is so small that the grown-up chair in front of him serves admirably as a lectern. The book is small also; but the title seems rather out of scale. Here it is, with bibliographical exactness:

Line upon Line, or a Second Series of the Earliest Religious Instruction the Infant Mind is Capable of Receiving, with Verses Illustrative of the Subject. By the Author of Peep o' Day. American Tract Society, New York.

No date, but a fading writing on the fly-leaf says that it was a gift to Mahlon from his sister Celia in 1846. And Celia and Mahlon were respectively brother and sister of the Boy's mother. So the book was just a bit of flotsam and jetsam, cast up by the changing tides of family life, as were all the other books at that little house in Monmouth Road.

It has been pointed out that turning him loose in a well-selected library is no mean education for a healthy-minded boy; but the humble collection of dull and hard books which was the sole foraging ground of this Boy was innocent of selection of any kind. Like Topsy it had 'just growned.' It included such gems as *The Royal Path of Life*, *Gaskell's Compendium*, *Slicer on Bap-*

tism, and *The Conversion of Hester Ann Rogers*. But they were not all as bad as that. A few were that mysterious something called Literature; their presence was even more fortuitous than the gorgeous products of the book agent.

The Boy read them all. His appetite was like that of the infant tent-caterpillar, which starts from the twig-end where it is born and devours every leaf it encounters in its journey to the trunk of the tree. And so we see the Boy, at the very beginning of what intends to be a lifetime course of reading, sitting in his little red chair, reading the book whose long title has just been recorded. Of course he does not remember the title with all the particularity with which it has been set down. *Line upon Line* was one of the books he salvaged when the little ill-selected library perished; and now, in a new dress by Stikeman, it has an honored place in his own library, which he flatters himself is less fortuitous and more eclectic than the one his infancy knew.

That is the first book he remembers reading to himself. It stands like a peak at the very beginning of Memory. Particularly a certain evening when he began the Story of Joseph. For the book was the narrative part of the Old Testament, emasculated, attenuated, and shorn of its splendid imagery to adapt it to the infant mind. And now, after fifty years, it seems rather patronizing in its tone and unduly insistent on a moral. The author of *Line upon*

Line conceived of God as a sort of glorified Tony Sarg, whose puppets got tangled in their strings and caused him no end of trouble and vexation. She had apparently one great advantage over Moses in that she knew exactly how God felt about it.

But this is the intolerance of fifty-four years. The Boy found it enthralling. It was not religious instruction to him. It was Romance, the Story, his first novel. There he sat in his little red chair, the book clutched in two tiny fists, the tears streaming down his cheeks at the incredible sufferings of young Joseph from the hands of his wicked elder brothers, hope springing at the unexpected soft-heartedness of Reuben, only to be dashed by the unswerving determination of Judah, until —

They threw him into the deep, dark pit; and there he lay hungry and thirsty and weary — without one drop of water to quench his thirst. How it must have grieved Joseph to think that he should not return to his dear father; and his father perhaps would think he was dead!

The wicked brothers cared not for his groans, but they sat down and began to eat their dinner.

God saw them from his throne in Heaven, and was much displeased.

At this moment of greatest suspense the Boy's mother intervened. It was bedtime. No argument, no plea availed against the maternal decree, and the Boy wept afresh. The tears already flowing in sympathy with Joseph's hard lot were now augmented in his own behalf. Go to bed, and leave Joseph in the pit all night! Please, please, just one more chapter. But Mother knew how exciting was the world of print to that book-hungry little mind. Already — the Boy seems to remember — grown-up heads were shaking and saying, 'That boy reads too much.'

And so he went to bed, in such a

state of suspense that the memory of it has lasted fifty years. The only hope for Joseph seemed to lie in that last line, where the author intimated, without authority of Holy Writ, that God was displeased and might be counted on to do something about it. Not an entirely dependable hope, for experience with previous chapters had not given the Boy undimmed confidence in God as a *deus ex machina*. The Boy did not know then and does not know yet whether the happy ending is essential to the divine Plot.

That was the Boy's first serial story, the first 'continued in our next' — a method of creating suspense which Edward Everett Hale imagined that our magazine editors stole from Scheherezade. And frequently since, sitting up to finish a book in spite of an adult bedtime imposed by the demands of the next day's work, the Boy has wished some high Olympian power would forestall decision the way Mother snapped off the story of Joseph.

The tragedy of that first 'to be continued' lingers in his memory; but the Boy does not remember reading the rest of the story, although he is sure he finished the book; for another recollection is that of standing up before his father and answering all the questions in the back of the book, —

What did most people in the world pray to?

Whom did God choose to be his servant and friend?

How many grandchildren and great grandchildren did God promise to give Abraham?

What was it Abraham did when he was on the top of the hill?

Who buried Sarah?

Some of the questions now seem as baffling as that famous query, Who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?

II

Some time before the thrilling events just recorded the Boy learned to read; but the details antedate recorded history and depend on tradition. He had a set of blocks. He remembers the blocks. They survived as building-material long after they had fulfilled their mission as steps to learning. They were oblong, about the proportions of a small brick, so that the two forms of a letter might be placed side by side — great A and little a, upper and lower case. Tradition says that before he could walk the Boy would select an easy morsel of learning, and creep with it to his mother, and call off its name, 'O-o,' giving a different inflection to the majuscule to distinguish it from its inferior neighbor, the minuscule. O was easy; the capital and small letter were exactly alike. H, Q, and G were hard.

Thus the Boy acquired letters, and soon he recognized them, not only on his blocks, which had become a sort of Rosetta stone for him, but on the printed page, especially the large type in the advertisements, and announced the fact to all within call with the insistence of an infant Archimedes yelling, 'Heureka!'

Could learning his letters be called the turning-point in any boy's life, or is it just part of the common lot, like teething, or long pants, or marriage? At any rate, the mystery of the alphabet exercised a profound influence on this boy's destiny. For it gave him his job, which was printing, and his hobby, which was reading.

Both recreation and occupation were influenced by the fact that the Boy became deaf at an early age, which threw him sharply on his own resources for entertainment, and suggested also a trade that required the minimum of hearing. The alphabet was at once his

plaything and his work-thing. He used to place those oblong blocks end to end, in a vain attempt to spell the words he knew; but the results were far from satisfying. Dd-Oo-Gg was no way to spell 'dog,' though it might conceivably be an economical way to spell two dogs. He cut out the large letters from the advertisements in the local weekly paper and pasted them together to form words, and he copied them with both pencil and paint-brush, like an infant disciple of Geoffroy Tory or Albrecht Dürer. And later, but not very much later, came the blissful day when, with a composing-stick in his hand, his fingers first felt the touch of the metal types, 'the twenty-six lead soldiers which conquer the world.'

About this time there was another book, an earlier book than *Line upon Line*. He does not remember reading it, but he does remember the book, so he must have read it, over and over, doubtless, before and after the *Line upon Line* time. It was the *Child's History of England*, not Dickens's classic, but a more elementary work, probably the earliest historical information the infant mind is capable of receiving. It was a big, thin blue book, — what he has since learned to call a quarto, — and there were four gorgeous colored pictures on the left-hand page, and four squares of type on the page opposite, corresponding to the pictures. The type was that lovely big type in which children's books are printed — and which old age covets — and which was known at the time the Boy became a printer as Great Primer. The Boy lived to see the old picturesque names of type sizes, which have come down from the days of Caxton and Pynson, give way to the more efficient point system, but he always wondered if the first book he studied was called a primer because of its type, or if the

type was named for some early primary schoolbook.

This book then, with its chromolithographed pictures and its Great Primer text, stood for profane history just as the condescending syllabus of the Bible stood for sacred history. The first picture showed that ancient Britons were no more civilized than the heathen whom returned missionaries talked so long about after Sunday School, while the dinners of the entire Baptist persuasion grew cold. The text said that they dyed their bodies with woad (the Britons, not the missionaries), and the Boy did n't know what 'woad' was, — and does n't yet, — but he liked the funny word and remembered it. Then there was Boadicea with scythes on her chariot wheels, and Rufus lying face down with Wat Tyler's arrow sticking in him, and, best of all, the scene in Canterbury market where the bishop examines the beautiful English girls with their long blonde hair, and gets off his famous pun, 'Are they Angles or angels?' Later information from other sources says that the bishop was Gregory, and the market-place in Rome, and the girls probably boys, but the former is the way the Boy remembers it. The last picture showed an ermine-clad Palmerston kneeling before a very fat Victoria, while the text piously ejaculates 'Who, thank God, still reigns.'

That book, pored over at an age when everything made a deep impression, has become for that Boy English History. Nothing seen or learned since can efface those colored pictures and that Great Primer text. Memory supplies them as illustrations or commentaries on all history read since. Hume, Clarendon, Green, Macaulay have been able to add nothing so lasting. How he wishes he had kept that book, to compare it with memory, to straighten out some twisted impres-

sions that still persist. Some Kansas cousins were suffering a plague of grasshoppers, which had eaten everything, memory recalls someone saying, and the Boy was persuaded to add to the bundle of clothing and other necessities being sent for their relief, some of his own books, which he did, but not without wonder at the voracity and literary taste of grasshoppers.

To this same far-off forgotten time before the Age of School belong two books now faded to a mere recollection of vague horror. Though he has searched for them both for many years, the Boy has never set eye on either since, to learn if the reality was as preposterous as his memory insists. One was *A Double Story*, by George MacDonald, a fairly well-known author, but this fantastic tale is found in no set of his works. Perhaps it was never made into a book. The Boy read it in *Wide Awake*, and was wide awake many a night for thinking of it. Those who have read *The Portent*, or *Phantastes*, can imagine the flavor.

The other memory is more vague, and accordingly more preposterous. For in this book an American boy was blown in a small boat across the polar sea, and came to the land of perpetual night, where the people were all tall and thin and the color of potato sprouts from lack of sun. The king was very fond of stories; but when the teller told an untruth, the king said, 'Whiz,' and the court executioner took off his head. The king often said, 'Whiz' while the hero was describing his native land, and the Boy trembled with apprehension; but the princess wound her long transparent arms around the young adventurer's neck, and the headsman did n't know where to strike. These are only the Boy's impressions, — remember, it is more than fifty years, — and it seems incredible that a tale so farcical as this seems to memory

could have paralyzed him with terror as he remembers that it did.

At six years the boy put away childish things, such as books printed in comfortable Great Primer, and climbing upon a chair, he helped himself to literature.

III

Literature dwelt in a piece of furniture that stood against the wall of the sitting-room, known as The Bookcase, although it was a writing-desk and chest of drawers as well. The scientific name, I believe, is secretary. It was not an antique, though it may well have become one by now.

Here then, on three shelves, stood the ill-selected little library, the Boy's visible supply of reading for the first ten years of his existence; mostly 'The Complete Works of,' in one volume; and that means two columns of small type to the page, with usually a 'Life' in even smaller type, and a steel portrait as a frontispiece. Their uninviting format enhanced their natural dullness, and, if there is anything in Freud, was perhaps the reason why the Boy developed later a passion for beautifully printed books — the result of what might be called a typographical inhibition.

The corner stone of this structure was Johnson's *Cyclopædia*, a puzzling word that surely somehow must have some connection with the three-wheeled vehicle the Boy rode, which he called his velocipede. Johnson was a formula, a rhythmic chant, that went something like this, 'A-to-Cam, Cam-to-Eli, Eli-to-Gon, Gon-to-Lab,' and so on, rendered in chorus by the full strength of the company, like 'Onery, Twoery, Ickery Ann.' The company sat when thus engaged on the lowest step of the stairs which fled steeply up from the sitting-room, leaving one step extending into the room, as if the door had

been shut too quickly for it to get out. It just held five assorted ages.

When, later, Johnson was found to be a treasure-house of raw material for school 'Essays,' he was always spoken of as 'Old Gon-to-Lab.'

Standing shoulder to shoulder with the cyclopædia were some old bound volumes of magazines: *Ballou's*, *Peter-son's*, *Godey's Lady's Book* (is one lady enough?), *Harper's*, and the *Atlantic*. Ballou's and Peterson's contained fearful stuff that the Boy was forbidden to read, — such as 'The Ghost of Perley Hall,' — but did read notwithstanding and was scared stiff. In the *Atlantic* he read for the first time 'The Man without a Country,' and in that magazine (or was it *Harper's*), a little-known tale by the same author: 'The Yellow Dog,' in which it was imagined that Joseph (that Joseph complex again) tried to escape from the merchants to whom his brothers sold him, but was discovered through the barking of a yellow dog, and thus the world was saved from starvation.

In the back of one of the numbers of *Harper's*, in the Editor's Drawer, was a review of a little-known work of George Borrow. It seemed that there was a collection of Oriental tales known as *The Hodja*, or Borrow pretended there was, and translated it under the title of *The Turkish Jester*. The book was printed at Ipswich, in a thin paper-covered volume, and has since become what is known as a collector's item. The reviewer had been liberal in quotation — all that were fit to print, probably — and the anecdotes became part of the Boy's stock in trade. When in the course of time he developed into a writer of advertising, he drew upon his memory and utilized many of those droll stories as points to hang advertising morals on.

There was one delightful adventure, in which the Hodja accepts an invita-

tion to dine with a great personage, and hurries off in his everyday tunic. He is received with little respect by the servants, and given a poor seat far down the table. He rushes home, puts on his gorgeous Sunday tunic, and returns, to be welcomed with great ceremony and seated at the host's right hand. Whereupon he begins to ladle the food into the sleeves of his tunic.

'Why do you do that?' asks the astonished host.

'Because it is my tunic, and not I, which is the welcome guest.'

Whiston's Josephus occasioned wonder as to what a Josephus was. Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men* suggested pictures, but there were none. Nevertheless the book proved a find, and much of it, especially the short, pithy 'laconic' anecdotes of the Lacedæmonians became excellent straw for later advertising bricks. Lycurgus certainly had the slogan habit.

Farrar's *Life of Christ* was a most readable book in nice large type, with a raft of interesting footnotes, which described such delectable things as the Greek acrostic whose initials spelled the word 'fish,' the sacred symbol of the early Christians, which indicated their secret meeting-places. The Boy had a scrapbook mind, and collected such fragments and used them when the time came.

Fables of Infidelity, in spite of its title, was disappointing stuff, all about the Reverend Mr. M— of S—, who narrated incidents about Mrs. C— and Henry R—. This device for disguising people never found favor with the Boy. Harper's *Drawer* also had the habit. But the very name of this book was misleading. He knew what fables were. Had n't he Æsop's, with Tenniel's pictures? Æsop was also a prolific source-book for advertising matter. The Boy in the course of time based at least a hundred pieces

of copy on those ingenious tales, all of which he knew by heart.

A large fat book, bound in red cloth with gilt flourishes printed all over it, was *The Works of Miss Mitford*, which contained not only 'Our Village,' but seven other books. It must have proved barren to ten years of age, for no memory comes except that of its familiar floreated physiognomy.

Biblical Reason Why, on the contrary, is a vivid recollection. It belonged evidently to the *Line upon Line* school, and consisted entirely of questions and answers in the Socratic manner. Some of the questions were posers, but the book knew neither doubt nor hesitation.

Why does the Bible commence with the words 'In the beginning'?

Why is the formation of Eve out of the rib of Adam to be taken literally?

Why was Jonah swallowed by a great fish?

The charm of this book lay in its quaint woodcuts — the baker and butler of Pharaoh, the Ark of the Covenant, Aaron in his High Priest suit, all the apostles with their insignia, and so on. This remarkable work has disappeared from the world, which is a great pity, as it knew the answers to questions that have puzzled archbishops.

Side by side on this shelf stood four fat poets, uniformly dressed in law calf with black and red labels, looking like the set of Illinois statutes in Father's office — Burns, Byron, Moore, and Shakespeare, 'The Complete Works of.'

As if it were not enough that these four poets should be linked together, there was a game of authors in which the same four formed a 'book.' Now nothing can sever them in that Boy's memory.

No edition, not even the First Folio, seems so indubitably Shakespeare as that paunchy calf-clad book with the steel engraving of Miranda for frontis-

piece. He read *The Tempest* first of all the plays, of course, because *The Tempest* came first. Some Puritan inheritance led him to feel that a book should be begun at the beginning and read through.

It is more than likely that Byron registered more strongly than any of the quartette in those early years, because of the notes. There was a dado of them on every page, in blinding type, nearly all biographical. The unforgettable name of John Cam Hobhouse was spread all over them. The Boy liked names and he liked biography, and by a perverse association of ideas he insisted on giving the limp that should have been Byron's to his friend, because of the name.

The inspiration of all the four poets was at first biographical. The Boy was interested in how they did it rather than in what they did, in the things that made them poets rather than in their poetry. He was and probably is more of a craftsman than an artist. He did read ultimately all the 'works' as well as the 'lives,' as he read everything in print that came his way; but a definite taste for biography was instilled by the meagre pages that prefaced each book, fed and nourished by the fat notes in the Byron, with their copious extracts from letters. Poetry came to him a little later, but the love for poetry is rather extrinsic — as an art rather than a message. Words and rhythm charmed him. He fell easily under the spell of Tennyson — another purchase of his own, and another instance of a book read from the beginning so that 'Airy fairy Lilian' and 'Where Claribel low lieth' obtrude in the memory because they came first in the book.

IV

When the Boy was born there were no comets seen, but a best seller shone
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upon his birth, namely *St. Elmo*, that immortal work of Augusta J. Evans; and from it he had one of his names, bestowed at the request of sentimental Aunt Celia, the same Aunt Celia who twenty years before gave Uncle Mahlon the copy of *Line upon Line* which became the Boy's stepping-stone to books. The name is not uncommon among those whose birth year is in the neighborhood of 1868, and strange to say nearly all became advertising men. E. St. Elmo Lewis says he can account for fourteen. *St. Elmo* stood on the top shelf, along with *Norine's Revenge* by May Agnes Fleming, *The English Orphans* by Mary J. Holmes, *A Day of Fate* by E. P. Roe, *Brave Old Salt* by Oliver Optic, and *The Lamplighter* by Maria S. Cummins, which, with Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, represented fiction. *St. Elmo* had this effect, that its erudite and recondite allusions stimulated the Boy's curiosity, and for several years afterward he made a game of the research necessary to find out what the author was talking about. He admired it prodigiously, and resolved to write like that; and did in fact produce a high-school oration that sent his teacher into hysterics. Does anybody know this book to-day? How would these remarks sound beside, say, a quotation from *Babbitt*?

'Mr. Murray, if you insist upon your bitter Ösher simile, why shut your eyes to the palpable analogy suggested? Naturalists assert that the Solanum, or apple of Sodom, contains in its normal state neither dust nor ashes, unless it is punctured by an insect, the Tenthredo, which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without any loss of color. Human life is as fair and tempting as the fruit of "Ain Jidy," till stung or poisoned by the Tenthredo of sin.'

This by a girl of seventeen; but they all talked like that and were greatly admired by a boy of nine, who ear-

nestly hoped that along with the name he would acquire both the erudition and the bitter cynical nature of the hero.

On the top shelf was a row of shabby volumes bound in black cloth that time had frayed to a dusty gray, among which were *Hudibras*, and *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts*, of the Reverend Edward Young, D. D. *Hudibras* had an exciting frontispiece showing a buxom and determined lady seated on a man lying on the ground, while the legend beneath in script type added to the excitement with something like this:

I told thee, villain, what could come
Of all thy base vamping scum.

Perhaps that was n't the way it went, but that is what the Boy remembers. He found it harder to understand even than *St. Elmo*, and there seemed to be no way to find out what it was all about. He did not care for it much and was confirmed later by Pepys, who lived in those times but could not, as he confessed, see where the wit came in. But, strange to say, the melancholy music of *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts* appealed to him so strongly that he began to commit it to memory, and made considerable progress, and can repeat much of it still.

In these middle years came the first bitter awakening to what is known as worldly wisdom. There was a serial story running in the fourth volume of *St. Nicholas*, by J. T. Trowbridge, entitled 'His Own Master,' and the Boy and his father were both reading it. The story told how Jacob, having sold the few belongings left after the death of his mother, set out for the big city, in this instance Cincinnati, with his whole fortune, eighty-five dollars and forty-nine cents, in his pocket. On the Ohio River steamboat he became acquainted with Professor Alphonse Pinkey, who, when he learned that the

boy had this money with him, explained how risky it was to carry so much without a safety wallet. He, Alphonse, fortunately had such a wallet, and kindly offered to carry Jacob's money for him, which offer Jacob gratefully accepted. The installment ended on this incident, — life was just one serial after another, — and the Boy still remembers with what unbelieving amazement he heard his father's comment, 'That 's the last he will ever see of his money.'

But, sure enough, in the next number the obliging Professor disappeared, leaving the Boy in something the same state of mind as Jacob, but with a tremendously increased respect for his father's penetration and shrewdness.

But of all the books of that time the one that stands out most clearly in memory after forty-five years is Milton. It was a small, chunky, bright-red book, but it was complete — *The Works of Milton*, with the inevitable 'life' and portrait. The mental picture of it is a physical one, like the Shakespeare. That little red volume is Milton personified. Each page was surrounded by an oval wreath in which the blank verse made a neat panel.

As with every book, the Boy studied it from all angles, and wondered why, for instance, each book of *Paradise Lost* began with an argument. To him the word meant only one thing. And the titles of the poems on several occasions, 'At a Solemn Music,' 'On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough,' 'On the University Carrier,' 'To Mr. H. Lawes on his Airs' — were n't those funny things for a great poet to write about? He did appreciate, however, the sharp, quick change in the metre of the 'Ode to the Nativity.' It made his heart beat faster. He puzzled a long time over *Samson Agonistes*. Was that the Samson he

knew, the Samson of the *Line upon Line*? And was Agonistes his last name? It sometimes seemed as if one must have read everything before he could read anything.

As with Young's *Night Thoughts*, the stately music of Milton's lines appealed, and the Boy set himself to commit it to memory. He had not then learned of the young Macaulay's precocious feat, and he never got by heart more than the first book; but the good he got from it was beyond calculation. Milton was undoubtedly the book that influenced him most. From it he acquired vocabulary and images, a feeling for words, for their deeper meanings, their power of suggestion, which was invaluable to him later in earning his living. Unlike the man who never ate strawberries for fear it would vitiate his taste for prunes, he has never been able to get Milton out of his system sufficiently to appreciate, say, *The Waste Land*. One day the teacher asked if anyone in the class had ever read *Paradise Lost*. Flushed with the pride of an adventurer in unknown reaches of literature, he raised his hand, and earned, and deserved, the scorn of every other boy in the class.

In the back of the little book were poems on various occasions, including, of course, *Lycidas*. The impress of this fine poem was deepened in the following way. The local W. C. T. U., of which Mary Allen West was an active promoter, offered a prize of five dollars to the schoolboy who should write the best essay on the physical effects of alcoholics. The Boy won it. No doubt that trenchant paper helped to mould the public opinion that brought about the prohibition landslide. But, anyway, with the money he bought a book (his first literary purchase), a book by John Ruskin, containing in one volume, *Sesame and Lilies*, *A Crown of Wild Olives*, *The Queen of the Air*, and *Ethics*

of the Dust. Here was the first acquaintance with criticism. All of them affected him profoundly. And in particular he found in the lecture 'Of King's Treasures' a new way of reading poetry that sent him back to *Lycidas*, to commit to memory the 'blind mouth's' passage, greatly excited at two such mighty minds, Milton, who put so much into a passage, and Ruskin, who got it all out. Don't smile. He was serious. These things all came at the very beginning, and bent his mind the way it has grown. Out of that old Ruskin he got real help in his unconscious education which was shaping him for the work he was to do.

Two more links added themselves to what might be called the Milton era. In the school library was Addison, which he was allowed to borrow. What he remembers is the analysis of *Paradise Lost*, which he read from the unsailable position of familiarity with the work discussed; a necessary preliminary to the enjoyment of any literary criticism, he thinks.

Also, about this time deafness began to interfere more and more with life, and to say with emphasis to the Boy that books must be increasingly his chief resource. Among the poems in the back of the Milton was one that he appreciated as his own, learning it by heart and drawing from it a sort of comfort, all out of proportion to the merits of the case. The poem, of course, was the sonnet 'On His Blindness.'

V

The peculiar process by which nature produces advertising men is similar to that by which she produces bootleggers, or brick-layers, or book-collectors. She gives us two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on, until, when you get as far back as, say, Queen Elizabeth, one's collective an-

cestors would make a community as large as the city of Cleveland — and just as mixed.

From the lower tip of this vast inverted pyramid one starts to live, helped or hindered by the least common multiple of the traits inherited from the city of Cleveland. Immediately education begins. For that Boy, whose early reading has just been sketchily outlined, the world-old conflict between heredity and environment was influenced by a new element whose effect could not be foreseen. His deafness introduced complications that required new adjustments, like deuces wild in a poker game. The immediate cause was measles at the age of six; but the predisposition was probably a part of his inheritance. He was at least ten years old before his condition was realized, even by himself. His fits of abstraction and oblivion were laid to inattention by the higher powers, both at home and abroad.

At the age of ten something was done about it. The resources of aural science were represented in that village by two specialists, not always sober, even when specializing. Their ministrations were barren of results. But while waiting in the reception room of one of these doctors, a patient talked to the Boy about a wonderful cigar-shaped boat that traveled under water, and thus he was introduced to Jules Verne. He had to read this new writer surreptitiously, for his mother had one test for all books. They must be true. She seemed to have had less difficulty than Pilate in recognizing truth. At any rate, time seems to have justified the Boy in his deceit, so much that Verne imagined has become true since.

Probably his mother's unswerving allegiance to truth, rather than lack of means, was the reason that none of the great children's books were known to him during that first ten-year period.

Robinson Crusoe, *Gulliver*, *Munchausen*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Arabian Nights*, *Alice in Wonderland* all belong to a later era, an era of conscious selection. No longer content with the resources of the little family library, he commenced to range further, with the aid of the public library. That library had one peculiar device. A white wooden screen separated the storehouses of literature from the reading public. This screen was punched with numerous holes in even rows. Each hole was numbered, and held a plug, one end red, the other blue. When a book was taken out, the librarian reversed the plug. Red was realization; blue defeat. But the *Arabian Nights* was not a library book. The copy the Boy read in the privacy of the hayloft was borrowed from the son of the colored barber — a fitting source, for were not barbers literary characters in the *Arabian Nights*?

Here then was the problem with which destiny had to deal: a boy who had acquired in the first ten years of his life a liking for books — not merely for reading, but for books, their writing, printing, and binding; who had somehow found within himself a strange affinity for print, for the alphabet, for words, their history and meanings; all this emphasized later on by contact with the types, presses, book-binder's tools. Growing deafness drove him more and more to substitute books for life, as sources of information, as resources of amusement, and all his inclination pulled that way. A type-founder's specimen book or a catalogue of old books interested him for days. In that old series, the Harper Story Books, was one that described the art of printing as it was practised at the old building in Franklin Square. The Boy almost learned that book by heart. Fifteen years later he climbed the old spiral staircase in the courtyard one morning before seven, and as a journey-

man printer, set up several 'takes' of one of Howells's books.

At the age of twelve he acquired a press and a font of old battered nonpareil, and proceeded to publish the first of a long succession of periodicals, most of which never got beyond Vol. 1, No. 1. Soon after this he became the devil in the office of the Book and Job Steam Print, responsible first chiefly for the steam; but gradually he evolved into a full-fledged compositor with a setting rule, union card, and everything.

The relation between printing and advertising is a close one. A series of slight but critical incidents was shaping his course toward the latter, the most significant, in retrospect, being this: a national advertiser, seeking free pub-

licity, offered a prize for the best advertisement of his product printed in a local newspaper. The Boy tried for it, and put his attempt in type also. He had a strong conviction even then as to the relation between the copy and the printed form that copy should take. The prize was fifty dollars, and the contestants numbered over fourteen hundred, so the national advertiser was well repaid. The Boy won the prize. Much water passed under the bridge after that; advertising had not yet begun to be a profession, but the prize advertisement completed the work of destiny begun when the Boy cut the letters of the alphabet from announcements in the town weekly, and pasted them together in new forms.

THE PHYSIOLOGIST IN INDUSTRY

BY FREDERIC S. LEE

I

THE human machine is the oldest machine in industry, and in its fundamentals it is doubtless the same now as when it was first put to work. The men of Mentone, the Palæolithic Cro-Magnons, with their flint blades and drills, their ingenious many-barbed bone harpoons, their needles and chisels; the Egyptians who cut and hauled and lifted huge stones into the enduring pyramids — all these human machines ingested and acquired energy from proteins and fats and carbohydrates, just as we do to-day. They, like us, inhaled oxygen and exhaled carbon dioxide; they, too, needed vitamins, although they did not know it. Their

hearts beat then as ours do now; they, too, possessed a blood-pressure, and varied it according to the needs of their organs; their glands secreted; their brains directed their muscles; they spurted or loafed on their jobs; they were ambitious or indifferent; they labored and slept; they loved and hated; they sickened and died — as do the factory hands of to-day.

And along with this conservation of physiological and psychological processes, it is a curious fact that, although in the recent centuries mankind has learned much about the parts of the human body and how they work, singly and in correlation, advance has been

far less in exact knowledge of how the machine as a whole behaves. We know more about hygiene and sanitation than did our forefathers; but of the best methods of getting the most out of our biological machinery we still know far too little. And this lack is especially striking when we put our machines into factories.

The case is very different with the industrial machines of wood, of brass, of bronze, of iron or steel. One need not here dwell upon the obvious, which is almost miraculous. New ways of doing the old things have been devised, and new things to do. Each year millions of dollars are expended in improving the old and constructing the new, and searching after ways of performing industrial operations more cheaply and more effectively. These industrial machines have been devised by the human machine, and they supplement and specialize its work; they even surpass their makers in power to do specific things. Yet the human machine is lord of them all. When it ceases to work they stand idle.

It is not strange that industry has been slow in learning and introducing ways of improving the efficiency of its workers. In the past, here and there, small attempts were made to solve the problem; but they were not deep, and did not indicate how big and hard and important the problem was. And then the war came, with its unprecedented demands upon human energy, and the physiologists and psychologists began to investigate,—in England, in America, in France,—to find out how human beings in the factory actually work and how their efficiency may be increased. The seven years of continuous research that have now elapsed, coupled with what came before, have accomplished much. It has become clear that industry in the past has muddled through this part of its job, and that now the more

exact, more intelligent, methods of science must be used. A great step in industrial progress will be taken when we learn the human machine adequately and learn how to use it.

The human machine differs from other industrial machines in several important particulars.

In the first place, it can perform a great variety of work. Then, too, it has a large capacity for training. But, with all its possible work and possible training, most human machines possess innate qualities, difficult to analyze, but becoming less and less difficult to detect, by which they can do certain kinds of work more readily than other kinds; and thus the possibility arises of classifying the workers and assigning them to appropriate jobs. In the past this has usually been a rather haphazard affair. The employment manager, or his representative, looked the applicant over, asked him a few questions, and 'sized him up'; but to-day, from careful study of the various occupations and their specific requirements, tests have been devised for stenographers, typists, computing and other machine operators, toolmakers, inspectors of various manufactured products, moulders, mechanical engineers, salesmen, telephone operators, clerical workers, and others. Such tests endeavor to determine, and express in mathematical terms, the fitness of the applicant for the specific work in question. The validity of many of them has been demonstrated by rigid trials. They are constantly being improved and added to. No tests are infallible; but there can be no question of the superiority of a test that has been intelligently devised, wisely given, and successfully employed in numerous cases, over the old method of 'hire and fire.' Vocational guidance, by means of such tests, is gradually overcoming

skepticism, prejudice, and opposition, and is aiding innumerable human beings to find their proper setting.

Another peculiarity of the human machine is that it cannot work long before becoming fatigued. Fatigue is usually manifested by certain characteristic feelings—a disinclination to continue work, a feeling that greater effort is required, a desire to work more slowly. If the person refuses to be guided by these feelings, the original pace may be kept up for a considerable time; but, if he yields to them, the pace slackens, and gradually less is accomplished. Sooner or later he must yield to them, unless his machinery is to be seriously injured. Thus, fatigue is a signal of ultimate danger to the mechanism.

Biologists have devoted years to the investigation of fatigue, the ways in which it manifests itself, its causes, and means for its detection and alleviation. A few years ago an ingenious German doctor thought that he had found the secret, by the discovery of a fatigue toxin, — like bacterial toxins, — which produces its own antitoxin. This antitoxin was claimed to do wondrous things when taken internally, in tablet form, or even when sprayed by an atomizer into the air of a schoolroom — and, if a schoolroom, why not a factory? With the characteristic foresight of his industrious race, the discoverer protected himself by patents in Washington and elsewhere; but, unfortunately, the laboratories do not confirm the claims of the Patent Office.

With continued investigation the problem of fatigue still eludes the searcher. As each new effort is made to solve it, what appeared simple years ago seems only to increase in complexity. I am inclined now to believe that there is nothing specific about the condition which, for convenience, we call fatigue; that it has no single, or even simple,

causative factors; but that the fatigued body is in a very different chemical, and perhaps physical, state from that of the unfatigued body, and that to restore the non-fatigued condition there are needed profound chemical, and perhaps physical, changes.

As to the manifestations of fatigue, and tests for its presence, we are almost equally in the dark. It is simple enough under the easily controlled conditions of a laboratory, where one can take apart a living mechanism and make its organs and tissues work separately, to demonstrate the progressively diminishing working capacity of active cells. A muscle fatigues rapidly; a nerve-ending fatigues rapidly; a nerve-fibre resists fatigue. But with the fatigue of the body as a whole, the problem of its analysis becomes infinitely more intricate.

There are certain differences in the chemical activities of the resting and the working body; but definite amounts of chemical change have not been correlated with definite amounts of work accomplished. The same is true of physical changes. Studies of the mental capacities of individuals in the fresh and the fatigued state have been legion; but different investigators have obtained such different results, and a positive finding by one has been contradicted so often by a negative finding by another, that the subject is now a maze of bewildering uncertainty.

But, notwithstanding the difficulties, — which will, of course, not be forever insurmountable, — there are indirect ways of demonstrating objectively the fatigue of the human body. Compare, for example, its diurnal curve of work with that of a machine of metal. With the latter, when once the power is turned on and the pace is set, the work goes on uniformly from hour to hour; the output of each succeeding hour, and of the final hour of the spell or the day,

is no greater and no less than that of the first hour; in other words, the diurnal curve of work is a horizontal line, neither rising nor falling from beginning to end.

With the human machine the form of the curve depends on the nature of the operation. It cannot always be plotted. For example, I have no means of expressing graphically my own curve in writing this article for the *Atlantic*, although Trollope, with his two hundred and fifty words every quarter-hour, rain or shine, might possibly have done so for *Barchester Towers*. But where, as in many factory operations, the day's work consists of a series of similar neuromuscular actions, repeated over and over again, perhaps hundreds and thousands of times, and the product can be measured exactly in number or weight of similar pieces produced, plotting the diurnal curve of the individual is a simple matter.

If the operation is what may be called a 'machine' operation, where the pace is set by the lifeless mechanism and the living being is merely an accessory, he, too, can work along a horizontal line. But, if it is a 'physiological' operation, when the worker is free, within limits, to choose his own pace, and when he so uses his forces that, as he leaves the factory at night, he can honestly feel that he has accomplished a real day's labor, his curve of work from hour to hour reflects his physiological state.

As physiological states differ, curves of work differ; nevertheless, certain curves are habitual. Such, for example, is the diurnal curve of many operators performing dexterous handwork in a certain American brass-factory, which maintained a ten-hour day of two shifts, equal in length and separated by an hour for luncheon. The day's work began well, and the output of the first hour was at no mean figure. But it was

surpassed during the second hour by nine per cent, and a still higher figure, the maximum of the day, was reached during the third hour of the morning. Then the work fell off, slightly during the fourth, more rapidly during the fifth, hour; and when the workers went to their luncheon, they were accomplishing scarcely more than at the beginning of the morning spell. Their curve of work for the forenoon thus showed a rise up to the day's maximum, followed by a fall.

These two phases, which are very common, are usually ascribed, the first to the favorable action of practice, the second to the unfavorable action of fatigue. Since, however, practice and fatigue are two antagonistic factors, continually present, it might be more correct to say that the rise of the curve represents the preponderant action of practice, the fall the preponderant action of fatigue.

The luncheon hour gave an opportunity for the workers to take food and to rest. But while they were recovering from their fatigue, they were losing the beneficial effect of practice. The curve of the afternoon spell repeated the main features of that of the morning, rising at first and then falling; but each hour, except the first, was characterized by less production than the corresponding hour of the forenoon; while the final, and tenth, hour was marked by a great fall of the curve, representing the least work of the day. Thus, if we are to judge from the output, not only was fatigue indicated in the latter part of each spell of five hours, but there appeared greater fatigue in the afternoon as compared with the morning, and the greatest fatigue of the whole day in the final hour of work.

In those operations of this factory which made special demands on the muscles of the workers, and where fatigue might perhaps be expected to

be more pronounced than in dexterous operations, the fall in both spells was greater, and the terminal lowest point was lower, than in the dexterous curve. In fact, the work of the final hour of muscular work amounted to only sixty-three per cent of that of the maximum. The luncheon hour was characterized by a marked recovery of working power — an excellent demonstration of the restorative action of food.

This same factory, which was engaged during the war in the manufacture of explosive shells, maintained at the time a night-shift of twelve hours, and the curve of the night-workers was also plotted. It, too, revealed practice and fatigue effects during both spells, but its most striking feature was a tremendous and sharp fall at the end of the shift, between 5 and 6.40 A.M., almost no production, indeed, occurring during the final forty minutes.

II

The output of the human machine, unlike that of the non-living mechanism, is increased by occasional rests. The benefits of the luncheon hour are obvious; but many facts demonstrate that other resting-periods are not, in the end, mere lost time. The big burly stupid Schmidt, carrying heavy iron pigs to railway cars, was compelled by his foreman to sit down and rest for a few minutes after every ten or twenty pigs, and his day's record of loading was increased from twelve and one-half to forty-seven tons, the accomplishment giving a great boost to the so-called 'scientific management' of his day.

It must be allowed, in this instance, that other factors besides periodic rests may have contributed to Schmidt's achievement. By introducing a ten-minute recess into the forenoon and the afternoon spell of a ten-hour day, experienced American munition-workers

increased their average day's total output in different operations by one, three, eight, eighteen, and even twenty-six per cent. Both American and British observers report other instances of the improvement following the adoption of enforced brief resting-periods.

It is not only the school child who benefits from recesses: it is the adult as well. The human machine abhors monotony, as nature abhors a vacuum. It must have change. If it has been sitting, it must stand; if standing, it must sit. It must gossip and laugh and dance and take food and read newspapers — anything that will turn nerve and blood-currents into new channels; that will make overactive cells rest, and torpid cells active. The English cup of tea might be established in our American factories with profit. The most advantageous number and duration of industrial recesses and the ways in which workers should use them probably differ in different occupations and with different workers. However these details may be decided in individual cases, observations seem to justify the general conclusions, that no one may be expected to work advantageously for a period of five continuous hours without a break, and that systematic recesses are superior to those that are taken voluntarily.

III

The working of the human machine is affected by various physical factors in its environment. One of these is air, and the modern science of ventilation shows what qualities good air possesses. In extreme cases air may be rendered impure by poisonous chemical substances produced in manufacturing operations, which men and women cannot long breathe without detriment. But under ordinary circumstances the bad air of crowded rooms is not due to

chemical contamination, but to a rise of temperature, a rise of humidity, and a lack of motion. The human motor, like other motors, generates much heat, and must be continually air-cooled if its temperature is not to rise to a detrimental degree.

I once placed a healthy young man in a chamber large enough to enable him to sit comfortably, and supplied him with abundant, but still, air at an average temperature of one hundred and two degrees, Fahrenheit, and an average relative humidity of ninety-one per cent. In two hours his bodily temperature had risen from ninety-eight and six tenths to one hundred and four and four tenths degrees. At the end of a three hours' inspection of the various processes in one of our leading steel plants I found that my own temperature had risen from normal to one hundred and two degrees.

Exposure to air of a high temperature and high humidity is debilitating. Professor Scott and I observed that the muscles of animals which had been subjected for six hours to an atmosphere of an average temperature of ninety-one degrees, and an average relative humidity of ninety per cent, were capable of performing only seventy-six per cent of the work of other animals living at sixty-nine degrees of temperature and fifty-two per cent of humidity.

In certain Welsh factories manufacturing tin-plate, the amount of production was observed to show a seasonal variation, being greatest in the cool winter months and least in the summer; but the summer reduction was markedly less in those factories which were equipped with good ventilating systems. In an American automobile factory, sixty-eight departments were found to have undesirable physical conditions. The records here revealed that the requests of the operators for trans-

fer from one job to another were most numerous, and the labor turnover was greatest, in connection with those operations that were characterized by heat, smoke, fumes, and other features of bad air. The number of daily absences from work in this air was exceeded only in those operations that involved excessive noise. The number of headaches reported to the company's hospital, while greatest where eye-strain was prevalent, was only slightly less where bad lighting occurred. Thus the human machine is affected unfavorably by certain physical features in its environment. To secure its highest efficiency these should be eliminated.

IV

The human machine is quite capable of wasting its forces. To sit instead of stand is often allowed by the nature of the job, and is physiologically economical; but sitting in a strained position is not economical. There is always a best bodily position for each worker for his occupation at the moment, and it should be discovered and established. To adapt chair and bench to his needs is a simple help toward the efficiency of his mechanism. A change of bodily position is often economical. As I write these pages, I usually stand at a high desk; but occasionally I sit or move about.

The human machine, too, often wastes energy by making needless, unproductive motions. These may be due to the placing of the working-materials in an inconvenient position. A brick-layer, for example, can build his wall more rapidly, and with an expenditure of less energy for each square yard, if his bricks are not thrown indiscriminately on the platform on which he is standing, — an arrangement which necessitates his stooping over to pick up each brick, — but are piled on a bench

at the height of his wall and convenient to his hand.

Even when working-materials have been most advantageously placed, the worker often — perhaps it may be said, usually — makes needless motions. How to reduce these to the least possible number, to confine his movements as far as possible to those that are actually productive, has been the endeavor of 'time-and-motion study' for nearly fifty years, ever since Frederick Taylor began to tamper with the traditional tactics of the steel factory. The simplest method of discovering unnecessary motions is just seeing them; but it does not take the discoverer very far, and it may lead him astray. Observation and comparison of the ways of the best workers in performing the same operation; analysis of the whole cycle of motions into its constituent parts; the use of the stop-watch in measuring the duration of the parts and the whole, were early employed with advantage. But more scientific methods were demanded, and the increasing complexity of the aids to analysis may be best indicated by a list of the varieties of their apparatus arranged in chronological and neological order: kymograph, cinematograph, cyclograph, stereocyclograph, stereochronocyclograph, and autostereochronocyclograph.

I trust that the reader will not be repelled by these names. Chemistry can do worse. The man of science is rarely a linguist, and the language of science can be far from mellifluous. It is not necessary to explain these instruments. Suffice it to say that they have all been employed in recording the motions made by the fingers, hands, arms, or other parts of human machines, in a great variety of industrial operations, for the purpose of enabling an observer to follow through a complex motion — human motions are

usually complex — from beginning to end, and to consider how it may be simplified, how needless movements may be eliminated, and how the machine may be taught to confine itself to those that are really essential to the end in view. The graphic curve made by one of these instruments from an untrained worker may appear, for all the world, like a seismographic record of a terrestrial disturbance; yet a few weeks of training and practice in more economical methods may change it into a graceful succession of a few rhythmic lines, representative of a few effective neuromuscular efforts.

The usual result of time-and-motion study has been to increase the output of the worker. Thus, by elimination and combination, the traditional eighteen motions made by the mason in laying a brick were reduced to one and three quarters; and, instead of one hundred and twenty, he could lay three hundred and fifty bricks in the hour; four hundred dozen pieces of cotton cloth were folded, each with ten or twelve motions, where formerly twenty to thirty motions were required for each of one hundred and fifty dozen pieces; a girl was able to wrap with paper the same number of boxes in twenty, which she had previously wrapped in forty, seconds; a clerk, whose motions were reduced from thirteen to six, was able to open two hundred, instead of one hundred, letters in an hour; and numerous similar examples might be cited. Even when output is merely maintained and not increased by the modified method, there is an advantage, in a lessened expenditure of energy.

There are dangers in the elimination of unnecessary motions. There is the danger of excessive speed and drive and over-fatigue. There is the danger of spoiled work. There is the danger of assuming that the fewest motions neces-

sarily constitute the most effective method. There is the danger of assuming that all workers can most profitably perform a given operation in exactly the same manner. There is the danger of crushing initiative. But all these may be avoided by an intelligent, sympathetic director, who realizes that a misuse of the newer method will, in the end, defeat the object of improving the efficiency of the human machine. Time-and-motion study, properly conducted, will greatly aid this object.

V

A paramount distinction of the human machine, in comparison with machines of metal, is that it is the seat of instincts and emotions, and its reaction toward the call of its work is modified by them. During the war American munition factories displayed patriotic posters on their walls, and records of their previous week's high production, and invited stirring speakers to give five-minute talks to their workers, in order to stimulate a still greater output. I once watched a lively game of football between teams of healthy, ruddy, English munition girls during the noon hour, and I could not doubt that the afternoon work of both players and lookers-on was bettered by it.

There is, no doubt, a swirl of conflicting emotions within a striking workman's body, when the pleading of his wife and children for food turns him toward the factory, and at its door he is greeted by the call of 'scab' from his fellows. A worker may have ambition to excel, and yet loyalty to his mates and the demands of his union may induce him to stereotype his production at the level of the mass; but, if the temporary stoppage of the machinery threatens a loss of his piece-wages for the day, he may spurt to more than double his usual pace. It was the cus-

tom in a certain American factory to stop work for a quarter of an hour every Thursday, to distribute the weekly pay-envelopes. This markedly increased the output — in one operation thirty-nine per cent — either before or after the interruption.

The tradition of the least work and the largest pay may be strong with the worker. The labor turnover in the department of a hated foreman is apt to be large. Suspicion and distrust of employers, whether justified or not, are often habitual. In the many phases of what has unfortunately been named 'welfare work,' some workers find real mental and physical blessings, while others see only paternalism, an invasion of private rights, and diabolical devices for drive. To one worker sabotage is justifiable, while another respects his tools as he does himself. One may be a dull plodder, capable or incapable; another may be emotionally unstable, quick to respond to good and to bad influences.

Instincts are mainsprings of human industrial action, and a sagacious analyst has classified them into instincts of workmanship, ownership, self-assertion, submissiveness, curiosity, play, pugnacity, sex, the parent, and the herd. Wisely directed, they may become forceful aids to efficiency; led astray, they may disorganize and obstruct. It is probable that emotional instability is one of the potent factors in the industrial unrest that has followed the war.

VI

These peculiarities of the human machine, which I have been picturing, are not merely academic matters, of physiological and psychological interest only: they throw light upon some of the vital problems of labor.

What, for example, should be the length of the working day? — a mooted

question for more than a hundred years, since English manufacturers demanded sixteen hours, and English humanitarians contended that a man's factory was not his castle, into which the king could not enter. It is a fact beyond doubt that, from the standpoint of accomplishment by the human machine and its conservation, the day should tend toward brevity rather than length. It is, indeed, true that, if large production in a brief time is the object sought, it is physically possible to quicken the pace, drive the machine dreadfully, and force it to turn out more goods. So can a flivver be rushed at a reckless rate; but the wise rarely drive it so.

Most employers of labor naturally desire a continued large production. A few examples may be cited to show how this has been obtained in specific instances. In 1900 the famous Zeiss Optical Works of Jena reduced its working-day from nine to eight hours, without lowering its rate of piecewages, with a resulting increase of 16.2 per cent in the hourly, and of 3.3 per cent in the daily, earnings of its men. The shortening of the day of the bituminous coal-miners in Illinois, from ten to eight hours, was followed by an increase of the average amount of coal mined daily by each man from 2.72 to 3.16 tons. At the Engis Chemical Works, in Belgium, it was found that the same workers at the same furnaces with the same tools and raw material produced in seven and one-half hours as much as they had been producing in ten hours. The employees in an English boot-and-shoe factory maintained at forty-eight weekly hours their former output of fifty-five and one-half hours — an achievement that could hardly be ascribed solely to the free cup of tea provided by the company at ten in the morning and three in the afternoon.

During the war some carefully con-

trolled measurements were made of the relation between actual working hours and the output of workers engaged in various occupations involved in the manufacture of fuses for explosive shells. When the weekly hours of men sizing fuse-bodies were reduced from 58.2 to 50.4, the week's total output was increased nineteen per cent; when the hours of women turning fuse-bodies were reduced from 66 to 47.5, there was an increase of total output of thirteen per cent; and when the hours of women milling screw-threads were cut from 64.9 to 48.1, total output fell by the trifling amount of one per cent. It is significant that, of all these three operations, that of sizing fuse-bodies, in which there was the greatest improvement in production, was the one in which the physiological element was most prominent, while in that of milling screw-threads, with its slight loss, the pace of the worker was largely dependent upon that of her milling machine.

Here are two authentic instances of what happened when overtime was added to a customary day's work. While the employees of the Zeiss Optical Works were still doing their regular nine hours, one hour was added, in view of the coming Christmas rush of trade. There was an immediate increase in production, and hopes were high; but within a month hopes and production had had a grievous fall, the former to a level not determinable, the latter to that of the original nine-hour day. So, too, the British tin-plate millmen, who, when transferred from eight-hour to six-hour shifts, increased their hourly output markedly, dropped again to their previous record on a return to the longer hours.

These instances suffice to illustrate the peculiar ways of the human machine in its relation to length of labor. With a machine of soulless steel, decreased hours mean decreased produc-

tion; with a machine of flesh and blood, decreased hours, within limits, mean increased production. It is difficult to make people believe this seeming paradox. Long hours maintained by a worker mean, in the end, one of two things: either a slow pace, or over-fatigue of his organism. If a slow pace occurs, the object of long hours is defeated. If over-fatigue occurs — but, first, let us see what over-fatigue involves. It was shown in the laboratory long ago that fatigue does not increase in arithmetical proportion to the increase in work done, — twice the work, twice the fatigue, — but that additional work imposed upon an already fatigued individual is disproportionately more fatiguing, and a disproportionately longer time is then required for recuperation. The human machine is, it is true, constructed with a large margin of safety, and can often endure for a considerable time more than the usual calls on its working capacity. But, if over-fatigue occurs, the certain result of a maintenance of long hours is the laying aside of the machine. Yet change of personnel, labor turnover, is one of the most costly features of industrial administration.

These fundamental physiological facts are overlooked too often by employers of labor, especially when emergencies arise. Then the first thought is for more working hours. A rush of orders, perishable fruit, too few hands — familiar situations met by familiar procedures. Great Britain made the time-honored mistake in dealing with her factory workers in the early days of the war, when she imposed long hours, overtime, and Sunday labor, and defeated her commendable purpose of turning out the greatest possible quantity of munitions in the shortest possible time. I think that I am not claiming too much credit for my professional brothers when I say that it was largely

the physiologists who convinced the British Government of the fatal error of its ways, and brought about a return to a more rational way of utilizing the vast possibilities of its human machines.

When we turn from the general conclusion that the working-day of the human machine should tend toward brevity rather than length, and face the question of its actual duration, our difficulties increase. I cannot conceive that a twelve-hour day of continuous labor continuously repeated can ever be physiologically economical. Nor can I conceive that a six-hour day would ever make excessive physiological demands upon those who are physiologically fitted to maintain their places in industry. Vernon, an English physiologist of wide experience in the study of factory laborers, and of wide knowledge of the present status of industrial physiology, has suggested as a tentative scheme that, from the point of view of maximum output, the working-day of the textile worker, whose occupation is largely connected with machine operations, might be fixed at nine or ten hours; that of the worker who combines manual skill and strength with machinery, at eight hours; and that of such a manual laborer as the coal-miner, at seven hours.

Whether this be accepted or not, I think it is fair to maintain that, in endeavoring to decide upon the proper length of the day, consideration should be given, first, to the physiological aspect of the matter. The integrity of the physiological mechanism should first be assured. It results from this that, from the physiological point of view alone, the endeavor to establish a working-day of universal applicability, appropriate to all occupations and all individuals, is an unscientific procedure. Whether it might seem best, from the economic and the sociological stand-

points, to equalize the dissimilar physiological days, is hardly a question for the physiologist.

VII

It was Dr. Johnson, I think, who said that deviation from nature is deviation from happiness. In its long history, industry has been guilty of many deviations from nature. To me there is always something uncanny in the sight of men flocking to the factories when darkness is coming on. I have never known a night-watchman who was habitually jovial. It is true that an appreciable part of the work of the world is performed at night; and yet nature seems never to have intended man to make of himself a nocturnal animal. His bodily temperature, which has its source in the chemical changes within his tissues, falls steadily through the night, and reaches its lowest ebb in the early morning hours; and even the night-watchman, who has spent years in his lonely service, cannot force the clinical thermometer to behave differently.

Exact measurements of the output of day-workers and of night-workers on similar jobs show that the latter habitually produce less—two, six, ten, twelve, and seventeen per cent in different groups under observation. Where workers shift every fortnight from day to night, and again from night to day, the depressing effect of the night's labor is more evident in the second week of the night-shift than in the first, and is even carried over into the subsequent first week of the day-shift.

I have already mentioned the enormous fall during the morning hours in the output of men working through a twelve-hour night. These are the least productive hours of all. The early morning is the time when nature asserts herself. Of a squad of seventy-

four of these men under the scrutiny of an observer, two thirds were found sleeping at different times between 3.30 and 6.30 A.M. Operations that required twelve seconds for performance in the evening, when the gang was fresh, now required more than seventeen seconds. Continuous night-workers lose more time from their work than continuous day-workers. Night-workers are less strong muscularly than day-workers; but we do not yet know whether this is a consequence of their endeavor to turn night into day. The attempt to turn night into day is, however, essentially unphysiological. The human machine rebels against it, even if the human will may not.

VIII

The considerable body of knowledge concerning the ways of the industrial worker, which has now been accumulated, and from which I have drawn freely in the present paper, has been contributed by several countries, and the greatest advance has been since the Great War began to make its excessive demands upon human energies. The unparalleled call for munitions of all kinds early began to draw tense the nerves of Englishmen, and to make them wonder whether industry could carry on to the end. This doubt, too, was expressed later by a clear-thinking Frenchman, who wrote: 'A nation finds itself to-day in danger of defeat, not because it does not know how to fight, but because it does not know how to manufacture.'

In 1915, Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, was induced to appoint a Health-of-Munition-Workers Committee, composed of men of science, leaders in industry, both employers and employees, and public servants; and a systematic scientific investigation of many of the urgent problems was begun, leading to numerous valuable

reports and recommendations. Toward the close of the war the Committee was replaced by another body, the Industrial Fatigue Research Board, also under government auspices and with similar functions, at whose head was Professor Sherrington, Oxford physiologist, eminent for his investigations into the nervous system, and now advanced to knighthood and the presidency of the Royal Society. In 1921 there was incorporated a third body, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, founded 'for the application of psychology and physiology to Industry and Commerce,' whose director is Dr. Myers, for many years Director of the Cambridge Psychological Laboratory. These bodies, led by Great Britain's leading men of science, have been ably assisted by men prominent in British industry; money has been contributed; skilled investigators have been employed; the factories of the United Kingdom have been widely opened for study; and a considerable body of valuable literature has already been issued.

In 1917 the United States Public Health Service recognized the industrial stress of the war, and with the aid of American men of science organized an intensive and comparative investigation of two of the leading factories, which were busy with war industries, and together were employing nearly fifty-thousand workers. The main report of this research has been published, and subsidiary reports either have been already issued or are still in progress. In the United States, too, contributions have come from private and from university laboratories, and

from the laboratories of certain factories where the counsels of men of wide vision prevail.

France also has, in Paris, its investigative body, the Institut Lannelongue. Spain has, in Barcelona, its Institut d'Orientació Professional. Even before the enemy had left Belgium, plans for the some-time reestablishment of her industries were beginning to be formed, and a commission was sent to this country and England to learn of the methods of industrial organization in use and in prospect. Italy, Sweden, Canada, and Japan are also making inquiries as to the possibilities of the new ways of looking at the industrial worker. In all of these activities, whether investigative or informational, there have been, as in all things scientific, free international coöperation and exchange.

But achievement imposes obligation. Finality is never reached in scientific research. The investigator is lost who closes his mind to change. No science, except that of the charlatan, springs full-armed from any head. The progress that has been made has been gratifying, but the most gratifying feature of it all is the vision that it brings of future progress. Of all biological organisms, the human body is the most difficult to investigate; yet I am confident that at last we have found the right path to the way of the worker; that in a few years the fashion in which the employer deals with his living machines will be fundamentally changed; and that again it will be shown, as it has been shown so many times in human affairs, that 'science is the great liberator.'

THE TARRIER-MAN

BY L. ALLEN HARKER

I

'No, I'm not a member of the Society for Psychical Research. I neither affirm nor do I deny; I keep an open mind. But I have found this — that in sparsely populated parts of the country, far from railways, you do come across people with queer uncanny powers, which, so far as I know, have not yet been explained away by any of the usual common-sense arguments that unimaginative people seem to find so convincing.'

We were sitting, one on either side of Anthony Winston's hearth, in his comfortable book-lined chambers. The October night was chilly, and a small fire glowed and whispered on the tiled hearth.

'Well, you've just come back from a fairly remote part of the Cotswolds — seven miles from the nearest station, did n't you say? and that a junction miles from anywhere else. I suppose you've just come across something queer — out with it!'

'Well I did, and I'll tell you about it. But don't ask me to explain anything, for I can't. I can only tell you what I heard and saw, and exceedingly queer it was.'

I settled myself comfortably in my deep chair. Anthony Winston is not given to yarning. He's a hard-headed barrister of five-and-forty. I know, however, that he has a soft place in his heart for that part of the Cotswolds where he was born, and where his eldest brother is 'Squarson' in the

gray-gabled, stone-roofed manor-house set among great beech woods and hilly pastures, where the small stony fields are ringed round with rough stone walls.

'What makes my part of the country so curiously remote in these days of motors,' he said, 'is Lord Leadon's park — five miles by three between the village and the nearest road to a railway. And Lord Leadon — God bless him! — has always refused to let either motors or bicycles inside the park, though it is open to anything on two legs or four. There are bits of it where you might almost fancy yourself in some mediæval forest. Every sort of woodland creature — and of course it's a splendid covert to draw, for foxes abound. My brother's place marches with the far end of it; and in a tumble-down stone cottage, a little way inside one of the gates, lives old Sam Whillock, who used to be the "tarrier-man" for Lord Leadon's hounds. He's too old now to run with them but he still wears his stained and faded "scarlet" cord breeches and very tight gaiters.

'He's a wizened, quick-moving little old man, with a nut-brown, nut-cracker face and queer light-blue eyes.

'For years he was a sort of chartered libertine of the hunt. He does n't "belong" to those parts, but they say came from Tewkesbury way æons of ages ago. He always seems to have been looked upon as a bit of a rascal (as I've no doubt he is), suspected, yet

tolerated; liked, yet feared. Hail-fellow-well-met with everyone he came across yet really intimate with none. Always living quite alone in the two-roomed cottage in among the trees. I expect he was allowed to stay there because all the keepers were married and needed more room. Christmas and Easter he comes to church still in his faded scarlet coat and a once-black velvet cap, now a grayish white, the color of lichen. On these occasions, — and he never comes near the church at any other time, — he carries an enormous prayer-book wrapped in a blue handkerchief.

"'Queer 'e is,'" a woman in the village said to me. "'T is said as 'e do understand what the animals says to one another like as if 'e was one of theirselves. Queer doin's goes on in that there Park. 'T is said," she lowered her voice nervously, "as 'e can raise them Romans as was there: when they bin ploughin', they 've often come across coins and bits of colored stone as they did use to their floors. There 's summat not quite natr'al about Whillock, though he never don't do no 'arm as I can see; but 'is eyes be funny, an' for all 'is age — an 'e 's well over seventy if 'e 's a day — he can see farther than most. Farther than most," she repeated meaningly; "they do say as 'e can see what us can't. I don't 'old with it myself. No good never come of none of it."

'Next day I went myself to find Whillock. His cottage is a good two miles from the vicarage. It was a lovely late September day and I got lost in the Park. It 's quite easy to do this, if you don't know it well; and I 've been down there so seldom in late years. Instead of arriving, as I intended, at his cottage, I found myself near Lady Leadon's colony of goats, and thought that as I was there I 'd have a look at them.

'A nanny and some kids were out in the field some distance from the stead-ing, and under an oak tree near them I caught sight of a flash of scarlet. There, seated on the ground and leaning against the bole, was the "tarrier-man," and in his hand was a little wooden pipe like a flute. I paused behind him rather to one side.

'Without turning his head he called out: "Don't you move, sir; you stop just where you be, an' I 'll show you a pretty sight."

'He put the pipe to his lips and began to play. A ghostly, thin little tune like the call of some small, shrill bird. The kids, their dappled coats lovely in the afternoon sunshine, instantly stood on their hind legs, pawing the air, and then they trod a measure, a solemn slow little dance. It was n't gay. It was n't somehow even spontaneous. It was careful, almost respectful. The mother-goat, some yards away, ceased cropping the grass and lifted her head to watch them, but made no attempt either to join them or interfere in any way.

'The strange piping ceased. The kids dropped on all fours and scampered away to join their mother as if released from some lesson.

'The splash of faded scarlet rose from the ground and moved stiffly across the grass toward me.

"'Pretty — ain't 'em?" he said, watching me closely with his unwinking queer blue eyes that were so old and yet so keen. "Fond of animals, ain't you, sir?"

"'How do you do it?" I asked; "they 're only babies. How have you taught them?"

'He shook his head, smiling his crooked crafty smile. "You learns a lot," he said slowly, "if you lives along o' the likes o' they. There 's queer doin's if you looks for 'em; but them as don't look don't find nothin'. There 's

plenty as goes about from one year's end to another and never sees a hinch beyond their own noses and them but shart 'uns. No, nor they can't smell neither, nor their yers can't 'ear."

'I wondered if he set me down among these incapable ones, and rather uncomfortably changed the subject.

"I was trying to find your cottage, but missed my way. They tell me you know a lot about these woods, and I'm interested in Roman remains. Do you ever come across traces of them here? Coins and so on — I wondered if you had any you could show me?"

'He never took his eyes off my face and I was acutely conscious that he was reading my thoughts.

"When I finds ow, I leaves 'a' be. 'You let me alone and I 'll let you alone' — that 's what I says to 'em; and up to now they 've allus acted square. I 'ave n't never sold nothin' belongin' to 'em and I never shall. You come along, sir, and set a bit in my kitching an' I 'll take it very kind — but I ain't got nothin' belongin' to them Romans. 'T would n't be 'ealthy for the likes o' me. 'Live and let live,' I says and so they does."

"But I thought they were all dead hundreds of years ago," I objected; "so I don't see how that comes in."

"Dead," he repeated, "dead! what 's dead? Nothin' ain't dead not reely, not if they don't want to be. Not if they ain't tired. You can't kill nothin' that be eager an' young — you can't do it. Them as wants to be peaceful lies peaceful, but whoever 'eard of youngsters as wants to lie peaceful?"

'I followed him in silence, digesting this, to me, quite new view of Immortality.

'Under trees and through thick undergrowth by mysterious paths did we go, — paths that looked more like the track of some animal than trodden by the foot of man, — and very quickly

we came out into the little clearing where the cottage stands. Loud barking greeted our approaching footsteps; and as he opened the door, a little white terrier rushed out leaping round us in noisy welcome.

'Tumble-down and derelict as the cottage looked outside, inside it was tidy and almost comfortable. A plain deal table scrubbed very clean, an armchair with cushions covered with rabbit-skins neatly joined, a deer-skin before the little fireplace, and wooden racks on the walls to hold his small store of crockery — two saucepans and a frying-pan. It seemed dark in the cottage, although the sun was shining so brightly outside. The window was small and overgrown by ivy. I sat facing it in the armchair, while he sat on a black oak coffer that was set on the other side of the fire. I had laid my hat on the table, and his ancient velvet cap was hung behind the door. The little terrier laid down with his nose between his paws, and went to sleep in front of the smouldering fire.

'It was very still.

'I produced my tin of Players' Navy Cut, which I 'd brought as an offering to Whillock, and handed it to him.

"I 'm afraid as you be disappointed as I ain't got no curiosities," he said; and I felt his bright eyes fixed on my face, though he was so much in the shadow that I could hardly see them. "I could 'a' made a lot if I 'd 'a' chose, scropin' about for things as they did leave, but I never done it. I 'ad n't the 'eart. They got so few places now where they can stop, an' 'is lardship 'ave n't never chivvied 'em. 'Eathen they was and 'eathen they stops, but they don't do no 'arm to no one an' they keeps the place private-like. The animals don't mind 'em, so let 'em 'ave their bits o' things, I says; let 'em keep 'em in peace."

'A shadow flickered across the win-

dow, and I saw the small flat head and bright eyes of a weasel watching us and its smooth fawn skin seemed to shine in the brighter light outside. I suppose I started slightly for Whillock, who was busy filling his pipe, turned his head with his thumb still pressed into the bowl, and the weasel vanished.

"‘They ’aves their uses,’ he said quietly; ‘keeper can’t abear them, but it ain’t no business of mine. Live an’ let live. That there weasel ’e likes a bit o’ company, times, same as you an’ me.’"

'The little white terrier snored gently. I handed my matches to Whillock. He lit his pipe and blew out a cloud of smoke; again it was extraordinarily still.

'Again the weasel looked in at the window. It flickered to and fro all the time I was there, for all the world like a jack-in-the-box. It gave me the creeps, for I 'm like "Keeper" — I don't like weasels. Presently old Whillock began to talk.

"‘Now, sir, if you 'll give me your word as you won't say nothin' to the Reverend, I 'll show you summut as you would n't see once in 'undreds of blue moons. Summut as I don't believe you 'd see anywhere else in England save on'y in 'is lardship's park as 'ave been kept so sweet and secret, away from all them stinkin' engines. You come along o' me to-morrow marnin' about four o'clock, an' I 'll show you summut as is well worth seein'. I 've a notion as you could see 'un. But there's plenty as can't — plenty as can't.'"

"‘Cub-hunting 's begun, I suppose,' I said.

"‘Yes, sir, it 'ave started: but, bless you, it ain't what it used to be before the war. Why, they never meets now till ever so late — nine, half-past, sometimes ten o'clock. The gen'lemen used to think nothin' of gettin' up in the dark and ridin' out in the dark to the

meets. 'Ad any 'untin' since you come down, sir?'"

"‘No, not this time. I have n't even been to a meet since January, 1919, over a year and a half ago.'"

"‘Anything sart o' strike you, sir, when you did go?'"

"‘Well, I suppose what must strike all of us — that the men were comparatively few, and were either middle-aged or quite young boys!'"

"‘Ah,' Whillock said, dwelling long on the open vowel, with a world of mysterious meaning in the sound.

'His light eyes held me and I wondered of what he was thinking. I seemed steeped in the extraordinary stillness. The weasel was staring in at us quite impudently, but I was getting used to the weasel and stared back.

'Presently Whillock took his pipe out of his mouth: "Us 'll go cub-huntin' to-morrow," he said; "there may be a touch o' frast, but not enough to spoil the scent, and the moon be full.'"

'The terrier woke up and moved, caught sight of the weasel, and broke into a torrent of barks. I got up to go, and Whillock opened the door. The terrier darted out into the wood, his barks dying away in the distance.

"‘Half-past four o'clock sharp, sir," he said. "Cloatley Carner I 'll meet you; 't ain't near so far as my little place. Good afternoon, sir. Seasonable weather for the time of year.'"

'He stood in the crazy door watching me out of sight.

'I did n't say anything to my brother of my proposed expedition with Whillock. He does n't approve of Whillock; but, like that worthy, believes in the "live and let live" theory.

'What did the old tarrier-man mean, I wondered, by getting me up at such an unearthly hour? First he said cub-hunting was shockingly late now-a-days, and then he bids me meet him at half-past four.

"It was getting dark before I got back to the Vicarage and somehow I felt rather glad to see the firelit windows of my brother's study.

II

"I awoke, it seemed to me, in the middle of the night, though the room was quite light in the cold rays of the full moon. I had pulled up the blinds before I got into bed. I looked at my watch, and it was just four o'clock. With a groan, I remembered my appointment with Whillock at Cloatley Corner.

"It was extremely cold, and as I crept downstairs I felt I was nine sorts of a born fool to have got up at all.

"I let myself out by the side door and took the key with me. The vicarage was wrapped in sleep; nobody stirred.

"When I reached the appointed 'carner,' I thought for a moment that old Whillock had played me false, and I felt crosser than ever; but as my footsteps sounded on the hard road (there had been quite a frost), he came out from a patch of black shadow, looking even smaller and more shrunken than in the afternoon.

"His little white terrier was not with him.

"'You have n't brought Fetchem,'" I said.

"'No, sir, 'e won't be wanted. 'E's better where 'e is.'

"'Are we going in the Park, Whillock?'

"'No, sir, not exactly. We skirts it. 'T is to the edge of the common we be goin', where all them garse bushes be.'

"'Cubs were barking in the wood, but on we padded in dead silence.

"'A delicate mist like a silver veil lay just above the ground, but it was brilliantly clear overhead, and a great moon flamed blue in the heavens. We

were walking now along a rough cart-track, with the Park fence on one side and the open common on the other.

"'Is it Roman remains you're going to show me?' I asked at last; for I was getting tired of walking mumchance in a northeast wind.

"'He stopped. 'We'll wait here a bit, sir. No, 't ain't nothin' to do with them there Romans as I've brought you out for to see. They've bin in these parts nigh on two thousand year, so I bin told; 't would n't be nothin' out o' the common to see they.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked; 'I should think it very much out of the common to see any of them. I should enjoy it of all things.'

"'T is a bit too cold for 'em,' he said in a matter-of-fact voice. 'Summer's the time to see them, dancin' round a himmidge like they does. But we shan't see none of 'em this marnin'. 'T ain't them as I've brought you out for to see — if you can see. You keeps quiet a minute, sir, and listen; an' I'd take off my 'at, sir, if I was you.'

"'He took off the lichen-colored cap as he spoke, and I uncovered, listening intently; but all I could hear was the distant barking of young foxes and the labored breathing of old Whillock, blown after his quick walk.

"'Suddenly I became conscious that there was movement everywhere around me. Wave after wave of it passed over and submerged me, the cold air brimmed and throbbed with it.

"'Then I saw a fox — an old dog fox, no cub he — streaking across the common at a tremendous pace. And after him the hounds, running mute with their noses well off the ground, for the scent was evidently breast-high. Two old hounds were leading. The rest followed, their white-and-tan marking picked out sharply by the clear light; and after them the hunt, some sixty or seventy men, young men eager and

joyous, running and riding for all they were worth.

"The rush of their passing stirred my hair. The soft earth, frozen only on the surface, flew in showers from under the horses' hooves. I longed to run with them, to holla, to take some part; but my voice died in my throat and my feet seemed rooted in the ground — and they were gone. "Rarely, rarely com'st thou, spirit of delight"; and it had been there, close to me, swift and keen and young — and it was gone.

"I turned to old Whillock, who was watching me with his queer light eyes. "You see 'em, sir?" he asked.

"Of course I saw them."

"Young, was n't 'em? Jolly-like, was n't 'em?"

"Whillock," I said, "in God's name what was the meaning of it? Why was there no sound?"

"Why was n't there no sound?" he repeated. "Why, because us has n't got quick enough ears. Some on us can see a bit farther than others, but I 've not come across any yet as can 'ear — what there is to be 'eard. We 'd best be getting along back, sir; we shan't see nothin' more this marnin'. Why, they 'll be pretty well over to Hullasy."

"But I smelt the fox, Whillock."

"Like enough you did."

"I was cold, but not from any supernatural cause. There was only joy and enthusiasm in what I had seen, and I felt stimulated, excited, interested.

"You might as well explain," I said. "Where did all those youngsters come from?"

"Did n't you *know* none of 'em?" he asked, with scorn in his voice.

"I thought I did — but —"

"Folks as die old," he said slowly, "be glad enough to lie quiet till they be fetched. They 've 'ad their bits o' fun like as not. But them lads, them as were cut off sharp and suddint-like, they wants a bit o' sport same as they

did afore they was took — *an' they comes back to get it*. You look at the names in Reverend's church — thirty-five there is there; and in Siren nigh upon seventy. Good sports, too, they was, gentle an' simple; and they comes back to the countryside they knows. They loves it, bless you, and 'is lardship would never begrudge it to 'em if 'e did know, an' 'is own good 'ounds as 'e 've 'unted years back and 'is father before 'en."

"But the fox, Whillock! That fox was alive!"

"'E 's gettin' on, but 'e don't begrudge 'em a bit of fun; 'e knows them 'ounds 'd never 'arm 'im, but the cubs they 're young an' iggorant; they 'd be that skeart — Well, sir, this be my turnin' an' I 'opes as you was pleased. 'T is a bit coldish for the time o' year. Good marnin', sir, good marnin'."

"And the little man hobbled off round Cloatley Corner.

"Now," Winston said turning to me, 'how can you explain it? Did old Whillock will me to see all this? We 've heard just lately that photographs can be taken by wireless. Was my vision in some mysterious way a sensitive plate for the reception of his? It was an outstanding experience — a wonderfully happy one. I felt glad "them lads" were there to have their "bit o' fun," and they all looked so radiant.

"Did you say anything to your brother?" I asked.

Winston shook his head. "No," he said. "I was leaving that day, and — you see two of his sons were among "them lads," and I know the dear man pictures them differently employed."

"And yet — I should have thought —" I began.

"No," Winston interrupted; then he quoted, "Each one of us must choose his own mystery, the great thing is to have one."

‘LOVE HAS SHINING EYES’

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I HAD read, and had been told
By the bitter young and the brave scarred old —
‘Love is a great and terrible thing.
A thorn-crown and a struggling.
Love is keen and cruel and deep.
Love will make you weep.’

I loved you, and I knew your road
Was mine, however strange it showed.

Yet I thought, ‘I go to a wound,
A cross, a battle.’ . . . This I found:
That April sun on a brown hill-slope,
And the sea-wind’s challenging and quest,
And a child’s eyes, and a dream’s hope,
And after the day’s work, long, long, rest;
And a flame of wonder, far and sure,
And a singing quietness — all these
Are less than the least you make secure
Of Life’s bright longings and mysteries.

I shall say, ‘They lied! They lied!
Look! Am I tortured and crucified?
Love is a great proud glistening thing,
A trumpet-cry and a triumphing.
And Love is quiet and close and wise.
Love has shining eyes.’

Has their sorrow more right to cry
What Love is than I? — than I?

GROUPS

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

A SPRY old lady in a New England hill-town had been invited to visit cousins who lived some twenty miles away. On the day appointed she rose at two o'clock in the morning, and set out on foot along the starlit roads, arriving at her destination in good time for breakfast. Later in the day, someone asked her how she happened to choose that early hour for her long walk.

'Because,' said she crisply, 'I did n't want to be reined up and asked where I was going.'

When we cast in our lot with groups, we run large risks of being occasionally reined up. A family, a department, an orchestra, a neighborhood, a political party, a committee, a college faculty, or a club will sometimes rein up its members and ask them where they are going. Membership in any one of these assemblies is an education in itself; but the fact remains that two o'clock in the morning on an empty road is the time for sequestered enterprise.

In spite of this, the magnetic human race needs slight provocation to arrange itself in groups. Take three old rowboats, and beach them high on the shore not far from the seaside post-office, and they will form the perfect gathering-place for a group that will camp there among the sandpipers when it is time for the mail. Waiting for the mail to be put out is a social vacation act. Each cottage sends down its most serviceable or public-spirited or mercurial souls. A convention of family errand-runners is always a distinguished lot. You may know them

by the memoranda in their hands. The weathered dories dry-docked on the sunset beach are all the forum that they need for wise and confidential speech. The punctual trustees who perch and talk there are fully provided with the three social elements that have held together all the famous clubs and coteries of the world: a reason for coming, a point of view, and a place to sit.

Groups have their chosen geography in all lands, certain recognized places accepted as the natural meeting-ground of talking folk — in Italy a fountain, in India a stream, in old England a tavern-yard, in the desert a palm tree, in Syria a well, in society a tea. The friendly group talks most freely in its accustomed scene, whether the traditional setting chances to be a fireside, a dinner-table, a crossroads, an oasis, a salon, or the sunny side of a barn.

The man who, as a stranger, enters one of these groups for the first time without a particle of personal misgiving or secret fear, has in him some of the traits of a great actor, or of a great scout. Edwin Booth and Forbes-Robertson, we know, could enter any stage, in any costume, at any point, and grace the scene, though given no hint beforehand whether the play going on was the *School for Scandal*, the *Romancers*, *Rip Van Winkle*, or the *Book of Job*. And as to scouts, we know that Daniel Boone and Colonel Roosevelt would be equally intrepid at a pow-wow, or in the Valley of the Kings, or in a Kraal. It would be something to be able to search the in-

most souls of great actors and great pioneers, and inquire if there is any social situation that has power to freeze their blood.

Full of curiosity on this point, I asked that question of an actor who was also a suave and worldly gentleman in society, a regular Beau Brummel at a reception, and at dinner a very Chauncey Depew. He said yes, there was one group that he feared with a fear that he could never get over: a party of ladies grouped upon a porch, raised somewhat above him as he came up the drive on an errand to the house. He did not fear them, he said, if the verandah was on the level of the ground. But to be obliged to mount a flight of steps toward them, with all their eyes upon him and greetings to be performed, was the thing in life that he could not consider with any trace of calm.

It is upon this unreasoning sort of fear that the advertisements have been playing of late. One hardly picks up a paper without seeing a personal question confronting one with alarming memories. 'Do you know the comfort,' reads one circular that lies at hand, 'of being always at ease, of being sure of yourself, calm, dignified, self-possessed? Do you wonder what people are thinking of you? Do you ever wish that you had n't done a certain thing, or said a certain thing? Protect yourself against all the little embarrassments that way-lay the person who does not know, who is not sure, who never thinks of the right word to say.' These remarks usually lead up to an offer of books to read for fifteen minutes a day, or of compendia on good form, or of courses in 'Personality.' The great vogue of such works is explained entirely by the fact that each mortal who has felt what Emily Dickinson calls 'zero at the bone' when entering strange groups believes that he is in some degree uncivilized, unbalanced, and alone.

The one episode which completely dramatizes for me this state of social desperation, happened to my brother Geoffrey in his student days. He had nearly missed the morning boat that plied between our summer colony and Boston, but, making a record run for it, he had dodged past the guards on the gang-plank just in time. Spying some friends of ours on board, he deployed hastily around them and vanished up the stairs to catch his breath in peace. But as he rushed headlong up to safety and out through the narrow hatchway to the hurricane deck, he was fairly caught by a gay group of girls already there — girls just enough older than he to be out of his set, but well enough acquainted to claim him as their squire.

Geoffrey, panting, but ever willing to oblige, bestirred himself nobly fetching chairs. He had seated all the girls but one, and for her he was bringing one of those old-time collapsible cane-seated steamer-chairs, elaborately subdivided and hinged at every joint. Just as Geoffrey with his ungainly burden reached the group, the foot-rest section of the chair unfolded itself with great suddenness, caught the hat of one of the girls on its waving feet, and plucked it neatly from her head. Horrified, Geoffrey staggered backward, the chair meanwhile unfolding another joint — and stepped squarely on the foot of another girl.

'Oh!' ejaculated Geoffrey, still clasping his chaise-longue tightly to his breast, 'excuse me very much.'

Geoffrey told this grim story of himself that evening to convince us, his sisters, that it was of no use for him to try to be pleasing in a group. 'Any fellow,' said he conclusively, 'who knocks off the hat of one girl and steps on another, and then says *Excuse me very much*, is n't fit to enter society, much less move in it.'

Embarrassed in a group, one feels

unique. Never was another soul equally ill at ease. And so the advertising circulars play upon this, our lonely sense of the inept.

The preliminary shiver before strange groups, however, if one has it at all, is entirely independent of training, aristocracy, age, experience, native talent, or Christian nurture. It is far more primitive and central than all of these.

Most people have it under control a good part of the time, but now and then it reverts and overwhelms us. At such times, the motto on our banner should be, 'Excuse me very much.'

A somewhat flustered gentleman was once taking an intelligence test, the first question of which called for the definition of the word *jeopardy*. 'Jeopardy,' he wrote, 'is the act of behaving like a jeopard.' At the time, this answer made quite a little stir. The local newspapers ran a contest to see who could draw the best picture of a jeopard, and jeopard came in with horns and spots and stripes and cloven hoofs. But to me, this happy word is the one accurate term to describe the person who finds himself uneasy in a group. He feels exactly like a jeopard, a jeopard in a parlor, in a china-shop — a jeopard who, like Kipling's cat, would much prefer to walk in the Wild Wood by his wild lone.

Some time ago, I was confiding such troubles to a veteran toastmaster, one who seemed the genial Spirit of social ease and *savoir faire*. 'Last evening at a reception,' said I, 'a lady asked me a casual question about how I liked the weather; and for the life of me I could not remember whether it was hot or cold, until she had gone on and it was too late.'

'Oh, yes, I *know*,' exclaimed the white-haired dignitary; 'someone asks me about the weather quite suddenly at a tea, and my brain goes like a pin-wheel and I think hastily to myself,

"The weather the weather the weather? I know the Chief of the Weather Bureau in Washington quite well, but as to the weather —" It is the great rapidity and jumpiness of small-talk,' he confided, 'that troubles me. I always have a wealth of observations to make on the second topic before the last that was dropped three minutes ago.'

The suddenness of it all is comparable to the game we played as children, called 'Beast, Bird, or Fish.' The boy in the centre of the circle cried out 'Duck!' perhaps, and if he pointed at you, you had to classify ducks before he counted ten. It was the nervous haste that lent hazard to the game. No third-grader with time to think would ever call a duck a fish.

This about groups, then, many of us sometimes fear. We are not afraid of the people, not even of their congregate opinion. We are simply a trifle apprehensive for fear that we may not have our wits about us always in the current moment — for fear that we may be what Einstein would call a 'retarded potential.' At a crisis we may not be quite all there. We have known ghostly moments when our real selves went completely away and left us like something forgotten and uncalled for, a quaint stiff object made out of *papier mâché*. We were present only in effigy. We were like marionettes without any wires, or anyone behind the scenes to speak our lines.

Curiously enough, we persons who have now and then felt this sense of social jeopardy are often the very ones who memorize groups most by heart, and who are capable of the most profound and sensitive satisfactions when we strike a glorious combination in which we suddenly find ourselves at home. Perhaps it is on the same principle as the fact that the lad who is most afraid of girls falls, when the right one welcomes him, most utterly

in love. Apprehension is a notable sharpener of the eyes. We are constantly in a state of mind to observe and appreciate most keenly. Nothing escapes us, and when the richest moments come, they are not wasted.

This is what keeps us incorrigibly social under difficulties — the knowledge that the happiness of the perfect hour is well worth many intervals that are not so full of fire. Every now and then we find it, the warm sense of security, a flash of reality and congenial glow; perhaps not in this group, or this, or this, but somewhere surely, on the edges of some or in the hearts of others, we shall find ourselves at home. I do not mean that slight thing which Society would call 'arrived.' One may arrive at other inns than home.

It would be hard to say just what it is that makes a thoroughbred jeopards feel at home. If a mystified social Lion should ask the Jeopards to explain, I suppose we could best do it by examples, not by definition. The true Tea-Lion might not have time to listen, but we could all tell him of our favorite memories of perfect groups, each of them in some sense typical, since perfection always grows from some eternal root.

There was once, for instance, an evening camp-fire by a New England lake, and around it grouped our two Fly-Fishermen, our Coffee-Maker, our Fire-Warden, the Mosquito-Chaser, the Tired Newspaperman, and his great collie dog, looking like Ole Br'er Fox in the firelight, with his long bushy tail. Red sparks going up into the sky without a chimney are a great symbol for unforced, inextinguishable talk.

And there was a formal afternoon tea in a great house west of the Alleghanies, with all the delicate stage-properties of hothouse flowers and ices and samovar, with bevvies of gracious

women drifting in and out, and a butler who looked like Uncle Remus in a dress-suit. That afternoon it was the Dowager, the *Débutante*, and the Hostess who made the perfect group for me in a vanishing moment of eager talk at parting, when we went out to the garden door and saw the magnolias budding on the slope, and a cardinal bird cocking his crest at us from the top of a locust tree. The fragile unrealities of formal tea-time were an emblem of the exquisite briefness of our glimpse into one another's thought.

Another time, it was midnight after a community play, when actors and scene-shifters and prompter and coach were gathering up scattered properties after everyone else had gone. The hero sat on a piece of the jungle, putting the Lion's head into a box. The wife of Androcles balanced upon a bit of the Arena, and Nero was packing wigs. A mutual enterprise well ended unites the spirits in a cordial fraternity of relief.

Or around the fireplace one Sunday evening, we found the best moment when a group of our friends were talking and a neighborly young ship's-engineer dropped in to return a map. He stopped to tell us of a subordinate of his just now stranded without a job in Pittsburgh, that curious place for mariners ashore.

'He could get a job in a minute on any of the river steamers,' said the engineer.

'Why does n't he?' someone asked.

'Because,' said the unquenchable seaman, picking up his cap and going to the door, 'he says he does n't like to be associated with shallow-water people.'

The responsive chuckles that greeted the sudden philosophy of that remark were the beginning of a conversation that lasted late, until the great slow-burning back-log was almost gone, and heart-of-oak gave out its tall pure flame.

Finally, there was a night last summer when a group of us had been up to see my grandmother, to whom we told all the gossip, each of us waiting for a crack in the conversation to add our hero-tale, knowing that she would enjoy everything and report nothing. It is quite a feat to attain such high honor and gay responsiveness at the age of eighty-three. As we started to go, she called me back and told me to stop in the garden and get our mother a half-opened bud that was on her favorite white-rose bush. I found it in the moonlight, the sweet cool thing — from the Queen to the Duchess, a white rose. And as I hurried after the sauntering figures of Geoffrey and Barbara and Phineas, halfway down the drive, I knew that the ultimate perfection of group-life must embrace the generations.

Lakes and starlit bivouacs, society, enterprise, and the four walls of home! Our favorite groups may take shape like constellations, or scatter like fireflies in a garden, or circulate like goldfish in a bowl. But every so often, when three or more than three expressive people come within each other's range, a thing happens that cannot be described, but only remotely likened to such vague parallels as electricity in a circuit, music in a perfect chord, magnet and iron-filings, sunlight on opening flowers, high tide at sea. It is the memory and hope of such moments that make even the most spry and independent of us glad that we need not take all of our journeys alone, unquestioned, at two o'clock in the morning, on an empty road.

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THROUGH the second half of the nineteenth century Francis James Child lived a quiet scholar's life in Cambridge. Vast and conscientious work, old songs, dreams, and roses made up the whole of it. He had friends whom he adored, he had pupils for whom he labored faithfully and whom he sent out into the wide world with a message of devotion to ideals, of high and unflinching purpose, of faith in joy, in beauty, and in God. Such messages get no large publicity, they are not heralded with drums and trumpets; but they travel far and sink deep into the hearts

that are suited to them, and they are not forgotten.

Professor Child will be chiefly remembered for his thorough, profound, and probably final work on the old English ballads. To be sure, he himself would have been the first to insist that no scholarly work could be really final; yet there are few to whom his own admirable saying, 'Do it so it shall not have to be done again,' would be more perfectly applicable. The immense research, not only into all possible English and Scottish sources, both oral and manuscript, but into the comparative

folklore and legend of the Continental languages, was no more remarkable than the tact and unerring instinct which distinguished the true from the false and separated what was enduringly human from what was pretentiously literary. Professor Kittredge — and no man living is more competent to judge — declares that ‘as an investigator Professor Child was at once the inspiration and the despair of his disciples. Nothing could surpass the scientific exactness of his methods and the unwearied diligence with which he conducted his researches.’ Yet at the same time, what mainly touched and interested him in all the mass of archaeological fact was the human heart, ‘that universal humanity which always moved him, whenever he found it, whether in the pages of a mediæval chronicle, or in the stammering accents of a late and vulgarly distorted ballad, or in the faces of the street boys who begged roses from his garden.’

And this vast effort of research was pursued side by side with a round of college duties which many men would have deemed sufficient occupation for an ordinary life. Correspondence was carried on with scholars all over the world. Time had to be made, had to be snatched, had to be stolen. In his light and casual way he could make fun of all the labor — ‘procrastination, a vice which I find by practice to be as bad as it is said to be in the copybooks’; but few men have overcome procrastination by sterner habit of routine. Above all, he understood the distinction, so difficult to make in his line of work, between a distracted over-conscientiousness, which vainly torments itself, and a frivolous disregard of exactitude. How many scholars might profit by his maxim, so simply expressed to Lowell, ‘I must not be careless, but must still less be fussy.’ For fussiness has ruined some of the best work of the world.

And it must not be supposed that great results were achieved in this case, any more than in others, without difficulties and rebuffs and failures and discouragements. There were times when things went well and times when they did not. ‘I work now every day on this matter, and sometimes am in good spirits about it and sometimes very low.’ There were the endless interruptions: interruptions of necessary duty, attended to with cheerfulness but taking time and strength; interruptions of unnecessary bores, who wasted a day with tedious chat, and dissipated precious hours when what at least seemed worthy things might have been accomplished. There was the inevitable doom, always treading on the heels of accomplishment and threatening to snatch it away: ‘I have had another panic about not living to see the end of the thing, and have been like the hermit in the desert who is running from death. The only way to get on is to work doggedly through dull and pleasant alike, and just now the work is dull.’

Also, there were the external discouragements, the flaunt of false scholarship, the blare of insincere publicity. There was the apparent trend of education away from the things of the spirit to the material, the expedient, the so-called practical, which took more account of body than of soul. To all these annoyances Child was in a sense indifferent. ‘The most grotesque distortions, spread abroad as fresh conquests of truth, by the great army [of notoriety-seekers], drew from him no more than his favorite comment, “Let the children play.”’ Yet there were moments when such things fretted and depressed.

But, on the whole, the work was full of delight, as varied as it was absorbing, and the worker asked nothing better than to give his life to it. ‘His life and his learning were one; his work was the

expression of himself,' says Professor Kittredge, admirably. There was the delight of discovery, the long, dull grind for days of slow turning over of dusty folios, and then the sudden surprise of coming across some bit of grace and freshness, some revelation of music or color, such pleasure as gleams through the comment on a Scandinavian folk-song; 'It is a jewel that any clime might envy.' There was always the keen, quick sense of humanity, the manifold sympathy with human nature, which is so often lacking to great scholarship, but which was ever-present in Child and ready at any moment to detect the natural touch under archaic disguises and the quaint stiffness of the traditional phrase.

It was this intense human instinct which made his public lectures and readings so delightful and popular. He took the old texts and put life into them as the author might have done himself. Hear what Lowell says of his reading of Chaucer: 'He wound into the meaning of it (as Doctor Johnson says of Burke) like a serpent; or perhaps I should come nearer to it if I said that he injected the veins of the poem with his own sympathetic humor till it seemed to live again. I could see his hearers take the fun before it came, the faces lighting with the reflection of his.'

And the same fresh and natural human grace touches and colors the introductions and notes of the great edition of the Ballads and makes them alive. Songs that might seem quaint and stiff in their dialectic garb, might fail to touch and move us merely from their secular remoteness, somehow acquire vigor and vitality under his touch, seem to be dealing with scenes and persons, at any rate with passions, such as are flowing and fighting about us daily. The vast erudition involved in the scholar's researches shows itself with-

out a touch of pedantry, because it is not taken too seriously, is served up to us in a delicate, playful vein, which suggests at once that the caterer understood the fragility as well as the profound human truth of the eternal trifles he was dealing with.

A few illustrations here and there will hardly suffice to convey the charming tone of the whole. But how tender is the reference to 'the beautiful fancy of plants springing from the graves of star-crossed lovers, and signifying by the intertwining of stems or leaves, or in other analogous ways, that an earthly passion has not been extinguished by death.' How dainty is the play of whimsical humor in the comment: 'They cast lots, and the lot falls on Annie—a result which strikes us as having more semblance of the "corrupted currents of this world" than of a pure judgment of God.' While there is an enchanting hint of fun in the remark as to the legendary danger of kissing one's love in hell: 'How the lover escaped in this instance is not explained. Such things happen sometimes, but not often enough to encourage one to take the risk.'

When one appreciates this gift of apt and delicate expression, one is tempted to regret that Child did not do more original writing. The grace and wit of his letters alone would suffice to prove that he might have done far more for the world in this way than he actually did. But any desire for general literary fame was restrained by the charming innate modesty which was so conspicuous in him always and which shows in the earnest request to Lowell: 'I wish you would *alter the note* [of compliment] and strike out on page 160 "who has done more," etc. I am content to have "fittingly" remain, if you think it should, but that is quite flattery enough for me.'

He asked no more than to do his

own chosen work faithfully and in a manner to gain the respect of his colleagues and the affection of those who came under his instruction. It is needless to point out that in both these points he was successful in the highest degree. Those who collaborated with him for years in the College Faculty bear unanimous testimony to his sincerity, his fidelity, his devoted industry, his self-forgetful and self-sacrificing public spirit. How touching is the tribute of Barrett Wendell to the older teacher, whose attitude toward life and literature was in many respects so different: 'The academic leader, whose seniority alone was enough to have warranted unquestioning precedence, was not only a scholar and a teacher whose name was known wherever our language is studied, but he was also a friend on whose kindness, despite all divergency of theories and methods, they might confidently depend.' The weary and preoccupied searcher was ready at any moment to lay aside his own pursuits and give his time and thought to helping his friends, or even those who had little claim upon him.

Child's relations with his pupils were as cordial and as profitable as with his colleagues and fellow workers. It is true that he had little patience with indolence or indifference, and that he was prone to prick the bubble of pretentious vanity wherever he found it. No man could impose on him, and, modest and unpretentious as he was, he was quite able on occasion to assert his dignity and self-respect. How excellent is Gummere's account of the student who began to give a pompous and rhetorical reading of *Hamlet*. 'Mr. Child uncoiled himself slowly, craned out his head, lifted his spectacles, and peered, first amazed, then quizzical, then tragic at the performer. "Heavens, man—stop!"' How vivid is the story of the costly English copy of Chaucer, which

was sent flying through the classroom window, because the editor had ventured to Bowdlerize the old poet's vigorous and manly phraseology.

But there is a general agreement of all those worthy to judge as to the immense, infectious stimulus of Child's love and enthusiasm for what was rare and beautiful. The quiet, thoughtful scholar imparted his own delight to those who were able to appreciate it, and they went forth and diffused it all over the country and all over the world. And as he was ready to inspire, so was he ready to help. He would give his time, his thought, his limited means to any student who really showed the ability, or even the disposition, to profit by them. 'One thing may be safely asserted,' says Professor Kittredge; 'no university teacher was ever more beloved.' And an old pupil puts the same thing even more strikingly: 'His influence was more powerful, because it was subtle; and although he does not seem to be well known, I have met men in many parts of the world who immediately fell on my neck when I said I had been a pupil of "Stubby Child."'

II

Nor must it be for a moment supposed that Child's relations and connections were limited to academic surroundings and to those who had a part in his scholarly pursuits. He was a man of the world and knew the world, and all its subtle, winding ways, even while he kept himself unspotted from it. He enjoyed the diversions of men, the common, simple ones, the diversions of children, enjoyed them as a child. He enjoyed the circus, and was a frequenter of Barnum's. He and Lowell 'enjoyed a charming bear, who visited us at Elmwood the last time I was with him, as much as any of the other children.'

He entered with even more zest into public, serious pursuits, and perhaps was not incapable of finding them more diverting than the circuses. He threw all the ardor of his intense and sensitive nature into political thought and discussion, and his love for democracy, in the highest sense, was as eager as his love for Shakespeare and old ballads. Especially he resented wrong and cruelty and injustice. 'When he was confronted with injury or oppression,' says Professor Kittredge, 'none could stand against the anger of this just man. His unselfishness did not suffer him to see offenses against himself, but wrong done to another aroused him in an instant to protesting action.' It was this ardor which sustained his hope and enthusiasm through all the bitter years of the Civil War. In spite of his age, he himself would have fought, if physical strength had permitted it. But all that an earnest tongue and pen and unremitting effort could do to sustain the national cause was done, from the beginning to the end.

This political activity was not confined to larger issues. Child would omit his classes to go and distribute ballots at the polls. He would attend caucuses and political meetings, and speak, if necessary. He would oppose the local boss with such vehemence that friends gathered about after the meeting in dread of actual conflict. Yet the vehemence was tempered with such sincerity and fundamental human kindness that the boss walked up and offered a cigar, instead of a threat. Child accepted the cigar and lighted it from the boss's, with the remark, 'I can match you in all your *little* vices.'

The fundamental human kindness was never failing, affecting friend and foe, rich and poor, intimate and stranger, with equal warmth and equal sunny charity. He would give his time to studying needs and his limited means

to relieving them. The salary of a professor hardly went further in those days than now for meeting the varied requirements of a family, for keeping up the tone of social life in a semi-urban atmosphere, and for purchasing the many books and accessories indispensable for the scholar's wide and original research. There is no complaint of the limits; on the contrary, always a humorous acceptance of them. But one gets an occasional glimpse of how narrow they were: 'Were it not for the pay—small as it is—I should certainly stop after the third course. I *must* earn eight or ten hundreds extra for the present; but the consequences look bad—nothing else done and no real vacation.'

Yet, no matter how limited the means, there was always something for the need of those who were more limited still. All who knew Child well insist upon the amplitude of his beneficence and his constant readiness to respond to appeals for charity of all kinds. Indeed, his unflinching tenderness and sympathy made him liable to be easily imposed upon; and this would have amounted almost to a weakness, if it had not been for the sense of humor which made him the first to appreciate the comic facility with which he was taken in. Hear him tell the story of one experience: 'That is the point of the diurnal revolution where I am, just after receiving a second call from a discharged convict, who finds it difficult to get back to a respectable career, a pretty tough problem for him and for me. Having had to do with two or three of these fellows, I am likely to have a very fair clientele. . . . It is wonderful what decent-looking fellows some of them are, by nature; or is it that I am not a connoisseur?'

In more normal social relations with humanity Child was generally responsive and always attractive. It is true

he was by nature shy and self-effacing. One of his colleagues tells of the amusement of seeing a pompous minor official stride across the Yard, forcing everybody out of his way, while little 'Stubby Child' trotted along with his bag of books, turning out even for an insignificant freshman. Also, he had the busy man's hatred of those who have no use for their time except to devour other people's. 'There is no escape from them. I bow my head meekly, not always so very meekly, there are maledictions when the door opens, but I yield, give forced attention, hope that they will go, see them rise with a sigh of relief, see them sit again with a sigh of despair—well, probably I have my allowance for today.' And he had the simple, unconventional man's—or why not say, the man's—hatred of formality, and dinner-clothes, and those little elements of the parade of life so sacred to the feminine heart. 'A dinner-party for six or seven (the hosts being in formal mourning, which keeps the tone agreeably low, and the movement *allegro, ma non troppo*) would certainly be a good thing twice a week, were I sufficiently civilized, and I think I could submit to be civilized enough, if I could go without heart-eating cares.'

But when he once submitted to the dinner-clothes, and still more, when the dinner-clothes were not required and there was informal and unshowered ease, he was sure to enjoy himself, and others were sure to enjoy themselves, at any rate. There was a charm about his appearance—the shrewd, homely, kindly, responsive face, set in its frame of auburn curls. There was a charm about his soul—a kindly, homely, engaging naturalness, which put the shyest at their ease and drew wit or comprehension from the driest and dullest. He loved children, and was a child

with them and with their elders, and Howells plays delightfully upon the aptness of his name. It is really surprising how universal is the agreement among all sorts of persons as to this pervading charm, so that Henry and William James, Doctor Hale, Howells, Norton, and a dozen others repeat some such words as Lowell's: 'Child goes on winning all ears and all hearts.' There was something gay and sprightly about his spirit, with all its refinement and reserve, something of the waywardness and elfishness of the old songs he so greatly loved, which sometimes showed in odd and playful freaks, as when with his three little girls he performed the ballad of 'Young Beichan' at a Christmas entertainment, or united with Lowell in the lyrical frolic of the 'Pesceballo.' And again the spirit flowed out in the infinite humor of his letters—sometimes in wild puns, worthy of the most licentious extravagance of Lamb, sometimes in rollicking exaggeration, as on the staid, conservative diversions of ancient Boston: 'Nevertheless, in far-off Madrid, cold perhaps, shady probably, foreign altogether, even an *Advertiser* must have a fairly agreeable taste—the advertisements are there; some of them are new, too, but you could find India Wharf and Long Wharf, and horse-sales—don't you like those? The horse not afraid of anything—not afraid of——? Raciness in the *Advertiser* remains only in the horse columns. Have you noticed how the fellows that write fireworks ads are going out, perhaps gone out? Had Boston known what was for its peace, it would always keep the Fourth of July show for the genius that the institution fostered. It was fully equal to Sir Thomas Malory. Now a race has come that knows not Jacob—Boston is not Boston.' Could the soul of Lamb flicker and trifle more deli-

ciously? Let us pray that some day such letters will be published.

With this social grace and attraction, and with the deeper qualities behind it, it is unnecessary to say that Child was beloved. He was not so widely known as some, though the circle even of his intimate acquaintance was fairly large. But in that circle he is invariably spoken of with a peculiar regard. And the tenderness was amply merited by the warmth of affection which went out from him to meet it. 'He had a moral delicacy and a richness of heart that I never saw and never expect to see equaled,' wrote William James. *Richness of heart* fits exquisitely, as you feel when you read Child's letters, with their singular wealth of overflowing, almost caressing tenderness. Love was an essential, perhaps the essential, element of felicity, in his universe. 'I wish we could live a thousand years on this pleasant earth, under this bright sky, being happy or growing happier always. . . . Only may we have love where we go.' And if he had tenderness for those beyond his own hearth, we can divine, though we are left mainly to divine, what he felt for those about it. How charming is his relish for the quiet evening at home, when he is free to read to those he loves Chaucer, or Don Quixote, or Dante, or the old songs which made at once the labor and the relaxation of his life. It is only the fullest appreciation of this tenderness that enables us to understand, and not misunderstand, the warmth of affection in the letters written in later years to a young girl for whom the gentle scholar cherished a peculiar fondness. 'He always had,' wrote Mrs. Child, 'from the beginning of my knowledge of him, friendships with women, at first near his own age, with whom he habitually corresponded, and whose letters came like fresh breezes from without.' The play of humor, of melancholy, of imag-

ination, of sympathy, in these printed letters of Child is as winning as that of sunshine upon a summer brook.

III

So much for the man's outer life and relations with his fellows. The inner life is equally attractive. Of course reading played a large part in it. Not that Child appears to have been an indiscriminate and omnivorous reader: he was too industrious and conscientious a worker in his own field. But he read largely in various sorts of books, and, above all, he was passionately fond of poetry and of imaginative writing. The great English poets entered into the very tissue of the life of his spirit. Chaucer, Milton, Spenser were his daily companions, and their rich and varied splendor was so interwoven with his own mode of expression that it is often difficult to distinguish between them. 'When the charm of poetry goes,' he says, 'it seems to me best not to stay. If the world is nothing but Biology and Geology, let's get quickly to some place which is more than that.' As for Shakespeare, the intimate affinity between them is delightful to trace. It was not merely the affection of a scholar and expounder for his theme; it was a close sympathy between two spirits which looked at the world with the same gentle tolerance, the same humorous comprehension, the same infinite love. The Shakespearean turn of phrase, even more than that of the other poets, had become so much Child's own, that one is constantly wondering where Shakespeare ends and where Child begins. 'I see that you are of no age, of Adam's years,' he writes to Lowell; and one feels that the words must be Shakespearean. Or again, 'As she has a sweet, low voice, truth comes mended from her lips.'

In matters of abstract thought one feels something as with general reading, that Child did not make them peculiarly his business. And this was not from the defect of an intelligence large and acute enough to grapple with any philosophical problem whatsoever, but merely from love of the concrete, from simple, genial appreciation of what could be warmly touched and felt, instead of an endless groping in barren regions of unremunerative thought. He slipped away from the profounder difficulties, because he felt that the human spirit might be better occupied. 'My thoughts have been deeply tinged with mortality all through. That means that all the questions which we can't answer have been weighing on my mind. But if I can't answer them, I can turn them.' In Madame de Sévigné's pretty phrase, *il faut glisser sur les pensées, et ne pas les approfondir*. And for such turning, a temperament like Child's found, as did Lamb, the solution of humor exquisitely helpful—not bitter mockery, not cynical irony, but a gentle, whimsical sense of the insignificance of human effort and bustle in the face of the vast problems and difficulties of eternity. 'I should have wreathed my thanks and my delight in some of my customary folly.' Just as such lyrical, gracious, customary folly wreathes the delight and the wonder and the questioning of those airy creatures, the Shakespearean clowns, whom this quiet scholar loved enough perhaps to call them brothers. Touchstone and Feste also turned the great questions, because they could not and did not care to answer them.

And as with Lamb, and with these other lovely Shakespearean dream-children, the customary folly and trifling were always close to the grief of the world, its pity and its tears; were merely a relief from them, a screen

from them. This remote, secluded scholar, especially as years and friends slipped away from him, felt the agony and strain of life, felt the dumb effort at adjustment in a universe of apparent distortion and incoherent, irrelevant misery. 'My foot used to feel so firm on the earth; now I should not be surprised to see the heavens roll up as a scroll and the hollow crust we walk on vanish into thin air the next minute.' There are even times when the depression approaches despair: 'Yesterday I all but wished that things would cease.'

But amid these shadows the struggling-spirit had always the comfort of profound religious belief, to which it clung perhaps more ardently because the basis was emotional rather than intellectual. At times this emotional element even felt the charm of Catholicism, so alluring to souls mystically and æsthetically disposed. 'When such voices come to me, I feel as if I were all but ready to take the step. There is glamour in the recurrence which for the moment subdues rationalism and reason. There was a time when perhaps I could not have resisted the fascination, for it is a fascination, an enchantment.' And at all times the secure foundation of God, the firm assurance of the future, offered unflinching comfort in the storms and tempests of this uncertain world.

Now this assurance manifested itself in shrewd, homely, brief phrases, as in the remark to Gummere, 'I could send a letter of condolence to James Lowell, for I am one of those old fools who think that we go on.' Now it flowed out in sweet and solemn amplitude, as in the letter of condolence itself: 'It has not entered into man's heart to conceive what is preparing, a life to which this is exile; a delight beyond all that poetry, roses, skies can give. . . . And who that is not blinded or deafened by misery or grief be-

lieves that the insubstantial pageant is to dissolve or fade? What, the man who wrote those words? Or better, the man that suffered on the cross? Or the sweet pure souls we have known?' Now it played about the great problems with a gracious tenderness. 'Don't let the poets falter, or where shall we be? Though I don't value the philosophers very much, their talk frightens me like ghost stories. When I go back to the poets, I realize I have been fooled.'

And the fine sensibility, the quick and ready response to external suggestion, showed itself in all sides of emotional life. Nature? He was prompt to seize its charm in books, he was even prompter to seize the charm in reality. The delicate, fleeting touches of natural appreciation in the old songs instantly appealed to him. Thus, he notes in one example: 'The landscape background of the first two stanzas has often been praised, and its beauty will never pall. It may be called landscape or prelude, for both eyes and ears are addressed.' As for the flowers and clouds and stars about him, his eyes were ever open to them, and not one of their aspects of grace and radiance was missed. The chill and loneliness of autumn had their attraction: 'I like to go about on fallen leaves and offer the waning world my reverent sympathy. But now there is not a leaf to fall; it would be a bare, gray, chilly northeast day but for the light that comes from you.' And the rapture of spring is welcomed with ecstasy: 'But when squills and crocuses (not circeuses, though I dote on them and they are spring pleasures) and Spring Beauty come (snow-drops have been trying to open for a fortnight), I expect to cast my slough like other reptiles and to snap my fingers at books.'

For all forms of art there is the same eager appreciation; but undoubtedly

the form that appealed to him most was music. He loved it in its subtlest, most ethereal development, the string quartettes of Beethoven and Mozart. He loved it in the solemn, impressive masses of the Catholic Church. 'If anything could carry me over, it would be the Masses. They ought to be true; they must be true to something that cannot be lightly estimated.' And in his catalogue of the delights of this world—simple and complex alike—the music of Beethoven has its conspicuous place: 'Ah, what a world—with roses, sunrise and sunset, Shakespeare, Beethoven, brooks, mountains, birds, maids, ballads—why can't it last, why can't everybody have a good share?'

It will be noted that ballads form the climax of this list of lovely things, and with what we have seen of Child's temperament it will be understood that his love for the old songs was far more than the mere scholar's absorption in his erudite specialty. He entered fully into their romantic, riotous atmosphere, as Scott did. He reveled in their color, their naïve, swift, simple tempests of passion and laughter. Their rude music always awoke an answering echo in his spirit. He was condemned to live in the academic, somewhat formal conventions of a New England college town, and he accepted those conventions outwardly with all due observance, no man more so. But inwardly he felt the restraint of them, felt himself cabined, cribbed, confined, and rebelled with humorous vigor and indignation. 'I am too much impromptu,' he sighs. 'I ought to live with more prevision and art.' With what mischievous enjoyment he quotes the comment of a French friend upon the Cambridge ladies: '*Bonnes mères de familles probes*,' as Mlle. Le Clerc said of the women of Cambridge (she added, '*mais pas un attrai*'). How whimsically pathetic is his illustration of the con-

flict between song and word: 'I drop my work any half an hour to go out and see if another adonis is springing or a meadow rue showing its claret-colored head. So false are fables: *la cigale ayant chanté tout l'été*, etc. One should work all winter to be ready to sing all summer, and sing all summer to be able to work the winter through. One or the other one must do, sing or work. I find that I cannot work if I go out under the pretense of just looking at this or that, and I hoped for a rain yesterday (not very earnestly) to keep me indoors.'

Into these staid, decorous surroundings of prosaic propriety the great loud, sweet old songs swept like a burst of wind and sunshine, and stirred the childish professorial heart to laughter and tears. How winning is Gummere's picture of Child humorously enlarging on the idle, trivial, mirthful matter that enchanted him. "'Preposterous," he said, "to have to work in such stuff, when you could have Young's *Night Thoughts* or Cowper's *Task*, for the asking. The impudence of the thing!" And he suddenly broke into a kind of chant, reciting the last stanza of the rollicking ballad, and ended in a burst of laughter. He was fairly "going" now, and went on, in a kind of prose parody of that highly moral strain with which Chaucer concludes the *Troilus*, to bewail his task of dealing with so many bandits, outlaws, roisterers, silly girls, Lord Lovels, and other chuckle-heads of tradition, setting withal a harmless little trap of quotation, as characteristic as might be. "You remember the line, —

'Of Jove, Apollo, of Mars, of swich *canaille*?'"

he asked, with a sly emphasis on the last word.'

In short, the release from the tameness and monotony of daily life, which some of us find in the mystery story,

he found more romantically and poetically in the primitive passions and elementary tragedy and comedy of popular song.

IV

And then there were the roses. Child's devotion to them seemed to grow and develop and become richer and more satisfying with the growing years. I do not know that he was a scientific botanist, though it seems as if the admiring pupil of Mrs. Ripley should have imbibed something of her enthusiasm in this direction. But he knew and loved roses as if they were intimate friends. With what complacent delight does he reel off long lists of the names of them. With what real collector's eagerness does he indulge himself and deny himself: 'But I have had no time all day till the afternoon, when I took to reading a rose catalogue, which resulted in my ordering more roses, which resulted in remorse, which resulted in my tearing up the order.'

No doubt the cult of roses, like other cults, had its trials and drawbacks. Incessant toil was necessary to attain perfection, toil which distracted from other things, toil which made its importunate demands just when aged limbs were stiffest and weariest; and even with the extreme of toil perfection could hardly be attained. There were the insects to combat forever. 'Saving your presence,' said Child to a young lady, 'I will crush this insect.' And the young lady answered aptly, 'I certainly would not have my presence save him.' While, with all the toil, and after the elimination of all the insects, there was still the eternal tragedy of decay and death. Roses, like fair women, and even sooner, must fade and perish, no matter what delight you found in them, or what pains you took to make them last. 'You write to one

from whose lips the cup of bliss has ever been dashed at the moment when he could sip—and a chalice in which floated the fennel's bitter leaf regularly substituted; one born to be illuded and eluded in all things, even as in his simple confidence that roses at least would escape the common lot and be allowed to unfold all the charm which Nature endears them with only to baulk them and me.'

And again: 'Much of this turbidness comes from seeing the short and perilous life of my roses. I cannot bear to witness the world's dealing with such perfection of beauty and nobleness. It is to-day quite too utterly crushing. I wish I had nothing but dahlias to look at. For the twentieth time I repent me that I ever lived to know what roses are.'

Yet, as with all supreme and overwhelming passions, one returns to roses in spite of failure and discouragement and decay. 'Such will say of the Rose as of Love, the grand passion I mean, that all other pleasures are not worth its pains.' What if the beauty fades, has but a brief and transient ecstasy? Shall we not toil for it and enjoy it and adore it all the more on that account? It is such a haunting beauty, such a tantalizing and at the same time satisfying beauty! 'When I was considerably older than you (I was once so young, *et in Arcadia ego!*) I could scarcely sleep for love of plants.' Also, with this passion, as not with some others, we can compound with conscience by sharing the delight with our fellows. We can scatter beauty broadcast, we can give away roses as well as enjoy them. How charming are the stories of the poor children who used to crowd round the gate and be regaled with crimson beneficence. 'Yesterday I gave away eight or nine

noble nosegays and supplied some thirty ragamuffin children besides. There was no end to the "Ohs!" My garden was as full as the sky with stars. You ought to have seen them. There is plenty left.'

Music, love, ballads, roses! These surely weave the tissue of a charming life. 'Superstitions? I have very few: love of women, roses (including apple-blossoms), popular poetry, Shakespeare, my friends, wild flowers, trees, violin music, *voilà!*' But roses seem to predominate, with their empurpling glory. One thinks of the almost mystical worship of the rose, which has haunted all the centuries, the ancients, with their blooms of Pæstum and the perpetual recurrence in the Anthology, *βαῖα μὲν ἀλλὰ ῥόδα, peu de choses mais roses*, the strange allegory of the mediæval *Romaunt*, the sensuous hymn of Tasso and Spenser:—

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and
bowre

Of many a Lady, and many a Paramowre!
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall
crime;

the intenser, simple cry of Shakespeare, —

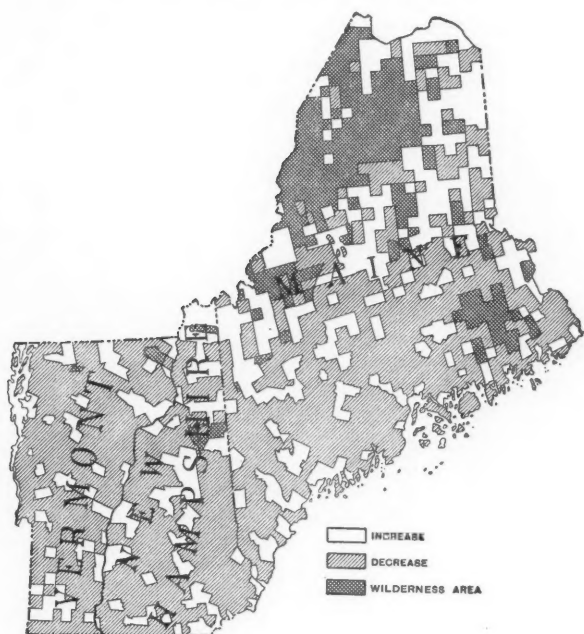
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save Thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

And one feels that Child himself would be not unwilling to have us end with a bit of old song, which he would perhaps forgive for not being of the people, because of its roses:—

Oh, bury me under the red-rose tree.
For life was a frolicsome thing to me,
Without desire, without regret,
And what I did with it I forget.

THREE SENTINELS OF THE NORTH

BY WILLIAM SIDNEY ROSSITER



I

THERE are more than three sentinels in all. Ten states of the Federal Union actually touch the land border of Canada, but we are here concerned with three of them only, — Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, — the highland states of New England which guard the eastern end of more than three thousand miles of national boundary.

A certain degree of individuality attaches to the older states — in particular to the original thirteen. But of all the sentinels on our northern border

from east to west, — with the exception of New York, — the north-country New England trio have the most varied and interesting history.

Nearly a century and a half has elapsed since these three states were made the easternmost sentinels of the young Republic. Within this period state after state has taken its place in the Union. But what of the three sentinels themselves? In the importance of that which is guarded, it sometimes happens that the outposts are forgotten.

As a matter of fact, north-country New England is progressing too slowly. These areas are primarily agricultural, but agriculture is languishing, and manufactures, never extensive for obvious reasons of remoteness from markets and raw materials, are not showing satisfactory increase. These border states are a mountain country, a land of wonderful charm in summer and of biting cold in winter. Life is hard, and there are few natural advantages to tempt modern settlers. The north country requires for citizens strong, patient men and women, willing to live frugally and, like their forbears, ready to face hardships. To the modern American, the attraction is small. Yet here they are, three sovereign states of the Union, of noblest tradition and finest citizenship, increasing slowly in resources and either declining in population or stationary, while sister states advance in wealth and numbers. What can be done to increase progress?

All New England comprises but sixty-six thousand square miles of land and water — relatively a small area. Nineteen states of the Union have each a larger area than Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined. The average area for the New England group is eleven thousand square miles, and that average applied to our national domain would produce nearly three hundred states.

The division of New England into colonies and then into states came about through haphazard apportion-

ments of a vaguely known wilderness by the government of Great Britain during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. It was thus extremely arbitrary. Of the total area, the three highland states absorb nearly five sixths, but they contribute only about one fifth of the inhabitants. A sparse population in the north country, of about a million and a half, is scattered over more than fifty thousand square miles. But in the three lowland states, nearly six millions of people are crowded into an area of approximately fourteen thousand square miles.

This contrast has been growing more marked. A century ago, the three north-country states contributed about half of the population of New England. Half a century ago — 1870 — the proportion had fallen to one third, and in 1920 stood at one fifth.¹ Thus lower New England has kept pace with population increase in the nation, but the north-country states have lagged far behind. Of the eight instances in which states have returned a decrease in population at a federal census, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont have made each one contribution.²

The population of these states increased during the last census-decade less than thirty-five thousand, or a little more than two per cent. But the three lowland states recorded an increase of sixteen per cent, or, in absolute figures, twenty-three times the number of persons represented by the increase shown by the highland states.

¹ Growth of population in the two New England groups by half-century periods; 1820-1870, 1870-1920.

GROUP	1820	1870	Increase 1820-1870	1920	Increase 1870-1920
Northern New England	778,477	1,275,766	64%	1,563,525	23%
Southern New England	881,594	2,212,158	151	5,837,384	164

² Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa, Nevada (censuses of 1890, 1900, 1920), Mississippi.

In New England, counties offer a poor standard by which to observe population changes. They usually include geographic areas differing widely in contour, resources, and accessibility, and, in the north-country states, the average county is unusually large. Nevertheless, of the forty counties which Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont together contain, eighteen decreased in population at the last census.

In these three states there are 1211 cities and organized minor civil geographic divisions known as towns. Of these, two thirds returned decreased population in 1920. In many of these communities population has decreased uninterruptedly for many decades. Very small communities tend to decline; the proportion of towns decreasing in population grows less as the group-standard becomes higher. This of course is consistent with the national tendency to drift from distinctly rural communities to larger places.

In 1870 there were but two cities having more than twenty thousand inhabitants in all the north country. In the three lower states there were thirteen. Half a century later, the three northern states could claim but seven, while the number in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut had swelled to fifty-one.

Here the real significance of the north-country problem begins to appear. Increase in the United States during the past half-century has been principally urban. The distinctly rural element, — the isolated farm family and the crossroads hamlet, — in most sections of the country and especially in New England, has shown decrease more frequently than it has shown increase, and most of the growth in state population has been derived from cities and large towns. For example, in 1920, in the trio of growing South New Eng-

land states, cities of 25,000 or more aggregated 3,700,000 population. These places, half a century earlier, returned less than a million inhabitants. In the northern trio the five corresponding cities increased from an aggregate of 100,000 inhabitants to about 230,000, a very small increase, and yet these five communities contributed nearly half of all the half-century increase shown by the highland states.

In all New England there were 156,000 farms in 1920, but that number was 32,000 less than were counted ten years earlier, a shrinkage of 20 per cent. Of this striking loss, the north-country states contributed 22,000 farms and 21,000 farmers. Naturally, land in farm areas, when no longer classified as separate farms, if not lost to cultivation, must have been consolidated with land in going farms. Does the shrinkage reported at the last census merely mean that farm units grow less in number but become larger in average acreage? In 1910 the average size of farms in the three states bordering Canada was 118 acres; in 1920, 125 acres. This small increase accounts for but 685,000 acres, or less than one third of all the shrinkage reported. Similarly, the improved land in farms showed an average gain of but three acres. This accounted for less than 300,000 acres, and that was but half of the shrinkage in improved land. Thus the north-country states, largely depending on agriculture, sustained in the brief period of ten years the loss of one fifth of all farms; one million acres of land previously included in farms as farm land lapsed in 1920 into 'unclassified' or woodland, and 300,000 acres of improved farm land disappeared completely from that desirable class.

The apparent increase in the value of all farm property in the United States from 1910 to 1920 — the war

decade — was approximately 90 per cent, but in north-country New England the corresponding rate of increase in values was less than one third of the national rate of increase. The increase in value of all farm crops produced by the nation, as shown at the last census, was 182 per cent. For northern New England it was 148 per cent.

Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, together have large industrial interests, but they returned value of manufactured products amounting to but one sixth of the aggregate value of products of the southern group. This combined value of products in 1919 was much less than that of Connecticut alone. Connecticut, in fact, increased in value of products, during the five-year period from 1914 to 1919, 155 per cent, while the north country per cent of increase was considerably less. In fact, at the north-country rate of increase, the value of Connecticut's vast manufactured product, as returned in 1919, would have been less by \$170,000,000.

The census returns of manufactures merely confirm what is obvious to every observer — that the northern mountain states are not so well adapted to general industrial expansion as the lower states, which are more accessible, have better rail facilities and a slightly milder climate. This is a period of greater conformity to economic laws and less attention to individual initiative and ingenuity.

Of far greater importance is the human side, for a mountain country generally breeds men. And it is here that the north-country states thus far present a conspicuous contrast to the changes which have been in progress in the three lower New England states.

Seventy years ago, — in 1850, — in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont combined, the native white element contributed 928 persons out of every

1000 of the population, to 70 persons of foreign birth or parentage. In 1920 this high proportion of native stock had dropped to 612, and the foreign element had increased to 385. The native element thus continued to contribute the greater part — almost two thirds — of the entire population. In the southern New England group, on the other hand, the change in seventy years was almost revolutionary. In 1850 the native white element contributed 816 persons out of every 1000, to 170 contributed by the foreign-born and their children; but in 1920 the proportion of the native white element in each thousand inhabitants had decreased to 367, and that of the foreign element had advanced to 619.

Between the two sections of New England, therefore, it has come about that a remarkable contrast has been set up. In the north, almost two thirds of the population is of old native New England blood, and one third of various foreign nationalities — French-Canadian predominating; while in the southern group the native element now contributes about one third of the population, and the foreign element — composed of all nationalities — about two thirds.

In this group of states, the native white stock, from well-nigh complete dominance seventy years ago, is now on the way to submergence.

Half a million natives of the three north-country states, nearly one third of all persons born in those states, no longer reside in the state of their birth. The proportion of natives living elsewhere is thus almost one out of every three. The census enumerator finds the natives of the three border states in large numbers in every other state in the Union, from nearly 1000 in Nevada, feeblest of states, to 41,000 in New York, leader in population and wealth. On the other hand, only one in six of

all the whites born in the southern New England states have left the home state to reside elsewhere. While the lower states have succeeded in keeping their sons and daughters for the most part at home, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont have been giving their most precious possession to the up-building of all the other states in the Union. The net loss to the northern trio through interstate migration was 300,000, while the lower group was making a net gain, by the same process, of 125,000.

II

Thus far, consideration as a whole of the problems of the north-country states has permitted rapid and striking comparisons. The states adjoin each other. They resemble each other in location, topography, climate, and population, and consequently many of their public problems are similar. Nevertheless, each state is jealous of its individuality, since each possesses a stirring historic past. Therefore no study of this kind would be complete if confined exclusively to a group analysis.

Beginning with the northeastern coast of Maine and swinging westward to New York, the three sentinel states are, in general, highland areas. Maine, with half of all New England within her boundaries, is primarily a state of mountains, lakes, and forests comprising nearly two thirds of the entire area, or about 20,000 square miles, while all land in farms amounts to a little less than one third, or about 10,000 square miles. This is a far lower proportion of land in farms than that shown for the United States as a whole. In fact, there are but six states in the Union which exceed Maine in proportion of land not in farms.³ Of these Florida alone is

even remotely comparable. Hence Maine, considered from its geographic extent of agriculture, has made less progress than any other state in the Union. The settled area is in the south-east, follows the coast, and turns westward about midway in the state. Five of the eight coast counties, extending from the New Brunswick line along two thirds of the Atlantic frontage, decreased at the last census. Two of these counties have been reporting decrease decennially for seventy years, and two for forty years. Since 1860 the inhabitants of these counties have decreased 25 per cent. All other Maine counties show increases, but the sinister fact remains that, in fifteen of the sixteen counties, a majority of the towns reported decreased population. The eight cities having in excess of 13,000 population in 1920 furnished all the state's increase and contributed an excess of 3000 applicable on the net loss of population returned by the smaller towns.

In the number of persons of native stock, Maine has remained stationary for three censuses. Hence 60,000, or about all, of the state's entire twenty-year increase was contributed by the foreign element (mostly Canadian) and principally by the second generation. Maine is a state of wonderful natural beauty. It is preëminently the summer vacation land of the nation. It has extensive fisheries, large manufacturing interests, unusual agricultural possibilities, — such as the Aroostook potato region, — great timber reserves, and some mineral resources; but the plain fact remains that progress for this faithful sentinel in the far northeast is discouragingly slow.

To the southwest, following the dip in the boundary, lies New Hampshire, somewhat more ruggedly mountainous; but, like Maine, it is a vacation state, and shares with Maine the

³ Arizona, Florida, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming.

tendency to mix the care of summer visitors, agriculture of a small and desultory sort, and manufacturing — in some instances on a large scale — as the state's sources of prosperity. Decreasing population in New Hampshire in 1920 was shown by half of the ten counties, mostly midland; but in nine of them, towns decreasing in population formed a large majority. Out of 251 towns and cities, 179 decreased in population. The combined increase reported by the four cities having over 15,000 inhabitants amounted to slightly more than the entire state's decennial increase in population. Here again, as in the case of Maine, climate, location, emigration, rather unencouraging soil, and comparatively little economic reason for industrial growth, tend to hold down increase in numbers and resources. Since 1900 the state has lost about seven per cent of the native white stock, but has increased 31,000 in population. The loss was made up and the increase contributed by the children of foreign-born. Again, the majority of the foreign-born are French Canadians.

Farthest west of the trio of border states lies Vermont — in some respects presenting the most unique history of any commonwealth in the Union. At the outbreak of the Revolution what is now Vermont was an unnamed wilderness, containing scattered settlements, and claimed by the three bordering colonies, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York. The people of Vermont achieved a wonderful record. Treated with extreme injustice by their neighbors, the subject of political intrigue in the Continental Congress, appealed to by Great Britain, — with offers in return for allegiance so tempting that, had such concessions been made earlier to the entire group of colonies, the Revolution might not have occurred, — nevertheless the citi-

zens of Vermont stood firm. They sided with their blood brothers in the effort to secure freedom, but were even more resolutely determined not to yield their own. The close of the Revolution found this area an independent state which finally, by negotiation, entered the Union.

With this background the people of Vermont have been singularly independent and intelligent throughout their history. They have been an agricultural people, and have withstood to a large degree the great wave of industrial growth which swept over New England after 1850. It is a state of small communities, with practically no cities; a land of mountains, of irregular valleys, rushing streams, and deep lakes. The soil in general is rich. Drawbacks to cultivation are due principally to the hilly country. In consequence of these conditions, life has been hard and there has been a continuous drain of sturdy and self-respecting population to other and more favored areas.

The state itself decreased in population slightly from 1910 to 1920. Of the 241 towns, 129 reached maximum population before 1850, consequently, within the last seventy years, only a minority of the towns have recorded their largest number of inhabitants. Nearly three fourths of the entire number showed decrease at the last census. Outside of the ten large towns and cities, the population was smaller by 30,000 than in 1850. On these ten communities, therefore, fell the burden of making good this loss and of furnishing the net increase of 40,000 which occurred in seventy years.

Agriculture has felt the effect of the immense competition of the West and South. Transportation facilities have been poor, and little by little it has become more difficult for the small farms having miscellaneous crops to

stand up against competition, and hence for their owners to wrest a living from the soil. This has tended to create a vague discouragement in the smaller communities and to accentuate the problem, so general throughout the country, of maintaining successfully the rural element against the increasing lure of urban life.

The absence of large towns and cities makes it almost certain that the discontented boy or girl citizen in the small community, having decided to move, will keep on across the state's border to larger communities outside. In Maine, Portland stands for much to the state as an urban centre. The first tendency is to drift in that direction. In New Hampshire, Manchester, largest of the cities north of Boston, and several other smaller and somewhat industrial cities, offer at least a reasonable attraction to the intending emigrant; but in Vermont the tendency is to push down the Connecticut Valley even as their forbears a century ago pushed up, and perhaps land in Springfield or New York, or, following the eastern channels, land at once in Boston.

There is, of course, a considerable manufacturing industry in the state, but Vermont, by its training and its traditions, is not an industrial state.

But if the foregoing comparisons reveal in some instances striking differences in growth or in composition of population between northern and southern New England, it must not be supposed that the 'three sentinels of the north' are seeking, or would accept, sympathy or aid.

They are, however, for economic and other reasons, obviously lagging a little behind in the federal march of progress, and having sketched the condition it remains to consider the problem itself and possible methods of solving it.

III

Briefly stated, it is the old problem of country against city, under conditions especially unfavorable to the rural side. In northern New England many of the villages, from the standpoint of our time, ought not to have been settled. Many an isolated farm has no reason for existence. Yet village and farm are still more or less maintained. Thus, economically, the small north-country town has a struggle to survive. It is a pathetic struggle. Numbers at best are few, fewer still are the really capable citizens. At the rumored departure of one more, perhaps a community standby, a feeling of hopelessness strikes into the hearts of those who remain, and a pall of apathy and inefficiency tends slowly to settle over the small declining community, its church, and its activities.

This is not the soil from which spring enterprise and successful ventures, and it is to this depreciation of the town, the basic unit, more than to anything else, that the prevailing tendency to stagnation in population, agriculture, and business is due. Under this influence it is forgotten that times have changed, and that methods of business and marketing may require radical readjustment to make them newly effective. More than that, so far has degeneration of energy and real business sense progressed in nearly all the small communities, that to-day revival of activity and an attempt to induce prosperity and growth means that there first must be systematic instruction in the rudiments of doing things well and quickly. The stock is there, but the ability, once so alert to business, has now tended to become latent, and to be utilized in this period, inspiration and instruction are first needed.

In any attempt to improve popula-

tion conditions in the north-country states and to transform stagnation or decline of enterprise into progress, obviously effort must concentrate upon reduction of emigration and upon increase of opportunity to earn a reasonable living. Can these two essential objectives be even partially attained?

Every community is composed of two general classes of citizens — those of the more alert and energetic type, and those who tend to be sluggish and ineffective. The progress and prosperity of town, city, and state depend mainly upon the proportion of the former element to the entire citizenship. If it is low, stagnation or decline is usually inevitable.

From the north-country states for many years there has been a continuous drain to large cities and the West, of persons mostly in the most fruitful period of life. These losses have been drawn almost exclusively from the stronger element, — since the mere act of emigration requires both energy and ambition, — leaving a lessened proportion of that element. On the other hand, the poorer element, seldom reduced by departures, has tended steadily to increase in numbers by breeding down.

Here is the basic cause of the clear present tendency to stagnation. Northern New England, rural New York, and all other rural areas can never advance while the drain of the community's life-blood is in progress.

No serious attempt appears ever to have been made in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont to keep the discontented at home. Departures have come to be sadly accepted as inevitable, and in consequence these three states are, to an increasing degree, mere breeding-grounds to aid other commonwealths. There may have been excuse for this in the past, with a nation to be developed by the old settled states. There is none

to-day. This attitude is now merely part of a general and tragic let-down in efficiency.

What can be done to keep the young people contented and at home? At least two possible and practical methods present themselves. The first is to begin some simple and definite instruction in the public schools concerning duty and obligation to the state and community. It is no light matter in this period for parent and village to bear the cost and strain of creating, feeding, clothing, and educating boys and girls, merely to see them vanish at the earliest moment in which they can stand alone. Unquestionably this almost certain result is one of the causes of the low birth-rate. In these hard-pushed communities, where loyalty should be instinctive, the boys and girls ought to be taught to think out their future in some such way as this: 'Before I decide to abandon the old home and state which have given me being, nursed me, and made me all I am, with no cost to me, what can I find to do here at home of real value and service to my native state? If I cannot find suitable opportunity to advance myself and serve the community, then, and then only, I must go elsewhere.' Some such pledge should hang in every district school.

The second possible move in attempting to keep the young people at home logically deals with finding something worth while for the bright boy and girl to do. This is not an easy task in stagnant communities, but who shall say that such quests — if earnest — fail more than half the time? The proportion of failures will be even less if live organization is effected. There should be a state organization to persuade young people to remain at home, with agents in every town. Alert, inspiring men and women should conduct this organization, and the best men

and women in every town should be the local representatives. It is inevitable that, as the efficiency of this organization increases, the problems that it confronts will slowly decrease, because the proportion of the efficient is slowly being raised, and the efficient create opportunity.

A British statistician, in an analysis of the cost of the Great War which appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society* early in the conflict, discussed in interesting fashion the value of individual citizens to the state, and assigned a money-value to each. The amount varied from \$600 for a Russian to \$2000 for an Englishman. These estimates were made on a pre-war basis of values. They were of necessity entirely theoretical, but no one will be likely to dispute an advance to-day to \$3500 as the per capita value of the choicest element of north-country Americans. If the three states contribute annually to other states an average of only eight young men and women per community, judged by the material money standard of value suggested, the north country is giving away each year human power worth at home no less than \$35,000,000. The 300,000 persons recorded by the census as representing the net excess of emigration of native stock over immigration, piles up to the staggering total value of \$1,000,000,000.

It is significant that individual experiments in attempting to check departures prove that much can be accomplished even under present adverse conditions.

IV

But what of the second problem to be solved? How shall jobs be provided sufficiently attractive to hold the young people at home? If communities are composed of two general classes of inhabitants, states likewise are com-

posed of two corresponding classes of communities — those which progress and prosper, and those which are stagnant or declining. In the three north-country states the line is sharply drawn. With few exceptions evidences of progress and prosperity are confined to large towns and cities; the small communities chiefly are backward or actually declining. For the most part, the residents in the former group ignore, or observe with complete indifference, the embarrassments of their neighbors in the less fortunate class of communities. No thought is given by cities to the plight of the neighbor towns, no assistance planned, no systematic patronage offered. Chambers of Commerce are excellent institutions for those whom they serve, but they are supremely selfish. At the city limits, 'boosting' stops.

Meanwhile, the rural communities struggle to help themselves. The Grange and Farm Bureau are doing brave work in a discouraging cause. As they confront it, it is well-nigh hopeless. The farmer, especially the north-country farmer, having a small farm and limited resources, is not a business man. He has no executive ability. He has no outside connections. He has very small capital, and has lost much of his courage and confidence. What can such a class, even in combination, effect unaided in these days of big business and executive genius?

Here we reach the heart of the north-country problem. Agriculture is the prevailing calling of this class of failing communities; agriculture can do nothing alone. A new ally is needed. The prosperous element of the state must come to the aid of the weaker element. The strong men of affairs in the cities of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, with resources, ability, and executive capacity, instead of ignoring the languishing communities, —

possibly towns in which they themselves were reared, — and expending their resources and sympathies on the Near or Far East, no matter how worthy, should bestir themselves to aid their own blood. Genuine service begins at home.

Something can be done to increase industrial activity, especially where water-power can be developed; yet even there tragedy sometimes follows in the wake of ruthless power-corporations, which have seized land and water-rights and invaded the fields of the harassed farmer. In one instance, at least, in Vermont, a plucky farmer kept invaders from his fields only by tireless vigil with a shotgun.

The conviction cannot be escaped, however, that the future prosperity of the north country must be worked out along agricultural and lumbering lines. The other Sentinel States, stretching across the continent to the Pacific, find their prosperity primarily in fruit, grain, and dairy farming, and in lumbering. None of these states — except New York — possesses the wonderful opportunity which the northern New England states possess in having almost at their door the market afforded by the congested urban area of the nation. Fourteen millions of people in large cities are potential customers.

The first step is organization. There should be a Tri-State Association with state branches. A survey should be made, a programme formulated, and money raised. The northern New England states can be made the Denmark of America, the producers of the finest dairy and poultry products — perhaps put out under state guaranties, and laid down in their own warehouses in all large Eastern cities. Orchards can be greatly developed, and the Eastern market wrested from Far-West producers who now possess it under a handicap of three thousand miles.

With brains, enthusiasm, and capital all things can be accomplished in our time. Only when the highland states are compelled to admit that these three essentials cannot be supplied, is the battle for progress surely lost. Can they meet this challenge?

In its widest aspect this is not a local New England problem. The states of the Federal Union have become so accustomed to growth and prosperity that they do not know how to meet any unfavorable signs. Yet such signs exist in many states. Rural decline is a national problem. Counties aggregating one million square miles in area — one third of the national domain — declined in population at the last census. In New York seventy-five per cent of all the cities and towns returned decreases; but New York's vast urban resources made these changes relatively unimportant. In northern New England there are few cities to sustain the state's prosperity, and the rural decline becomes correspondingly serious. Let the north-country states point the way to even partial success in restoring and maintaining state prosperity, and the nation will be their debtor to a vastly greater degree than by the free gift of men and women.

It has been estimated recently that summer visitors annually expend about \$45,000,000 in Maine. Much of this great sum goes out of the state at once for the purchase of supplies, but the amount retained is an important part of the state's income. In lesser degree, New Hampshire and Vermont also secure considerable revenue from the summer visitor. This source of income can easily be made to yield large increase. Economists may cynically contend that Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are destined ultimately to become mere winter and summer playgrounds; but no real lover of these states will ever admit that a higher and

more dignified destiny may not be theirs — for the effort.

Northern New England offers vast unsettled areas, capable of supporting frugally self-respecting and hard-working families. It needs new blood of the sort not afraid of cold weather and work. The three states might wisely buy in unoccupied farm land and use it for homesteading for American immigrants or newly arriving Dutch, English, Scotch, and Scandinavian immigrants.

Wake up, northern New England! You need more people of a strong and resourceful type, not of the incoming peasant class; you need to abandon inaccessible farms and perhaps entire villages, and to improve and expand the more favored areas; you need to keep your boys and girls at home by showing them that you are doing things for them. You need to produce and sell goods and spend money, just as any large business corporation does.

Finally, there is no other project on earth with such a vast throng of advocates and salesmen. They are all members of the family. They are your sons and daughters. There's a queer quality in the mountaineer. It was old a thousand years ago when the Scotch Highlander began to teach the world what loyalty meant. There is no escaping the fact that the man born in a land where he looks off at the sunrise or sunset across wide-sweeping hills and valleys, or watches the clouds break on ragged mountain-tops, is different from the dweller on the plains; and wherever you place him, he never forgets the old home. That is the Maine and New Hampshire man a thousand miles from home — it is preëminently the Vermonter.

There are 500,000 of these men and women, natives of the north-country

states, earning their living elsewhere and everywhere in the United States — outside of home. Wherever they are, they will not fail you.

On a still and beautiful September morning some years ago, a freight train dragged its slow way upgrade on a northern Vermont cross-state line. On the back platform of the caboose stood an old man and a young man. The older one wore a Grand Army badge and he explained that he had been attending a reunion in Boston. 'I live in Nebraska,' he said; 'moved there after the war, and went to farming.'

'Why are you here in Vermont?' asked the other.

'Born in Hardwick. I had to visit the old home before I went back to Nebraska.'

'Pretty flat out there, is n't it?'

'Awful flat in my section.'

Just then the train pulled out on the hillside, and there opened up a wide expanse of tumbled hills rising on and on to a far blue horizon, and in the foreground the flaming colors of the maple groves in Vermont's golden September.

'When you look over your flat acres,' said the younger man, 'don't you miss the old hills of Vermont?'

The veteran turned on him almost savagely. 'My God! I can't shake it. I've been thinking about that ever since I've been back here.'

Three sentinels of the north — sentinels also in the hearts of all their children! By taking thought, the north-country states can provide for themselves increasing numbers, resources, and influence. It means progress against stagnation. It requires organization, as do all great efforts in our time; but progress can be secured for the effort.

LOBSTERING

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

ONE starts out lobstering at sunrise, but, in point of fact, the whole affair begins the night before, when some observant herald has announced that the Captain is going up to the Weepeakits in the morning to haul in traps. That is the real beginning, because all persons present are caught into discussions. Some say that man can rightly live only if he is up to drink the new dew off the grass; and others, that it is not meet to watch the dawn put on her golden dress.

For myself, I cannot bring my mind to any settlement; for, as I step outside, and see the stars drip slowly down behind the sea-blown hills, and watch the moon just looking out from mackerel clouds, I feel that I cannot bear to leave the night in order to refresh myself for daybreak. How is it that so many of us can, with thoughtless ease, pass by the wonders of that black mysterious mantle that the sun leaves in preparation for his morning brilliancy in China, and sink, in dreams, from the shaded peace it brings, back to an active daylight life, where we are all awake and prancing through our ordinary cares again? Do we so love the light, that we must even go to sleep to find it? So many of us do not go to bed because seduced by heavy-eyed fatigue: we go to woo oblivion, or else to coax our suns up into shining through our dreams, so that we may never lose them, even though the world comes in between.

Night is delicate-fingered, or she could not put her touch upon our eye-

lids so caressingly; Day is a rough and thoughtless wind that whoops its boisterous voices in our ears. Night is a woman in a veil, with beauty promised but half-hidden; Day is too clear, too bright; we know her meanings without asking; she pours her jewels out before our eyes, and makes no hidden confidences. Night is secret and alive, while Day slips into the slumbrous coma of its own activity. Should not I, then, I thought, stay up and write a sonnet to the moon, or whisper back their beauty to the stars, or wind a wreath of flowers round my neck and tell them like a rosary in praise of darkness? Why go to bed at all, I said; why leave the earth, where man's adventure is so short, to meet death's easier brother so many hours every twenty-four? I said and thought a multitude of things; yet sleep laid me low, and a small breeze stole in to take a look at me, and send soft laughter up to heaven telling of my faithlessness.

Dawn is a synonym for Youth; and if the dark-hearted Spaniards who sought to discover rebirth in a fountain had ever come upon that sparkling water, they would have found it crimson-colored, like the advent of a summer day. For when you spring onto the glittering edges of a clear dawn's carpet, you find that Youth is beside you there. The Day is young; the world has bathed and shows a new face underneath the dust that sat upon its features; and you, because time was before you were, and the earth was old before you knew it — you are

the youngest of them all. And as you walk into the sea, you take delight in feeling Youth run down your body with the waves, and shine from round brown arms seen through the water.

I go, it seems, from dewy eve to dawn, and come no nearer to my subject; yet this is all a part of lobstering, else why attend it? Surely not alone to see dead fish put into pots for bait, or to persecute the gray marauding spider crab that makes himself a most unwelcome guest. The dark, the dawn, the swim, all are a prelude to adventure; and so is sitting on the kitchen table, drinking milk, which aggravates the cat, and hurrying off across the thick wet lawn, to where the Lottie J. bobs up and down in restless anticipation of departure.

The Captain is piling bait. We call him Cheerful Charlie; for, even when the dense November fogs set in, his large-mouthed smile shines through them as if he were a genteel cousin of the Cheshire Cat. He earns his name when piling bait, for this means putting fish into barrels — fish that died a day or so ago, and have been brought most noisomely to life in horrid odors by the hot and sand-reflected sun. They stink — there is no other word to do them credit; they stink as does the idea of a Catholic hell, and spread their vile perfumes abroad engulfingly. I hold my breath, my nose, my tongue, as we sit in an agonizing *tête-à-tête* aboard the "skiff" that takes us to the Lottie J. I suffer thus in silence, for these bearded corpses of decadent fish are apple pie and jam to lobsters. They lure the crawfish from his home, and leave his children orphans. Their presence penetrates the ocean's weed-washed walls and calls its scavengers abroad to feasting. But they were never meant to make a sweeter world for man; and so, when they have been safely landed on the Lottie J., Cap covers them with

tarpaulin, and I at last release my features, and sit me down to contemplate that wallflower maiden we call Morning.

Cape Cod in June sends forth a sweeter scent than ever was distilled from flower fields at Grasse; but where it comes from, no one knows. Some say it is the ocean's breath, and some that blossoms sighed it out of gardens, or that the wind brought it from the Cape Verde Islands. Yet it is not one of these things, for it holds them all. It is the sea, and roses, and new grass just cut. It is the heated essence of the Spring, yet it is damply fresh. So swift-passing and elusive is it, that May and June are the only months that wear it in their blowy hair.

It greeted me with its own actual ecstasy, as I sat in leisurely fashion against the poop, and listened to the comfortable *chug-chug* that took us out of harbor — and wakened all the neighbors from their last deep drowsiness. I had no heart for them just then. The loggerheads, I thought, the sleepy fools, to miss the birth of June; and I pretended to forget the births of months I'd missed. I sat in high tranquillity, despising sleepyheads; and yet, though by a call no louder than a periwinkle's whisper I could have roused them all, I should have left them snoring, every one.

The tide rip caught us presently, and called a halt on the Lottie J.; and I had time to see the paths the sun trod in his rising. He painted added crimson on the ramblers' faces as they swung along the roofs of small white cottages; he turned the close-clipped lawns to velvet beds that one would like to lie upon, and showed pink cheeks of hollyhocks just peering over hedges. He gave to each and everything an added color that belonged, and then he fringed it with a lengthening splash of gold. I saw the secrets of his toilet as

we pushed, pushed, pushed against the rushing water, as we sidled and swerved and made headway through the unyielding tide, and at last emerged into the long, lolling, easy swell that filled the bay.

Cap had marked his buoys red and white, and the Lottie J. had been to them so often that it seemed as if she could have found her way unguided. But Cap knew a courtesy he had not learned from 'summer folks'; and because I'd come to help in lobstering, he let me have the helm and, under his tuition, slip the Lottie close enough to the buoys for him to catch the trap rope. It was not as simple as it sounds; for Cap has better eyes than I, and, thinking that I did not need a great deal of directing, would start off on some tale of Portuguese pillagers, who came from New Bedford to steal lobsters, or tell how Sam'l Hawkins got his money, or how Dick Petersen was fool enough to break his fish-weir and let two sharks get in — and then, — abruptly, when I was most thoroughly absorbed, — would come: —

'*Loo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-w* there — starboard, starboard; put 'er starboard! Hard, hard, hard, put 'er o-o-o-over!'

And then a grunt, as he reached out as far as his body would go, and caught the trap by the grace of God and a long boat-hook, but through no fault of mine. I leave the wheel and jump to help pull in the trap. It is always heavy, and Cap says: —

'This means a "counter."'

A counter, you, of course, will know, is a lobster long enough to count; the others are undersized and must be thrown back. Sometimes there are counters, sometimes even supercounters, sometimes 'shorts,' and more often than anything, there are hundreds of spider crabs. Great ugly long-legged

gourmands they are, caught in the toils of their greed. Cap is ruthless with the spider crabs. They seem to put the iron to his soul, and rouse in him the dreadful spirit of wholesale massacre. Their impudence and gluttony fill him with anger, and his seldom irritated nature allows itself full-swing on their ungainly bodies. He has not time to punish all of them, and for the most part they are cast aside with a gesture of profound disgust. But occasionally a monster catches himself in the lattices of the trap. He is torn limb from limb, he is crushed, he is spat upon, and hurled into the water, in an abandon of anger which is sufficient to bring Cheerful Charlie back into his own again.

Surely, if we could but find all that lies at the bottom of the ocean, we should know the beginning and end of everything. There must be secrets worth the hearing 'down in the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are'; for even in lobster pots we get a hint of them. Black-dressed starfish trimmed with pearls, who own small yellow mouths like ladies' mesh-bags, and look upon the mermaids' caves below with one red eye; and their smaller brothers, decked in scarlet, whose Polyphemus orb is yellow; there are rainbow fish and sea bass, winkles that are blind, and dirty cunners, that come up in the scum-covered pot to be subjected to man's mood. Some are kept to grace the Fish Commission tanks, and be a target for the eyes of wandering tourists; some are taken home to form a dinner for the cat; and some, because of their appealing delicate futility, are allowed to drop back to refreshing water and their native habitat.

The lobsters alone tell histories. Their missing tentacles spell tales of battles fought, or mad retreat from larger foes, or lives and limbs left

whole and quite intact from virtue of their little size and insignificance. Occasionally you find the field of war laid out before your eyes. In the parlor of the lobster pot you see two occupants, who eye each other chillily. One is whole, replete, and smoothly shining, while the other's tail and claws and long red antennæ are rattling round as separate parts.

Trap after trap is jerked over the side and emptied of good and evil. Only the previous bait is left — white skeletons of fishes' bones that have been picked to leprous lividness by the sea's despoilers of the dead. Cap removes the tarpaulin from the buckets of bad fish. I vainly hope that the clouds prevent the smell from reaching heaven, for Jupiter himself would fancy that his breakfast egg was plucked too ripe, and Juno would be censured for it. Cap, however, in oilskins and those gloves they sell at 'Centre Stores,' is bold. He seizes three or four of these degenerated corpses, and impales them through their glazed and glassy eyes upon an iron stake set in the middle of the trap.

The Lottie begins to teem with hard-shelled red-green crawlers. They lie in loose abandoned attitudes about the deck, or edge themselves with wily slowness toward the scuppers. And the boat becomes hysterical. She rolls, dips, squirms, she plunges and wallows, she rises and falls in frantic agitation, until that group of traps is past, and we go on again, in and out between the outlying rocks of the little green islands, to the next cluster of red-and-white buoys.

The sun is high now. One can see mirages of magic islands far away. They look like clouds, or battleships, set in a platinum ring; and just beyond them is a boat, a cargo-carrier perhaps, a tramp it may be, or an ornate steamer. We cannot tell, because the

most we see of her above the sky line is a thin thread of trailing vapor and two black needles that are masts.

But there are nearer things to hand. New Bedford has arrayed her pink-tinged spires in soft rolls of smoke as white as well-washed wool, and she herself just vaguely shows her colored presence through. Naushon lies green and unawakened on the other side, and deer come down to drink at creeks, and eat the grass before the sun has had a chance to dry it up. Straight ahead of us is Penikese, a name that holds foreboding in its eight letters. Penikese has always been an island that one passed with consciously averted face, a place where fishermen would never land, a fair green strip of land with decent pleasant houses, where shadows hung in clouds above it, yet where, for all its fearsomeness, heroes took up their abode, with courage for their servant. For Penikese has been for many years a leper colony. Now the lepers have gone, transferred because brave science has hinted of a cure; but still the island is an outcast and a pariah, and probably will be always.

The Lottie J. and I had found, by Cap's direction, the last red bobbing buoy, so we turned our heads toward home again. We ploughed through the whitecaps which showered us with leaping stinging spray. Cap took the wheel, and I stood on the after hatch, playing games of balance with the waves; and when they found they could not throw me, they sent a cloud of diamond water dashing in my face. The tide rip rushed us through the Hole, and we ran up to dock with the proud consciousness of having done our duty to fifty-seven lobster pots, and knowing that for our pains we would be rewarded with great cups of coffee, hot and steaming, buttered toast with bacon, and, at the end, a giant bowl of strawberries and cream.

PROGRESSIVISM, OLD AND NEW

BY CHARLES MERZ

I

I HAVE sometimes thought that, if ever I looked back upon a well-rewarded life, one chapter in the ensuing autobiography would bear the title: 'Second Thoughts on Having Cast a Presidential Vote for Parley Parker Christensen.'

Time crops the roses. Christensen you may remember only faintly. But it was less than three short years ago, in the cellar of a rug-store in West 47th Street, New York, — a cellar temporarily converted into a polling-place, — that I put a cross beside the name of this Utah barrister who had come from the West to lead the Farmer-Labor Party. I cannot pretend that I did it with great gusto. Of Christensen himself I knew nothing save that he was six feet two, an Odd Fellow, and an Elk. Personally, he seemed to me an unexciting candidate to vote for. I left the rug-store mentally serene but emotionally flat. Somehow, though there was no reason for it, I felt as guilty as if I had been caught voting twice.

And I dare say that there were others who shared the feeling with me. None of us, I suppose, was voting for Christensen as a candidate. We thought that we were voting for him as a principle. We objected to a choice between two parties that failed to offer any choice — parties whose chief political conviction seemed to be the necessity of turning each other out of office. We looked forward to a day when parties would be moderately cohesive — when

'Republican,' for instance, would mean either Mr. Lodge or Mr. Hearst or Mr. Pinchot, but not all three of them at once. We believed the American genius to be capable of sustaining, ultimately, a form of political campaign which was not a contest in evasion but the submission to the voter of a choice between conservatism on one side, progressivism on the other. We thought we saw, in a vote for Christensen, a vote for such an order. And we rallied, here and there in modest groups, to his somewhat pallid banner.

Christensen was beaten. He got, if I remember rightly, one vote in ninety-nine. Thereafter, as promptly and completely as if the earth had swallowed him, he disappeared. But he prophesied, on the eve of his departure, a revolt within the ranks of the major parties well before the next election. And that prophecy has been echoing and reëchoing ever since. Senator Borah's is the latest voice to take it up. 'Unless there is a complete change of programme on the part of the Republican Party,' he has recently asserted, 'a change through the adoption of a liberal and constructive policy, there will be a formidable third-party movement in 1924.'

We are witnessing, in fact, a series of political disturbances unlike anything in 1920, and far more auspicious for a young insurgency. The last Congressional elections bore evidence to that. An unprecedented number of

stand-pat leaders — Calder, Mondell, du Pont, Townsend, McCumber, Kellogg, Freylinghuysen — marched up the hill and down again. Into the Senate have come Brookhart, Frazier, Wheeler, — to join La Follette, Ladd, and Norris, — rebels who ran off with the insignia of Republicanism and Democracy in their own states, pursued by angry party-regulars. The November elections were by no means a clear-cut 'progressive' victory; they are still being interpreted, in fact, as each man wants to interpret them for himself: a rebuke to everything, from Daugherty to Isolation. But certainly it may be said of them that they revealed a measure of dissatisfaction with post-war problems resolved in terms of pre-McKinley policy.

Subsequently we have had, first an impressive show of strength on the part of the Farm bloc in the Senate; then a conference of forty 'progressive' senators and representatives in Washington; and finally another conference in Cleveland, to consolidate a 'people's legislative bloc.' To be sure, the Old Guard still controls the machinery of both major parties. It holds the keys to campaign coffers. The rebels are a small minority. But in their successes last November, their blocs, their challenges to a somewhat less confident majority, more than one prophet in our midst discerns the rise of a 'new Progressivism,' model 1923, definitely headed toward an attempt to assert itself in 1924. This time, its partisans declare, the insurgent movement is founded in realities, growing of its own accord. It is not the forced product that it was in 1920. Neither is it, as in the days of Roosevelt, a bolt from the ranks on the part of the personal followers of an ambitious leader. This time the Presidential cart is not before the horse; the platform is coming first, the captain later on.

In short, the leaders of this 1923 Progressivism bid those of us who cast a vote for Christensen three years ago to pluck up courage, come out of the storm-cellar, or the rug-cellar, and survey the modern scene. Here is the thing you have been waiting for. Here is a *new* Progressivism.

We come to the top step, at any rate. We shall be forgiven if after two false starts we ask for time. Of what does this 'new' Progressivism consist? How does it differ from the old?

Even its official leaders, so far as it has any, are inclined to disagree about it. Progressives in the Senate are divided in three camps. There is a conservative Right Wing, led by such men as Owen, of the Democrats, and Capper, of the G. O. P. There is no Centre. And then there is a radical Left Wing that pivots on the leadership of Brookhart and La Follette, Frazier, Wheeler, Ladd, and other downright party rebels. Still farther to the Left, perhaps, — for the reason that he has cut loose entirely from the two old parties, — is Shipstead of Minnesota.

On the surface the difference between Left and Right is this: the Right is ready to throw a wrench into the existing machinery of politics and finance only when it feels it has to, the Left for the sake of the ensuing crash. That, however, is not where this new Progressivism essentially lacks unity. For any political alliance is bound to have factions varying from radical to conservative within the broad limits of its own special faith. More characteristic is the fact that this 1923 Progressivism, like its predecessors, is mobilizing around a few points of special interest. Its leaders agree on enough points, chiefly in the matter of farm legislation, to give them cohesion in the Senate. But they by no means agree about a host of other matters, such as the right way to enforce the eighteenth

amendment, the justice of an eight-hour day for farmhands, the comparative merits of Sunday blue laws, compulsory arbitration, moving-picture censorship, government ownership of railways, land-taxes, Russia. American Progressivism has not the same community in culture and conviction that characterizes, say, Liberalism in England. Instead, it is something more objective, localized. There is no tradition and no set of principles broad enough to bring Progressives together, all along the line.

Too much ought not to be made of this distinction. I have overstated the situation on both sides. Certainly a good measure of the homogeneity in British Liberalism is pure protective coloring. Nevertheless, the distinction is real enough, and there is every reason why it should be. Not only is Progressivism in its infancy in America, as an organized doctrine of political faith, with none of the history of British Liberalism behind it: more important is the influence of geography. It is easier to achieve homogeneity in a tight little island like Britain than across the sprawling plains and mountains of a continent. A score of local issues and enthusiasms inevitably intrude on every party's interests. Progressivism suffers — or, it may be, *profits* — from the same separatism that has affected the evolution of the older parties. The chances are that it will never be the same thing, at the same moment, in both Emporia and New York.

What are we to take, then, as a fair sample of the 'new' Progressivism? Something from the West, certainly. Something, if we are to choose the group that sets the pace, on the style of Brookhart, Frazier, Wheeler, Ladd. Progressivism, let us say, such as suits a radical who has not yet broken with a stand-pat state machine, but captured it — a farmer who waves Jove's

lightning over 'Wall Street's' head.

That is not a complete description of the 1923 Progressive, but it will do well enough to start with.

II

If you turn back to the 1912 Progressive platform (you will have hard work finding it anywhere except in 1913 almanacs), you will observe one point which seems odd in 1923: very little emphasis was put on any special interest of the farmer. In fact, not until the seventy-second paragraph of that Covenant with the People did the farmer even enter. Then he was told that 'the development and prosperity of country life are as important to the people who live in cities as they are to the farmers.' He was further assured, and not without reason, that increase of prosperity on the farms would promote the interests of the people living there. And he was guaranteed that this new party pledged itself 'to foster the development of agricultural credit and coöperation, the teaching of agriculture in the schools, agricultural college extension, the use of mechanical power on the farm, and to reestablish the Country Life Commission.'

Adequate; but not very stirring reading for the farmer. And perhaps, looking back across a decade, we may say that the 1912 Progressive movement had little of the agrarian revolution in it. Essentially it was a small-town movement. Its agricultural programme, you will note, was introduced with an assurance that it was a matter of importance for 'the people who live in cities.' The delegates to the 1912 Convention decked themselves in bright bandanas. But they bought them in the stores on Main Street. The colors were too shiny ever to have come from farms.

The first real distinction between

Progressivism in 1912 and 1923 is a new stress upon the interests of the farmer. Naturally enough the Farm bloc itself believes in that. But an agricultural plank led the programme of the Progressive Conference in Washington; and another agricultural plank had first place in the conference at Cleveland, despite the fact that here was an assembly more industrial in its make-up. The interests of the man behind the plough are given precedence. And the reason is not difficult to find.

For protest is the core of political insurgency, and the farmer has a grievance which he is asserting with increasing vehemence. That is the substantial fact behind the Farm bloc — and behind 1923 Progressivism as it exists to-day. The farmer believes that he is not getting a just return on the value of his capital and the investment of his energy. And something, he insists, must be done about it.

There are friends who tell him to be patient, that things will come out happily a little later. These are the people inclined to accept as constitutional the grumblings of the farmer. 'He would n't be happy if he were n't complaining.' But from available data it is difficult to escape the conclusion that falling prices have hit the farmer harder than any other producer in the country. The National Bureau of Economic Research, for instance, estimates that last year the average farm family received an income of something like \$900. That is well below the income of the miner and the railway-man, the bricklayer and machinist. And from those earnings should be deducted something for a temporary depreciation of land values — and something more, fairly, for interest on investment. Dollars are bigger leaving the farm than coming back to it. What the farmer sells to-day is anywhere

from fifteen to thirty per cent nearer pre-war prices than the things he buys.

All this may be transitory. But it is natural enough, meanwhile, that the farmer feels dissatisfaction; that he is tempted to believe that the trouble with these dollars — too small at one time, too large at another — is a scarcity of money. That inspiration has occurred to the American farmer several times before, and has been identified with two of the most disastrous failures in the history of the country's politics: the Greenback movement of the eighteen-seventies, and the Free Silver movement of the nineties. On both occasions the farmers were caught in a jam of low prices, insufficient credit, and unfair discrimination on the railways. There was a chance, when they turned to politics, that they would work out a constructive economic programme. But the conviction that in the price-structure lay the root of all imaginable economic evils ran away with their imagination. First, greenback paper. Then, free silver. In both cases an agrarian revolution wrecked itself on the rocks of Easy Money. The price-situation vanished long before the advocates of its solution could get within striking distance of political control.

To-day, save for an actual demand that currency be inflated, the situation of the seventies and the nineties is faithfully reproduced. The demand may come to-morrow. Part of Henry Ford's appeal to the price-worn farmer lies in the belief that he would make it. And if there is a danger here, it is nowhere more real than for Progressivism itself. What the movement needs is a sound programme of agricultural finance. Easy Money is a skyrocket that might light the summer sky. What it would set afire we know from two brisk conflagrations in the past.

III

Look back again to that 1912 programme drawn at Armageddon, and it is not only the appearance of the farmer in the rôle of angry plaintiff that marks the new Progressivism from the old: other changes wrought by this last decade are apparent.

Progressivism, in the days of Roosevelt, had three chief rallying-cries. 'Down with the trusts,' came first. The 1912 platform was full of it. 'Concentration of vast wealth . . . unguarded and uncontrolled by the nation . . . enormous, secret, irresponsible power . . . insufferable in a free government. . . . Preserve its good while eradicating and preventing its evils. . . . Strong Federal Administrative Commission . . . active supervision . . . trained watchfulness.' — 'Under such a system of constructive regulation,' said the 1912 Progressives, 'legitimate business, freed from confusion, uncertainty, and fruitless litigation, will develop normally in response to the energy and enterprise of the American business man.'

With denunciation of the trusts, in 1912, went demand for government at first-hand: government of the People directly *by* the People. Direct primaries — direct election of Senators — direct initiative, referendum, and recall. And to those planks was added, regularly, a programme of 'social welfare' couched in the terminology of the Settlement Worker. These three codes were the core of Roosevelt Progressivism. It is unnecessary to observe that in eleven years we have got an unconscionably long way away from them.

For of the trusts we hear comparatively little now. The cartoonists still make use of them. Occasionally there appears on the editorial page that familiar figure, fat, silk-hatted, with checkered vest of dollar-signs, who

doles out oil or coal or groceries to a small unhappy Private Citizen. For the rest, the trust has passed — to be sure, it may be only for the moment — into the limbo of tandem bicycles, polkas, free will *vs.* predeterminism, as an all-absorbing topic of debate. It may be that the same apostasy sent it there — the perpetual aspiration of the simian mind for something new and interesting. Or it may be that collectively we came to doubt our chance ever to affect the destinies of giant corporations through any such modest instruments as 'strong Federal Administrative Commissions . . . active supervision . . . trained watchfulness' — and did n't know what else to do about it.

In either case, the word 'trust-buster' has gone the way of 'abolitionist' and 'free-soiler.' It may reappear. But if it persists, to-day, it must be somewhere in the fastnesses of Kentucky hills, where they say that Elizabethan English reigns supreme. We hear little of trusts — and little of that second slogan of the 1912 Progressives: the demand for 'direct legislation.' Never a matter easy to dramatize, always remote from the exigencies of the family budget, this latter issue has sifted gently into the hands of reform organizations founded especially to keep breath in its uninteresting body. Its value I do not question. But of its inability to arouse popular enthusiasm there is no great room for doubt.

Only the last member of the old Progressive trilogy — 'social welfare' — do we have with us still. Mr. Lusk now calls it Bolshevism.

IV

What stands out in the new Progressivism, in contrast to the trust-busting and direct legislation of the old — perhaps filling the void left by

the whittling away of those enthusiasms — is a far wider interest in all matters economic.

There is more talk, for instance, of the community of interest between producers, — whether producers in the cornfields or machine shops, — and of the necessity of coöperation in politics between urban labor and the farmers. To the conference at Cleveland came delegates of Railway Brotherhoods and Garment-Workers, Moulders, Painters, Plasterers, and a score of others, to agree upon a platform with the farmers' Granges. It is a Platonic sort of courtship, no passion lost on either side. Both groups know simply that they share one solid economic interest: hostility to the merchant-middleman who reaps a profit at both ends of distribution. But after that the case for partnership is not so clear. We have yet to see what the farmers will say to a proposal by the trades-unions to unionize farm labor. We have yet to see what will happen if the merchant-middleman should actually be eliminated, perhaps through development of co-operative distribution, and the two groups of producers be pitted directly against each other, in a tug-of-war for profits. There are more obstacles, ultimately, in the way of a thorough-going partnership than the optimistic partisans of that programme usually point out. But emphasis upon such a partnership as the one pivotal point in the strategy of accomplishing results — that is definitely a new note since 1912.

It is not the only 'economic' innovation. The Farm bloc, the Cleveland conference, camp gatherings of farmer-labor people elsewhere, now talk in terms of taxes, credits, railroads, oil, and water power. Even the Right Wing of the Farm bloc demands, for instance, new levies on 'undisturbed surpluses and stock dividends': quite another matter than the 'gradual in-

heritance and income tax' which was all the 1912 Progressive platform had to say about taxation. Again, the farmers and the unionists who met at Cleveland demanded 'introduction of genuine democracy into industry and agriculture' — a programme more ambitious than the 'social-welfare' planks of 1912. Most of the emphasis that used to go to visions of political control over the Oil Trust and its nine-armed brothers in the Family Octopus, now goes to matters such as finance, freight-rates, transportation, 'privilege.'

It might almost be said, in fact, that the lines of conflict are really drawn in the field of economics, and not of politics at all. Organized labor confronts organized capital in the workshops. Coöperative societies struggle with commission men and speculators for control of crops. Labor banks and coöperative loan associations compete with trust companies and commercial banks for credit. The economic rivalry that lagged behind political insurgency is coming to the front. And unquestionably the farmer-labor faction takes a greater interest in it. New coöperative organizations on the farms have put up the price of raisins, apples, oranges, tobacco. Labor banks are operating in a dozen different cities. One, founded by the Locomotive Engineers in Cleveland, began business with resources of \$650,000; to-day, twenty-eight months later, its resources are \$25,000,000 — almost forty times as large. A Garment Workers' bank was opened in New York within the last few weeks. It took a squadron of police to handle ten thousand men and women jammed in the street before its doors. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on deposit at nine o'clock in the morning — double that sum, at the end of the bank's first six hours' business.

There is an unmistakable shift in interest from politics to economics. In part, that may be the result of a general unpopularity into which politics has lately come. 'Too much politics' during war days, too much governmental control, has been followed by reaction. There is something symbolic in one recent incident, of questionable importance in itself. A few weeks ago a certain State Senator, Chappellear of Pickaway County, introduced into the Ohio Legislature a bill making it unlawful for thermometers to register more than 79 degrees in summer, or less than 42 in winter. 'If the temperature is regulated,' declared the author of this revolutionary measure, 'and the heat of summer stored up and saved by law, as daylight is now conserved by ordinances in various cities of the state, the blessings of such action will be incalculable.' Certain portions of his address suggest that Senator Chappellear was not entirely in earnest. But with the spirit of his effort more than one constituent has surely sympathized. Government, during the war, 'regulated' everything. Why not regulate the temperature? Somewhere in Washington is a vast, impersonal bureaucracy — remote, gigantic, meddlesome. 'Government' is no more popular than the plague — 'politics' no more exciting than a Sunday evening.

To that state of mind, it is more than likely, are due some of Mr. Harding's troubles in the White House. The confusion of mind and the lethargy with which the Republican party has met his successive efforts are perhaps merely the reflections of a wider lethargy and confusion of mind, about politics in general, throughout the country.

V

There will probably come a quickening of interest in the political scene

when the brass bands of rival factions begin to celebrate the opening of new campaigns. And with that quickening of interest we shall observe still another difference between Progressivism in 1912 and 1923. At least so far as its leaders are concerned, this later Progressivism is a far more irreconcilable affair with which to deal.

The Progressivism of 1912 was earnest, even apostolic. Its campaign programme boiled with indignation. 'Armageddon . . . invisible government . . . unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics . . . a new party to build a nobler commonwealth . . . born of the Nation's awakened sense of injustice . . . country belongs to the people who inhabit it.' There was a spirit of evangelism about 1912 Progressivism; those who attended its conventions will remember how fleeting were the intervals between successive hymns.

And yet, for all their moral indignation, the 1912 Progressives were not Avenging Angels descending from the skies to visit swift destruction on their foes. Theirs was more the crusader's spirit of a political Salvation Army. It is these Left Wing agrarian leaders of 1923 who feel themselves Avenging Angels. The farmers' turn is coming. They herald a day of retribution. Their programme is atonement for past sins.

These Left Wing leaders are, in fact, more definitely class-conscious than the Roosevelt Progressives ever were. Not class conscious, for a moment, in the sense in which the Marxians use that term. There is no Socialism in this farmers' movement; its first abiding principle is private ownership of land. The whole background from which it comes is a middle-class array of farm and fireside. No Marx can bid these workers 'Arise — You have nothing to lose except your chains!' That would be beside the point. 'Arise!' declare

these Western leaders, 'You have *everything* to lose except your chains — Ford tractors, farm machinery, electric lights, victrolas.'

Nevertheless, in the sense of opposing to the moneyed interests of the East their own farm alliance of the West, these agrarian radicals reveal a spirited class-consciousness. They assail the bankers tirelessly. One of the reasons why they champion the soldiers' bonus is 'because Wall Street does n't like it.' Their policy of isolation (except in so far as modified by the farmer's concern over loss of European markets) is due in large part to animosity toward a real or fancied 'ring of international bankers.' In a very real degree the philosophy of this new Progressivism is sectional.

Some of us may not like to face the fact. Progressivism, we feel, is another of those finely abstract things like Liberty and Justice that can bridge the widest spans. But Progressivism, as even the Right Wing of this new agrarian mutiny projects it, is a policy of sectional retaliation. 'Before the farm bloc was organized,' declares Senator Capper, 'there was a railroad bloc, an oil bloc, a steel bloc, a sugar bloc, a Chamber of Commerce bloc — none of them making very much noise, but all of them well organized and getting in their work just the same. To us it seemed about time for a farm bloc to get into the game.'

An eye for an eye and a bloc for a bloc. Again we are turning back, not to the insurgency of 1912, but to the agrarian revolts of the seventies and nineties. The great political struggle in this country, our own substitute for the industrial class-warfare of the Marxians, has been the long struggle between a debtor farming class and its creditors in the cities. Turn back to another Cleveland Conference, — this one in 1875, — to Donnelly's *Anti-*

Monopolist, to the speeches of 'Brick' Pomeroy and General Weaver and James Buchanan, to the argument of Solon Chase about free coinage and 'them steers' of his that made him a prominent figure in the public eye for half a decade — and you will find much that same enthusiasm for 'blocs' and inevitable well-deserved retaliation that characterizes this Western Progressivism of to-day. Or compare Brookhart, Shipstead, and La Follette, hurling challenges at Wall Street — with Bryan in the nineties: 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold. . . . We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them. . . . This is a struggle between the idle holders of idle wealth and the struggling masses who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country. . . . You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard. I tell you that the great cities rest upon these broad and fertile plains.'

That is what they really feel to-day, these Western leaders. Theirs is the rôle of an Avenger — and if fate offers opportunity, an Avenger capable of quite desperate things. Done in the Lord's name, to be sure, and for the good of an opponent's soul; but done with a grimness unlike the evangelism of Bull Moose bandana-days.

That fact, too, we must bear in mind as we survey this heterogeneous new Progressivism. Increasingly economic in its aims and impulse, increasingly Calvinistic in its tone, in its ears still rings the echo of that speech before the Cross of Gold: —

'Burn down your cities and leave our farms — and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in this country.'

FLEMING VERSUS WALLOON

BY HENRY DE MAN

I

Is Flanders a Continental Ireland? Does the growing violence of the struggle between its Flemish and its French-speaking citizens spell the disruption of Belgium?

The answer to these questions is important. Quite apart from the dramatic possibilities of Belgium's own future, it has an immediate bearing on European politics at large. Whether Belgium will continue to support the French policy with regard to Germany depends, in the first place, on whether its French-speaking population retains its precarious supremacy. An independent Flemish nation would deprive France of her last Occidental auxiliary, put a formidable obstacle in the way of her Continental expansion policy, and disturb the present balance between Teutonic and Gallic influence at the most vital spot of their time-honored battlefield.

How is it, then, that hitherto such a vital question has received such scant attention in the press abroad, especially in America? The contrast with the space devoted to Ireland is striking, and throws an interesting sidelight on the deficiencies of the world's present system of news-distribution.

The Flemings just about equal the Irish in numbers. They are a majority of the population, not in some obscure Eastern mushroom republic, but in one of the most highly civilized industrial countries in Western Europe, which recent circumstances have made a first-

class factor in Continental politics. And although there is not — or not yet — a civil war, as in Ireland, there is no lack of dramatic incidents that would make good stories even for the yellowest newspapers. Since 1918 there have been numerous death-sentences imposed by Belgian court-martials; there have been scenes of riot and bloodshed in the streets; there have been picturesque occurrences, like the invasion of the House of Representatives by a demonstration of returned Flemish soldiers, who beat up a number of members on the floor of the House. Yet even those spectacular items hardly caught the attention of the news-agencies; and as to the more serious treatment of the problem which its implications and possibilities would justify, I could count on my fingers the number of articles which I have seen devoted to it by foreign reviews since the war.

True, the fact that very few people outside of Belgium and Holland can read Flemish newspapers and publications makes the presentation of the Flemish case more difficult. But this is only a minor cause of the silence about the Flemish problem. There are causes much more fundamental. One of them is that we are still suffering from a continuation of the system of government-controlled news that we owe to the war. The present acute phase of the Flemish conflict originated in a wartime condition, namely the attempts of

the German occupants to disrupt Belgium by fostering Flemish nationalism. This condition the Allied censorship was as much interested to hush up as German propaganda was anxious to magnify. Moreover, practically all the news that gets abroad from Belgium is controlled by the Agence Havas, which is a semiofficial French institution. Both the Quai d'Orsay and the bulk of French public opinion treat the Flemish movement as directed against France; consequently, news about it is taboo. Lastly, and so far as America is concerned, there is no echo of the Flemish conflict in American politics, as there is of the Irish issue; hence a lack of demand for the news, which increases the effect of the deficiencies in its supply.

The comparison with Ireland, while it seems justified by the international importance of the Flemish problem, ends there. It does not hold good with regard to the issues at stake. The struggle is not one — at least, not primarily — between oppressed Flemings and oppressing Walloons. At the root of it is a conflict between two groups of Flemings: a Flemish-speaking majority, and a French-speaking minority. The division is social rather than national.

Belgium's population has, for nearly two thousand years, been formed of two distinct linguistic groups: the Flemings in the northern half of the country, the Walloons in the southern half. Both groups include a great diversity of dialects, but the language of general and written intercourse among the Walloons is French, and among the Flemings, Flemish, with the exception already mentioned. Incidentally, Flemish is only the Belgian name of Dutch. There is even less difference between the language of Flanders and of Holland than between the English used in America and that

of the United Kingdom, as the last minor differences between Dutch and Flemish spelling disappeared half a century ago.

The linguistic boundary between Flemings and Walloons is sharp and well-defined. It runs approximately from east to west, and it has not moved for many centuries. The only exception is the agglomeration around the capital. Brussels, which is situated in Flemish territory, but very close to the language boundary, is a mixed district, where both groups are about balanced in numbers: one quarter of its half million inhabitants speak Flemish only, another quarter, French only, and the remaining half speak both languages.

Roughly speaking, there are about four million inhabitants in the Flemish part, and three and one half millions in the Walloon part. In the latter, French is the only usual language. But Flanders is bilingual — about 81 per cent of its population speak Flemish only, one per cent French only, and 18 per cent both languages.

These 19 per cent of French-speaking Flemings form the element that gives the Flemish language problem its peculiar character. They represent the ruling classes: the bourgeoisie of the cities, the professional classes, the rich landowners, the high clergy. True, 18 of these 19 per cent speak Flemish as well as French. But they mostly use dialectal Flemish only for verbal intercourse with the 'lower classes'; French is the instrument of their culture, and of their written intercourse. Therefore, the great obstacle in the way of Flemish aspirations toward national self-expression is the position of the French language as the common link between the wealthy and educated classes in both parts of the country.

For about a thousand years the use of the French language has remained

the symbol — and in many ways the instrument — of social supremacy in Flanders. In the Middle Ages a French education was one of the means by which the aristocracy and the urban patriciate emphasized their superiority over the Flemish-speaking masses. Flemish was then characteristically called 'dietsch,' — the language of the people, — from the mediæval *diet*, or people.

From that time onward, the prestige of Flemish grew or decreased as the power of the masses rose or declined. Toward the end of the thirteenth century, a series of revolutionary movements in the Flemish cities overthrew the patrician oligarchy, and gave all the power to the craftsmen's and weavers' guilds; it culminated in the battle of Courtrai in 1302, when the Flemish commoners and yeomen defeated the army of knights and mercenaries whom the King of France had sent against them.

The commoners ruled in the fourteenth century, the *grand siècle* of Flemish urban republicanism. Consequently, their language, which had become the vehicle of some of the earliest attacks on feudalism, like the works of Dante's contemporary Maerlant and the folk's epic Reynard, was then the language used by the Administration. At the massacre of patricians and noblemen in Bruges, which forestalled the battle of Courtrai, the populace killed those who betrayed a French accent in answering their challenge.

At the end of the fourteenth century, the Flemish city republics were again vanquished by the feudal powers, their industrial prosperity was dealt a death-blow, and the political privileges of their guilds were abrogated; French was in the saddle again with the noble vassals of the House of Burgundy, the new bureaucracy, who organized their territorial government, and the en-

riched and contented merchants who 'aped the dukes.'

In the sixteenth century, Flemish temporarily regained the upper hand, as the revolution of the Netherlands against Spain brought the commoners to the front again; it was the language of the rebellion against popery and absolutism; the defeat of the Flemish revolution was also the defeat of the Flemish language.

All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the industrial decay and the political and ecclesiastical reaction which followed the subjugation of the Southern Netherlands by the Spanish Kingdom resulted in the humiliation of the people's language as well as of the people itself. The Flemish people was once again governed in French; Flemish, although still exclusively spoken by the commoners and peasants, practically ceased to exist, except in the form of a spoken dialect, a kind of Cinderella vocabulary which the rich used only to order their valets about or to scold their tenants. The Jesuits, who then virtually held a monopoly of the education of the upper classes, purposely made that education solely French, as a safeguard against the 'dangerous' ideas of which Flemish had been the vehicle at the time of the Reformation, and continued to be the vehicle in the Calvinistic Dutch republic to the north.

This condition was still in existence when Belgium became an independent state, in 1830. Five sixths of the Flemings then still knew Flemish only; but the remaining sixth represented the only people who read books and newspapers, who sent their children to school, and who were represented under the prevailing systems of limited suffrage, in local and national administration. Together with the Walloon upper classes, they made French the only

official language of Belgium, although about one half of its population did not understand it. The Flemish recruits had to pick up a few words of it in barracks in order to understand their officers; and there have been cases of Flemings found not guilty after having been sentenced to death in a language of which they had not understood a word.

II

The beginnings of the present 'Flemish movement' date back to the thirties and forties of the last century. It was then purely literary and artistic. Its carriers were a few intellectuals, mostly risen from the peasantry or from the lower middle-classes.

In its literary expression the movement began — just as similar national movements have begun in Germany and elsewhere in the romantic period — as an endeavor to revive the popular traditions through philological and folklore research. Artists, especially painters, began to use the faded glories of Flemish mediævalism as a background for their inspiration. By and by, the movement found its way to the masses, to that part at least which was learning to read in the few public schools that were in existence about the middle of the century. Popular novelists like Henri Conscience, who recalled the Flemish past to life in his historical novels; romantic poets like the writer's grandfather Jan van Beers, who borrowed his most successful themes from the incidents of the peasants' and workers' lives; democratic pamphleteers and song-writers like Theodore van Ryswyck, again made Flemish a language that was written and — read. Soon the small peculiarities of spelling which had differentiated it from Holland Dutch in the dialectical period of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries disappeared, so that Flemish

literature has been for the last half century merely a branch — and not by any means the least significant one, in quantity or in quality — of the Dutch or 'Netherlandish' literature, the works of which are being indiscriminately published and read in Holland and in the Flemish part of Belgium.

Very little, however, was achieved through political means until near the end of the nineteenth century. It was only in some cities like Antwerp, where a majority of the middle classes had remained true to their Flemish tongue, that the local authorities had made it the basic language in the elementary schools and in part of the high schools. In the smaller localities, the Catholic high clergy, who, to all intents and purposes, controlled the educational system, maintained the supremacy of French, in spite of the opposition, ineffective and ruthlessly suppressed, of some of the peasant-born young Flemish priests. The national government — French only was spoken in Parliament — remained deaf to the demand of Flemish education for the Flemings, with the exception of a timid reform law in 1883, which was made largely inoperative by the inertia of the Administration.

An entirely new condition was created by the suffrage reform of 1893. Until then, the right to vote had been limited to big taxpayers. A persistent campaign of the young Labor Party, culminating in a general strike, forced Parliament to revise the constitution and to grant the suffrage to all adult males. Thenceforth the Flemish peasants, workmen, and lower middle-classes began to be a factor in politics. What had thus far been the cultural aspiration of a small élite became a mass movement, which soon crystallized around a political platform.

The chief demands related to the use of the Flemish language in the schools,

the courts, the state administration, and the army. They were on the whole very moderate, as compared with the platform of the Flemish 'Activists' under the German occupation, and with that of the militant wing of the 'Flamingant' movement at present. Only a few extremists, with practically no following and no political representation, dared to talk about the partition of Belgium, or even about a federal system granting administrative autonomy to the Flemings. There was no Flemish party in Parliament, nor even a permanent division between the Flamingant and the Anti-Flamingant elements within the three existing parties — Catholic-Conservative, Liberal, and Labor. All three parties refrained from committing themselves to any definite attitude on the language problem, and left their representatives free to vote as they liked on each particular bill.

Shortly before the war, however, one issue began to dominate the others to such an extent that it threatened to disrupt the unity of the traditional parties in a permanent way — the Ghent University.

There are four universities in Belgium. Two of them — Brussels and Louvain — are private institutions. The other two — Ghent and Liège — are run by the State. All use French, exclusively. Ghent, which is situated in the heart of Flanders, was started as a Flemish university during the short-lived reunion with Holland which lasted from 1815 till 1830. It has been French ever since.

A bill to make Ghent Flemish again was being considered by Parliament shortly before the war. It was framed in moderate and practical terms: it provided for a quite gradual change, the present professors being allowed to continue teaching in French if they preferred to do so. On the other hand, great pressure was being brought to

bear on the three parties, the supporters of the bill even going so far as to take part in joint demonstrations, thus threatening to disrupt the party machines. The bill seemed on its way to secure a majority, when the war broke out.

The Ghent University question has never ceased since to be the real test issue of the struggle. The language reform in the elementary and high-school system, the development of vocational education, the increasing use of Flemish in the courts of justice and in the public service, resulted in a growing demand for higher education in Flemish. Moreover, the number of young Flemings able to obtain a university education had increased as the social barriers which before had kept it a monopoly for the upper ten-thousand began to crumble, and allowed access to a larger proportion of young people from the poorer classes. So the conquest of the Ghent University appeared to the Flamingants as the logical fulfillment of the reform of the rest of the school system.

The chief reason why the contest about Ghent has developed much more heat than any previous language bill had done, is that it raises the fundamental question whether Flemish shall remain merely the language of the lower classes in Flanders, or shall become the instrument of higher learning, the carrier of a national civilization. That the tax-collector, the policeman, the judge, the teacher, and the drill-sergeant who are to deal with the Flemish-speaking masses should know enough of the vernacular to make themselves understood, could be granted without encroaching on the position of French as the language of higher civilization. To demand a Flemish university, however, means to challenge the position of the French-speaking bourgeoisie as the only class whose lan-

guage gives it access to higher learning.

The German occupation put a terrible incubus on the movement. The 'emancipation of the Flemings' it will be remembered, was one of the points of Germany's peace programme. It was not merely a rhetorical retort to the Entente's demand of self-government for the smaller nations. It was made the basis of a policy that aimed at unnerving Belgium's resistance by separating the Flemish from the Walloon provinces. A sham government, called 'Council of Flanders,' was set up as an advisory administrative body to the German governor. While all Belgian universities had suspended their activity under the occupation, Ghent was reopened by the German civil government as a Flemish university. This policy succeeded in enlisting the support of a minority fraction of the Flemish movement, who called themselves Activists, and even of a few Walloon extremists, who were used as their counterpart. They included very few politicians of note. Most of them were young enthusiasts of a somewhat fantastical turn of mind; and there naturally was, among those who accepted official posts from the Germans, a fair proportion of intriguers and grafters.

The chief circumstance which has made the Activist episode act as a poison in Belgium's political life ever since is that the Activists went so far as to lend Germany assistance in her military endeavors. A propaganda drive was undertaken among the Belgian war prisoners in Germany, and, through various agencies, among the Flemish soldiers at the Belgian front itself, to promote mass desertion and rebellion. It failed on the whole, though it had become a very serious concern to the Belgian army command by the time of the 1918 offensive.

The 'Flemish' university was not much of a success, either; very few

capable professors could be enlisted, even in Holland and Germany, and the student population remained very small. Practically all the Activists fled when the German troops withdrew; the few who remained were treated as traitors by the returned Belgian authorities. Thirty were sentenced to death, with subsequent commutation to life-long hard labor; thirteen got life sentences, and 137 others aggregate sentences of 1418 years imprisonment. A large proportion of those who did not go into exile have had their terms reduced, or have been released since, thanks largely to the humane policy of the former Socialist Minister of Justice, Mr. Vandervelde.

III

The popular anger of which this cruel repression gave evidence, and the way in which the Anti-Flamingant press exploited the association between the German occupation and the Flemish University, were very severe drawbacks to the Flemish movement after the Armistice, in spite of the fact that the Activists had never represented more than a tiny fraction of it. But this was only temporary. It soon became apparent that, regardless of the Activist adventure, the war had given additional impetus to the Flemish demand for self-expression. The very excesses of the Anti-Activist repression, and the attitude of a large section of the Belgian-French press, which antagonized even the most moderate Flemings by treating them as pro-Germans, resulted in a reaction.

A good deal of resentment had also accumulated among the Flemish soldiers during the war. Eighty-six per cent of the combatant Belgian soldiers had been Flemings. This was due to various circumstances: the inequality of the military-service laws before the

war; the fact that the German invasion overcame the Walloon provinces first and made it more difficult to draft the Walloon young men; and the larger proportion, among the Walloons, of skilled mechanics and educated boys, who were needed for noncombatant services. The language of current intercourse in the Belgian trenches was Flemish, while the language of command and of the officers' messes was French. It was practically impossible for a Flemish soldier to be promoted to any rank without a knowledge of French, whereas most officers spoke either a very broken Flemish or none at all.

The Belgian government quite realized the danger of that situation, especially in view of the propaganda urging desertion and rebellion, which began to show some results in 1917. But the radical reform which might have alleviated it was not attempted, in view of its difficulty under the stress of war conditions; and the desultory concessions which were made instead proved ineffective. The returned Flemish soldiers, therefore, suffered from an inferiority complex, which made them a so powerful political ferment that the most militant expressions of the Flemish movement after the Armistice crystallized around their organizations; the radical nationalistic group which forms a *Flamingant* vanguard in Parliament characteristically calls itself the '*Front Party*.'

This party is small, however, and it shows little signs of growing. In the present stage, at least, the nationality struggles are being conducted chiefly within the three traditional parties. Their Walloon elements are *Anti-Flamingant*, because their power in the country is associated with the predominance of the French language, and because of the annoyance to which the Walloon officials, or prospective offi-

cials, feel that they are put by the requirement to learn a second language.

In the Labor Party only there is a minority of Walloon members who sympathize with the Flemish movement. In the Flemish constituencies of the three parties, the bulk of the voters and representatives are out-and-out *Flamingant*, with the exception only of the gentry and the big employers. There is at present a small majority in the Lower House in favor of the Flemish University of Ghent; but an equally small majority of the Upper House, which is elected by a less democratic procedure, is against it. The *Anti-Flamingants* are suggesting that Ghent should remain French, but that a new Flemish University should be established elsewhere, preferably in Antwerp. This alternative is not being accepted by the *Flamingants*, who obviously believe that it is meant merely to gain time, while defeating the bill which is now under consideration. They add that there are already too many universities in Belgium; that the means for the necessary buildings and equipment could not fairly be guaranteed; and that a new university would lack the advantages which the existing institution in Ghent derives from its central location, its traditions, its library, laboratories, and the other equipment which it takes many years to accumulate.

The weightiest motive of the *Flemings'* opposition to this compromise, however, is in the subconscious mind: Ghent has become the symbol of higher culture in Flanders, and its continuation as a French institution is felt as an injustice and a slighting of the Flemish people's language. Therefore thousands of *Flemings* are willing to die for a Flemish university in Ghent, who would not spend a cent to help build one anywhere else.

This is the main factor which has to

be considered if one wants to understand struggles like the one that is now raging in Belgium, with the usual accompaniment of heated rows in Parliament, and sometimes bloody riots in the streets. Their worst feature, from the point of view of a wise solution, is that, after a period of fighting for certain issues, fighting itself becomes an issue. Political demands then become chiefly a means to crystallize the passions that arise out of historical complexes, out of former conditions which have nothing to do with the particular reform at stake. Complicated though the administrative problems raised by the Flemish controversy may be, there is none of them for which a rational solution, better than either the existing condition or any of the proposals now entertained by the Belgian Parliament, could not be worked out in a month's time by, say, the undergraduates of a politics class in any American university. All they would need is to be given access to all the available documentary sources — and to have no Fleming and no Walloon among them. Unfortunately, rational solutions, arrived at by rational means, are a rare occurrence in history.

In the meantime, one cannot help noting a disquieting similarity, in spite of the otherwise different conditions, between the past of Sinn Fein and the present of Flemish nationalism. Both movements started as a more or less vague and romantic aspiration to revive an ancient national culture. Their political demands were formulated; conservative prejudice and unreasonable resistance caused these demands to be pressed with growing force; by the time some of them were at last complied with from fear of violence, national passion had already bent itself on much more radical solutions. So, finally, there arises a psychological mass-condition where the chief prob-

lem is no longer how such or such an institution should be reshaped, but how the pugnacious instincts which have been roused can be prevented from becoming destructive, and from making any actual reform sterile for lack of statesmanship and sanity of temper.

This state of things seems to be well-nigh reached in Belgium at present. Out of it might arise, on both sides and through sheer despair of any other solution, a disposition to escape endless strife by accepting any end of it; and this would make the disruption of Belgium a possibility.

At present I am sure that no responsible leader desires anything of the kind. Even the most radical Flemings would be perfectly satisfied with a federal system, which would leave Flemings and Walloons autonomous in matters of education and local administration, organize military service on a basis of local or regional units, and have autochthonous officials in both parts of the country. They realize equally well that it would be a folly to disrupt the economic unity of the country, cut the railway system in two, and put a frontier between the Walloon coal districts and the Flemish ports and factories.

The plight of the new states which have been sliced out of the former empires of eastern and central Europe is a warning emphatic enough in this respect. Whether Belgium is a nation because, as some historians say, the state born in 1830 actually embodied a thousand-year-old spiritual community, or whether, as some other historians say, it is an artificial compound of two nations who have always had different civilizations based on different languages, is certainly an extremely interesting point of scientific controversy. But its solution has very little bearing on problems such as these: can

Belgium subsist if one half of her population is allowed to feel that it cannot get access to European civilization by using its own language? And, on the other hand, would Europe be much advanced if a new item were added to the list of its 'free states,' choked by tariff walls and crushed by the weight of the 'alliance' system? Would the Flemings be better off if a Flemish free state, with its four million people, had to fight France to retain access to the German hinterland of the port of Antwerp, and to establish a new balance of trade for an overpopulated industrial country which has fewer coalpits than cities?

Thus Belgium illustrates the tragic clash between the economic necessities of the reconstruction of Europe, and the simplistic belief that problems of nationality can be solved by tracing new frontiers on the map of Europe wherever a claim for self-government is based on the possession of a distinct language or of some historical right.

Perhaps it is a good thing for the Flemings that the Peace Conference refused to receive the delegates of their 'Front Party,' who had gone to Paris to find out why the Fourteen Points

were to be applied to Slovakia and to Lithuania, and not to the country that has suffered more for the victory of the Allies than any other. So they are free, at least, to work out their own salvation in a country where they form a majority. Otherwise they might have been the object of experiments based on the assumption that Europe's nationalities can be freed by superposing economic frontiers on the boundaries of language.

Perhaps not the least important lesson that can be learned from Belgium's nationality problem is the utter futility of trying to cure Europe's ills by such rough methods, no matter from what lofty ideals they may have been constructed by logical inference. For there is no country in civilized Europe where language can be made the only foundation of political unity, without regard to the necessities of trade, the existence of local minorities, and the intermingling of national and social motives.

Most national problems arise primarily out of social antagonisms, and their real solution consists much more in the slow shifting of social frontiers than in the violent cutting of geographical ones.

SHOCK AND RELIGION

BY FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

SOME of the saddest results of the war are the cases of 'shell-shock,' of which a distressing instance was given in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1921. But the term 'shell-shock' was used to include all cases of nervous breakdown, besides those due to the actual bursting of a shell. The fearful shocks of all kinds, the tremendous strains men had to endure when they were living in the most horrible conditions — all conduced to break down the individual's control over himself and to disorganize his life. So the term 'shell-shock' was used as a convenient general term to denote those who had, for the time being, lost control over their emotions. In his weakened, shattered condition, one emotion — fear — had gained a predominance and broken up the general system of a man's mind, so that he was unable to hold himself together.

What happened in the war, in these obvious instances, happens also in peace, under circumstances less calculated to attract attention. To many the strain of life is almost past endurance. And in most people's lives occasions come when some fearful shock knocks them off their balance as completely as any shell-shock. Some unbearable sorrow may deal such a blow that the emotion of sorrow gains absolute predominance and breaks to pieces the whole system of a man's make-up. Or the shock may come from a conflict of loyalties — conflict between loyalty to his home and loyalty to the girl he would marry; conflict between loyalty

to a political chief and loyalty to the country; conflict between loyalty to the country and loyalty to what is conceived to be the Will of God. In all such cases a choice has to be made and definite action to be taken. But often a man is in such a situation that, whichever course he chooses, he has both to suffer and to cause pain. And here again an emotion — in this case, the emotion of pain — may so dominate him as to break him down till he is no longer himself. Even the emotion of joy may have such a disruptive effect. The mad scenes on Armistice Day, when individuals, under the shock of sudden joy, lost all control over themselves and did the most outrageously silly things, is an illustration.

And besides individuals, whole nations at this time are suffering from shock; and one at least, namely, Russia, is completely disorganized. It also seems as if humanity as a whole were suffering from shell-shock. So the problem is forced on us: how are we to fortify ourselves against these shocks, so that we shall be able to keep our heads whatever happens, keep ourselves together and in hand, maintain our balance and composure?

The experience of the war gives us, I suggest, a clue to the solution. It was found that in those regiments where there was a strong *esprit de corps*, and firm discipline; where men took a pride in their regiment and the regiment taught them to take a pride in themselves; and where there was a commanding officer who clearly embodied

the soldierly spirit and formed a tangible example for all to follow and a standard for all to emulate — there were fewer cases of shell-shock than in those hastily collected bodies of men in which, through lack of time, no *esprit de corps* had been created, and the men knew little of their leaders or their leaders of them.

Now what kept a man together in these good regiments was a *sentiment* — a sentiment of love for the regiment; a sentiment for that body of men in which he himself was included; a sentiment which was reciprocated — he respecting, admiring, and loving the regiment and the regiment caring for him, censuring him if he behaved ill, but admiring, praising, and rewarding him if he did well. And it is a sentiment of this kind that is, I believe, needed to enable us to withstand the shocks of the world.

But no sentiment for a regiment would be of any strength unless the men who composed it were imbued with a strong sense of patriotism. Love of country must, therefore, be behind the love of the lesser community. The regiment must love the country it is serving, and must be able to feel that the country is caring for it. Then only will the regimental feeling be tense and close.

One step further is still needed. Edith Cavell was perfectly right when she said, 'Patriotism is not enough.' Besides love of country there must be love of the world — love of the world as a whole: not only of Humanity, but of the Universe in its entirety, the stars and the sunshine, and the blue sky and the birds, and the beasts and the flowers, all in their togetherness, and all as imbued and inspired by God. If we can have such a World-Love, we shall be possessed of a sentiment of the deepest, widest, loftiest kind — a sentiment capable of keeping all the various

elements of our life together and of giving it coherence and direction. This sentiment may be built up of many emotional dispositions — joy, fear, pity, gratitude, and so on. But if it is strongly constituted and firmly established, this sentiment — the most powerful there is — will be proof against the shock of any single emotion such as fear, or pain, or sorrow. This dominant sentiment will have so organized our life as a whole, that no emotion will be able to disorganize it. A man who passionately loves the World-Mother who begat him, who tended him in his infancy, and who inspired him with all his noblest aspirations, would never allow fear, or pain, or sorrow to throw him off his balance.

But have we any reasons for loving the world? There are two good reasons: first, because she is so lovable; and, second, because she loves us. And the grounds for saying this are that, whenever there is the slightest risk or chance of our having to leave the world, we realize how sweet and fair she is, and cling to her with all our might; and we find at the same time that she is clinging to us, folding us closely to her and striving to keep us with her.

Perhaps all will not admit the validity of these grounds. Some will cynically point to the cruelty, squalor, and meanness in the world, and will ask how a man *born* defective, or a man on the point of starvation, can agree that the world is lovable and that she loves him. The reply would be that we must look at the world as a whole, and through all time. Parts of her, and for a time, may be bad; yet the whole, in the full process of time, may be good. What is certain is that the world is actuated by a Power that keeps her together in orderly process, and directs her to the lovely and the lovable.

We are ourselves constituent parts

of the world, so we can see this for ourselves. We can feel within us something driving us to the good rather than to the bad, to perform neighborly and generous acts rather than boorish and niggardly ones, and to beautify ourselves and our homes rather than to make them ugly. And, besides this urge from within, we feel a constraint in the same direction from the world about us. We find the world *expecting* us to do the good thing, to follow the truth, and to make beauty. We have, then, substantial grounds for admiring, worshiping, and loving Mother-World. We see that she has the good, the lovely, and the true at heart; and all we have we owe to her.

This World-Love is what is usually spoken of as Love of God; but I call it World-Love, to avoid the notion of God as a Being separate and isolated from the world; and to emphasize the conception of the world as including God; the two being as inseparable from one another as the body is from the soul — God being the ground of the visible world and the visible world being the expression, manifestation, and revelation of God. And this sentiment of World-Love is, I suggest, what we must look to — as soldiers look to *esprit de corps* — to keep us together when shocks come upon us.

But if World-Love is to be our mainstay in the battle of life, we should have it ingrained in us from our childhood, and should have the means at hand for reinforcing and strengthening it within us. And here again military experience suggests the means. Regiments are provided with a chaplain and a band. These did, during the late war, tend to fall into the background. But soldiers might have fared better, and shell-shock been less frequent, if they had been brought into greater prominence. Even wild tribesmen on the Indian frontier have mullahs and bands — holy

men and music — to rouse the religious sentiment and fan it into fervent heat. And not only in war, but in peace, we want these two means of sustaining, strengthening, and refining the religious sentiment of World-Love — namely, the living example of a man of God, and the influence of music.

Just as the ordinary soldier in the ranks needs the inspiring example of his captain with his whole being bent on victory, submitting himself to the sternest discipline and the severest hardships, and disregarding every danger so long as his country's cause may be made to triumph; and just as the captain himself needs that spiritual sustenance which a truly holy man can give him — so do men in ordinary life need the example of a man who, with the whole passion of his soul, is seeking, admiring, and adoring those very best things in life, which reveal what is working in the heart of Mother-World and inspire him with transcendent World-Love. We want the example of a man who has purged and purified and disciplined his life, gathered it firmly together, and directed it to the highest end of combined beauty, truth, and love, till his is a really holy life. We want the example of one who, through the peculiar sensitiveness of his nature, has been able to divine the power, the grace, and the beauty of the love which Mother-World can give; and who has himself, as a brave soldier wins his country's love, sought and won and experienced Mother-World's love in all its tender strength and sweetness.

Such a man would inspire us with World-Love, would keep that religious sentiment, with which we are all naturally endowed, fresh and active within us. And when the strain comes upon us, as it does upon soldiers in battle, he might sternly command us to pull ourselves together, show a stauncher courage, and exert a firmer control over

ourselves, if we were simply slack and sinful. But if, after all we could do for ourselves, the shock was still almost past our bearing, he would show the tenderest pity, console and gently soothe us, till strength once more returned and we were able again to take our place in the battle-front of life.

But besides this personal example and guidance we should need music — the music of poetry and the music of sound — to strengthen and refine the sentiment in us. We should want songs, hymns, anthems, oratorios, which would stimulate love of Mother-World as patriotic songs and marches stimulate love of country, and express in simple, soul-inspiring words and melodies the ineffable bliss of World-Love in moments of supreme exaltation. We should want words and music which will show us what true excellence is, and encourage us to admire, worship, and strive to attain it; words and music which will deepen our faith in the love at the heart of Mother-World, and exhort us to pray for strength, purity, courage, and endurance; and words and music which will urge us to put World-Love into every act of our common-day life, till our good-will is absolutely invincible, and at the close of each day we may feel at peace with ourselves and with all the world.

By this personal example, by this poetry and by this music, especially if we can enjoy them with our fellows, the deep, wide sentiment of World-Love will be built up till it has become the predominant sentiment in our life;

till our whole life is organized about it and it has become so rock-like that no shock, however great, — of fear or pain or sorrow or any other emotion, — will be able to disorganize it and break us down. For when the shock comes, we will keep in our minds the spiritual heroism we have learned to envy, and, if we can, we will strive to hear again familiar music, till it steals into our souls and brings to life once more the old World-Love and enables us to thrust back from us all that would unhinge our lives.

Not unless our lives are thus dominated by this profound and universal sentiment, shall we ever be able to stand the strain of modern life. And to-day the task before us is to create World-Love, and present it in such a form that it will be readily acceptable by men. Some regimental leaders are wholly incapable of instilling a right spirit into a regiment. Others will have a regiment working with a will, and shell-shock unknown. It is the same with spiritual leaders. We want leaders who will renew — and if need be create — a right spirit within us.

Then, when our whole lives are steeped in World-Love, when we are filled with admiration and passionate love of all the best there is in the world, and when we have a fixed determination to prove ourselves worthy of the best the world is expecting of us, we shall be able to face with composure each blow that falls upon us — and in the hour of our victory rightly claim her love.

HOW IT IS WITH US

BY ELSA SIMM

THE rabbit's long hind-legs make him a little absurd — until he has to run for his life. The German housewife's meticulous attention to her household was a little humorous — until now, when her intensive knowledge and skill are keeping her country's head above water.

All that we middle-class women in Germany had to do before the war was to sit on the box and guide our household carriages wisely. We had telephones with which to order our food and fuel, and one or two servants to take them in when they were delivered at the door. Of course, we were always trained to know how to do everything, but we also knew how to train others. And with the leisure which the smooth running of domestic matters gave us we went in for traveling, sport, entertainment, the arts, or politics, as our mothers and aunts before us had gone in for fancy cooking or needlework.

It is no longer a question of guiding the carriage wisely, but of keeping it going at all. Thousands of vehicles are in the narrow muddy road, a danger to one another. Now and then you see an old friend or a neighbor exhausted and unable to keep up. You fear to stop to help him, lest you get stuck yourself!

At present the incomes of the higher-grade professional classes, government officials, professors, engineers, and the like, are somewhere between 300,000 and 600,000 marks a month, about a thousand times the pre-war amount. But in the early days of March 1923, food was more than three thousand

times the pre-war cost and clothing four thousand times higher. Let any American housewife perform the above operation on her budget. She is beaten before she begins.

But in the homemaker's fight there is no such alternative as surrender. One cannot say to the children when they appear in the morning ready for school, 'It is very awkward, children, but I could n't buy you any breakfast this morning because, as you know, I had to have new shoes and it took all of papa's salary for the month.'

Such a statement would be absolutely true, but one does not make it. Instead, one 'manages.'

There is milk for the younger children, owing to the card-system, which reserves the dwindling milk-supply for them only. Some member of the family has already had to wait in line with his pail at the milk-shop, which opened at seven. And there is malt or bean coffee, without sugar — which must be conserved for cooking where it is absolutely necessary. Black bread is rationed, half a pound a day; but of course this is not enough for the older children, so we must buy more at four thousand times its old price. Sugar is five thousand times higher, and we can get it only once a month, three or four pounds a head. Eggs are two thousand times what they were; one egg costs as much as postage for five letters, but eggs are seldom to be found.

So the children get off to school with breakfast of a sort — unsweetened malt coffee and black bread, and mar-

malade. I have not had the courage to inquire into the ingredients of the marmalade. It must be confessed that the children do not do as well on this new-fashioned breakfast as their older brothers and sisters did on the old-style porridge, cocoa, bread and butter, bacon and eggs. The Quakers say that nearly all the school-children look two years younger than their ages, and the teachers say that they do not grasp half the knowledge they should in a term.

I have just mentioned butter. It should be written BUTTER and really deserves a chapter all its own. It is the gold of butter that is the housewife's gold standard. The prospective father-in-law is not interested in the number of paper marks his daughter's suitor can earn in a week but in the number of pounds of (hypothetical) butter! A doctor, for instance, receives less than the price of a pound of butter for one visit. Butter seems to be the twin brother of the dollar. It always rises when the dollar rises. Unfortunately it never sinks when the dollar sinks. Actual table-butter has long since been removed to the sphere of the myth, but its price has become the standard for every expenditure, from servants' wages to the terrific cost of a suit of clothes.

The housewife of Germany shall ye know by her big black handbag. She never thinks of leaving the house without it, for shops no longer deliver goods, and one must buy all sorts of provisions when the opportunity offers, and in as large quantities as the shopkeeper and the household purse allow. Underwear, over whose price you hesitated yesterday, is marked higher to-day, and foodstuffs often ascend from morning to afternoon. At first we tried to make food-carrying a graceful procedure by making our bags of black satin. But the morale of our bags has fallen, and now we trouble only to make them

strong and durable. Our grandchildren must keep these bags as a relic: they play such a part in our lives!

The middle class of which I write does not have meat more than once a week, and the lady of the house goes out to conquer it personally (with the black bag). The telephone has, of course, been taken out. Prices vary so that she tramps for an hour or two before she is satisfied that she has made the very best possible purchase for her family. It pays, in regard to all foodstuffs, to search the whole quarter and ask every person you meet about prices. A recent issue of *Simplissimus* shows a proud mother announcing to father, 'Baby has spoken his first words!'

'Really! What did he say?'

'How much is milk to-day?'

You come home dead-tired, your brain whirling with ciphers, and you inspect your shoe soles! Renewing them costs from 12,000 to 18,000 marks, ten thousand times the old price. Sometimes you conscientiously walk a long way (tram-fares having gone up five thousand times), to get cheaper flour and carry the thirty pounds home in a knapsack, only to find that at the grocer's next door it is the same price! Back home, you sink down to rest a moment before beginning preparations for the dinner you have so laboriously assembled, when in comes a good neighbor to tell you that — 'There are eggs at Dollmeyers!' — 'Goodness! I must have some. I could n't get one all last week!' And out goes the black bag again. After all, you get only two, despite your most languishing look at the clerk.

And when you are at home again, it takes a field-marshal's brain to prepare a dinner without meat, with few eggs, little or no milk, little sugar, considering that cereals, vegetables, fruit, and margarine can appear but seldom

on account of the delicate state of the budget. Potatoes and cabbage remain our truest friends, but I am afraid we often look at them coldly.

Luxuries like real coffee, real tea, cream, chocolate, nuts, oranges, candy, and cake, we really do not miss much, we so seldom think of them; and when, on the occasion of a wedding, perhaps, some of these delicacies emerge from a cupboard where a half-pound or so has been hoarded, I think we appreciate them more than ever we did when they were plentiful.

This sort of compensation applies also to our social life. Since our shopping takes so much more time than it used, though we buy half as much, and mending of all sorts has assumed such enormous proportions, owing to the impossibility of considering the expense of replacing linen and clothing, our free time has practically vanished. It is difficult to systematize your day, because emergencies continually arise. One day you will have to wait in line at the workman's sick-fund bureau, on behalf of your sick charwoman; then a summons will come from the *Wohnungsamt*; we are allowed one room a person and the housing department thinks it has discovered an extra room in your house; or a notice from the bank requires your presence at a certain hour without fail; or there will be a difficulty to straighten out at the *Kohlenamt* about the family's 330-pounds monthly allowance of coal. You are allowed so much only if you do your washing at home.

Dinner and supper parties belong to the past, both for lack of money and lack of time. We meet our friends in the evening after the children are in bed, so that the 'warm room,' which has served during the day as playroom, sewing-room, and dining-room, may play its part as reception room. Heating more than one room is impossible

on account of the shortage of coal. Compensation for this situation — and I think anyone who has ever lived in a large and varied family will agree with me — is hard to find. Perhaps it comes in the saving of electric light.

But, after all, people with homes of their own, however unheated and however crowded, should not and do not complain. The housing-situation holds us in a sort of vise. The government regulation of rents, on the one hand, enables us to pay rent at all, on the other hand, by checking building, has brought about a state of affairs in which there are no homes to pay rent for!

Young married couples with us are grateful, and not sad, to be given a room at some relative's. Very often they cannot live together and must continue to occupy their respective single rooms, perhaps even in different towns. The registrar's office shows a steady decrease of marriages and births.

Others, by this housing shortage, are kept from divorce. I know of a married couple with two small boys, who have two rooms in one part of the town and the use of a kitchen an hour's walk away. For their meals the mother must take the children to the other part of 'home,' where the kitchen is. Unlucky people may be seen every day at the *Wohnungsamt*, standing in line with crying babies, only to be told to come again in six months.

Our home, once we have one, becomes our world, since traveling is out of the question, foreign postage is almost prohibitively high, and even the newspaper is a luxury to be shared with several other families. It may even happen that a dear friend dies without our hearing of it, the family having avoided the expense of announcement in the paper. And to lose a member of the family is more now than

a moral grief: it is a serious financial problem. Coffins cost a sum which most families have not ready. The city authorities have met this difficulty by providing coffins that can be rented for the funeral.

Concerts and theatres have become very rare treats. Prices are a thousand-fold higher, but sometimes you cannot resist buying a ticket to a beloved opera, and you remodel your 1914 evening dress, but little worn, and go early. Around you are handsome dresses and jewels. Can this be poor Germany? Soon you discover that the smart girls with bushy bobbed hair are Americans. You hear Swedish and Dutch in the boxes, and there are several Italians in gay attire. But here are also Germans, richly dressed and unfamiliar to you. Between the acts you walk through the foyer looking for friends. At last someone approaches whom you surely know. Is it — yes, surely it is the coal-dealer's wife in this elegant dress; when you last courted her for a little extra coal she wore a woolen shawl.

You look in vain for Herr A——, the painter who, in the old days, never missed one of Mozart's operas. He and his wife have disappeared. The wave lifts one and swallows another. Writers, doctors, painters, and musicians slave somewhere in the dark for their existence. Physicians starve, though

there was never so much sickness. People do not send for the doctor except in extreme cases. Public clinics are little frequented, owing to the high tram-fares.

Many of our public baths have had to be closed. Economizing in cleanliness is a real grief to Germans, but at least the children are taught even more carefully than before to be clean and careful.

A great difficulty for everybody is the question of clothing. A glance at the budget shows that there is nothing left for this item. How to get new shoes is a riddle. A maidservant must work six months for the price of a pair.

Sometimes a light appears in the darkness. An odd pair of curtains is turned into a summer dress. Or you give the spread from the guest-room bed to a friend, in exchange for her daughter's outgrown winter coat. Or your eye lights on a vase, a wedding present that you always hated, and you sell it at one of the numerous commission shops which have sprung up everywhere.

At such a Heaven-sent moment, you remember the man Goethe tells of, who, fleeing from a mad camel, fell into a deep ravine and was saved from death only by the bramble-bush in which he was caught. Death awaited him above and below; so he fell to peacefully enjoying the blackberries!

CROSS-CURRENTS IN JAPAN

BY MARGUERITE E. HARRISON

I

THE Nihonbashi is the Broadway of Tokyo. At night, with its electric signs, its brilliantly illuminated shop-windows, its drifting, apparently purposeless crowds, its electric cars and automobiles, which are fast putting the *kurumayas*, the rickshaw men, out of business, its sidewalk peddlers and fakers, its emporiums full of cheap copies of the latest American store clothes, Kewpie dolls, and graphophone records, it is the best imitation that Japan can give of the West. Various types rub shoulders — coolies in their short blue jackets, women of the people in gay cotton *crêpe* kimonos with babies tied on their backs, modern young people walking arm-in-arm, old-fashioned wives toddling after their husbands, cosmopolitan merchants in European clothing, flamboyant geishas, groups of giggling Japanese flappers, serious-minded students, soldiers, foreign sailors, tourists, men about town. There are all sorts of people and all sorts of costumes; but the strangest sight of all is the man in a straw hat, tan oxfords, and a *crêpe* kimono — and he is legion.

The cultivated Japanese turn up their noses at him. They are either correctly European in their outward dress, or conform to the native costume in all its details; but in their mental processes they display the same incongruities. Their brains are European at both ends, but in the middle they are essentially Japanese. It is this fact, which is little understood in America, that

has created the many contradictions, the cross-currents and unrest typical of present-day Japan.

Shortly after my arrival in Japan, I took a trip from Tokyo to Kyoto. At one of the stations an elderly gentleman in European clothes got on, carrying a straw suitcase. Depositing it on his seat, he opened it, took out a Japanese outfit, stripped to the skin, quite composedly and apparently oblivious of his fellow passengers, and proceeded to change his clothes. Then he deliberately folded up his European clothes, laid them away carefully, and settled himself for the journey.

The average Japanese divests himself just as easily, at short notice, of European methods of thought. In fact, you never know when he is undergoing a mental transformation, and this makes it difficult to find out what he is really thinking.

I arrived in Japan shortly after Admiral Kato had returned from the Washington Conference. When he landed at Yokohama, though the Japanese newspapers, with few exceptions, praised his achievements at Washington, he had to be rescued from an angry jeering crowd, that yelled, 'Kato-Baka' (Kato-fool)! A few weeks later, in a Tokyo park, there was a great popular demonstration in favor of a material reduction in the army, in line with the naval reduction programme. While there was general satisfaction over the Four-Power Treaty and the

Nine-Power Pact, many thoughtful Japanese felt that they would be a source of weakness rather than strength to Japan. One Japanese naïvely explained to me that the Washington agreements were a scheme of Mr. Hughes to weaken Japan's influence in the Pacific.

'We are not really a first-class world-power,' a Japanese naval officer said to me candidly, 'and we know it in our hearts. As long as we had the Anglo-Japanese treaty back of us, we felt that we could hold our own in diplomacy against any other nation or combination of nations; but now that we are apparently on an equal footing with England, France, and America, we feel that we are at a disadvantage.'

Then the Japanese have lost confidence in militarism as a medium for expansion. To this day, they cannot figure out why it was that Germany lost the war, when by all calculations she should have won. Their ideas on this subject have received a further shock by the demonstration that the occupation of Eastern Siberia, instead of winning them the respect of the rest of the world, created only hatred and suspicion; that all their schemes for the virtual annexation of the Maritime Province through puppet governments set up by their army proved unsuccessful. They have spent millions on militarism, and it has failed them.

I have often wondered if the Japanese are as efficient in a military way as they have the credit of being. For example, in aviation, success in which depends on individual initiative, not on mass training, they are a dismal failure. While in Tokyo I met one of the British officers in charge of training Japanese army aviators. He told me that they were hopeless. They followed instructions to the letter and memorized them faithfully; but once in the air, if anything unexpected happened, calling for

the exercise of imagination, they were lost. It was the same with the technical side of aviation. Not long ago a new and rather complicated type of aeroplane motor was sent out from England. When it arrived, one of the exhaust-pipes was slightly bent. The Japanese carefully repeated this defect in a hundred copies that they made in one of their own factories, with the natural result that none of them worked properly.

There is general popular discontent in Japan over the high taxes, — which have been necessitated partly by the high cost of maintaining an army and navy out of all proportion to the country's resources or legitimate needs, — and a growing pacifist sentiment, though this last is not particularly strong in Japan. The Japanese have always been a military people. The average Japanese will tell you that militarist imperialism was largely stimulated in Japan by the example of other countries and by the instinct of self-preservation. I talked with many Japanese on the subject, from extreme conservatives down to Socialist leaders like Kagawa and Suzuki Bundji, and I never found a man or woman who did not firmly believe that the Sino-Japanese war, the Russo-Japanese war, and the acquisition by Japan of Formosa and Korea, were absolutely essential to the preservation of the Empire. It was only the failure of the Japanese army to make good in Siberia that has shaken this belief.

In the nine years between the Russo-Japanese war and the outbreak of the Great War, the Japanese simply followed the lead of other countries in the race for naval armaments. Then they fell under the spell of the German idea of militarism and efficiency. The Great War gave the militarists the upper hand for the time being, and for a short period Japan dreamed her dream of

expansion by military aggression. The rivalries, squabbles, and international jealousies at the Versailles Conference were not conducive to a change of heart on Japan's part; and it was not until the Washington Conference that the Japanese began to grasp the possibilities of economic instead of military imperialism. When they first began to seek foreign alliances, it was always with a view to future wars of defense or aggression. Coöperation on equal terms with other powers is not to be grasped by their psychology. Military imperialism is dying hard, but it is gradually being replaced in Japan by a new economic imperialism, just as aggressive and as keen on political alliances for the furtherance of its aims.

Its immediate objective is still the Asiatic mainland, and its medium, not the army and navy, but the great bankers and industrials. There is a group that favors a close alliance with British interests, headed by the Mitsubishis, who last summer received a loan of two million pounds from a British syndicate for the development of the Fushan coal-mines and the extension of the railway system in Manchuria, and who have a joint interest with Vickers Limited in the operation of the Sakhalin oil-fields and its rich surface deposits of anthracite coal.

British influence is very strong, but not always for commercial reasons. There is still in the background of the Japanese mind the hope of renewing the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in fact, if not in name. British firms supply practically all the equipment of the Japanese air-force and a large part of its naval equipment, and Americans have lost much business, not always because they were underbid by British firms, but on account of rank favoritism on the part of the Japanese.

A case in point occurred last summer. In Kobe I met an American who had

represented a large Japanese steamship company in a city on the Pacific Coast for several years. He booked seventy-five per cent of the freight consigned to Eastern Asiatic ports, and there was no doubt that he was doing a record business. One day he received a cable from the main office of the company in Japan, giving him three months' notice, as stipulated in their agreement, for the termination of his contract. He took the next steamer for Japan and demanded an explanation. For a long time he was unable to get any satisfaction from the president of the company; but he finally extracted from him the information that, for reasons which he did not care to enter into, the company had decided to give its American agency in the port in question to an Englishman.

If the Japanese succeed in developing their commercial *entente* with England, it is probable that they will be guided by the latter, as they have been up to the present time, with regard to opening commercial relations with Russia. Certain British firms are planning, in this event, to use the Japanese for trade with Siberia, as they are using the Germans for commercial enterprises in European Russia. The British are keen enough to understand the Japanese psychology and are acting skillfully on their knowledge. The Japanese as a nation have not progressed in their ideas of international relationships beyond the stage of political alliances and groupings for mutual benefit and protection. If they do not tie up with England, they are likely eventually to form the often predicted Russo-Japanese-German combination.

In either case the United States will be facing a new and not altogether friendly alignment, with interests in the Far East at sharp variance with its own. It is true that there is a much more friendly feeling toward America in

Japan since the Washington Conference, but it is only skin deep. The Japanese regard us as their most dangerous competitor, commercially and politically, in the Pacific; they know that we shall prove less amenable to their new economic imperialistic schemes than other nations; and there are certain things that they will always resent, such as the Exclusion Act, and the open sympathy in this country for Korea.

'You have done exactly the same with regard to the Philippines,' was what I heard on all sides whenever Korea was mentioned.

For these reasons, therefore, we have no cause to feel that the Washington pacts have removed all possibilities of friction between ourselves and the Japanese, or that they have once and for all disarmed the still influential military party. Circumstances may arise that will again give it the upper hand.

II

In the internal political situation in Japan there are curious contradictions. One day, shortly after my arrival in Tokyo, there was a huge meeting of the Kenseikai, the political party then out of power. Viscount Kato, its leader, who, by the way, is not a relative of the admiral, was the principal speaker. There was considerable excitement at the meeting, and the opposition Seiyukai was denounced in no uncertain terms; but the papers next morning gave no indication of what it was all about. I asked a Japanese friend what was the programme of the Kenseikai, and what they would do if they came into power.

'Along general lines, pretty much the same as the Seiyukai,' he answered; 'only with their friends in office. Neither party has a programme as such. They are simply the "ins" and "outs."'

We have no political parties as you know them in America. Perhaps there are more liberals in the Kenseikai. That is the only difference, and the strongest influence in politics is still the clan spirit.'

This I found to be quite true. When a man's political opinions came up for discussion, I constantly heard, 'Oh, yes, So-and-so is a member of the Satsuma clan,' or 'He always was a Choshu man.' Thus Viscount Shibusawa, whose title of the 'Grand Old Man' of Japan is well deserved, and who, with Viscount Kaneko, an intimate friend and great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, has done much to bring about a more friendly understanding of the United States in Japan, is a Tokugawa man to this day in home politics. As far as I could discover, the Seiyukai are particularly strong in the country, where the clan spirit is more noticeable than in the cities, and Japan having been up to the present time an agricultural country, the Seiyukai have been most often in power. Last year the navy, which is largely composed of Satsuma men, sided with the Seiyukai, which was one of the reasons why Admiral Kato was chosen as premier.

The development of the trade-union movement is handicapped by the clan spirit; and the passivity taught by Buddhism, *plus* the old fetish of loyalty to the emperor and an ingrained nationalism, militate against the spread of Marxism and radical movements based on the doctrine of direct action, though there are growing radical groups in the universities and among workingmen. Even they, however, are under the spell of tradition and their own peculiar psychology.

When I was in Tokyo, a Japanese Socialist committed suicide. He had addressed innumerable petitions to various governmental departments and ministers, and as his complaints against

the existing order were ignored, he decided to kill, not the premier or the Emperor, but himself. So, one day, he walked to the bridge over the moat leading to the Imperial Palace and blew himself up with a bomb of his own making. His grave was in an out-of-the-way suburb, but scores of revolutionary enthusiasts made pilgrimages to it every day, and handfuls of joss sticks were always burning on the mound of earth that was not marked even by the simplest monument.

Thoughtful labor-leaders were much disheartened over what they termed the lack of realism among the working classes. It was difficult to get them to organize for parliamentary action, and there was not even a strong enough movement to force the universal demand for the franchise, restricted to men paying direct taxes amounting to three yen or more yearly, though it was evident that universal suffrage was only a matter of time. What they feared most was that an acute crisis in industry, or the failure of the rice crop, might bring about premature uprisings such as the rice riots of 1919, which would cause repressive measures calculated to set back the legitimate labor-movement indefinitely.

There are two elements which have been causing local troubles in Japan for the past two years, which may be productive of serious disturbances in future. One is a nationalist organization similar to the Italian Fascisti, which is growing rather rapidly, and has had several set-tos with the labor unions, notably last year during a strike in the Kiu-shiu coal-mines. The other is the Eta population. There are about three million Etas in Japan. No one seems to know exactly what they are, or where they came from; but they are pariahs, social outcasts, and distinctly a separate class. They probably have a stronger admixture of Malay

blood than the rest of the Japanese, though in some parts of Japan the Malay strain is very pronounced. For centuries they have always done all the jobs that the Japanese considered unclean, such as slaughtering animals. In the cities they have been absorbed to some extent, but in the country districts they live in their ghettos, shunned and despised by the Japanese population. Recently there have been serious uprisings among them, indicating a widespread organization. They could be used as valuable adjuncts to a revolutionary movement.

III

Economically Japan last summer was going through a period of post-war readjustment such as this country passed through in 1920. During the war industrial development received a tremendous impetus, owing to the fact that production for export in many countries had practically ceased, and the Japanese supplied commodities for the world-market which they had never supplied before. They produced in vast quantities, but, owing to the poor quality of their manufactures and their inability to standardize, they lost most of their foreign markets as soon as other countries reentered the export field.

Japanese merchants, who had accumulated large stocks during the war, were unwilling to sell except at war prices, holding them and trying to sell inferior goods produced since the war at lower prices. Their plants were run on money borrowed on goods held in storage, and usually at a loss; so it was difficult for them to meet their obligations at the banks, which in their turn were embarrassed by the situation. In order to prevent labor troubles, they were paying nonemployment bonuses, often, as in the case of shipyard work-

ers affected by the reduction in the naval building programme, for as much as six months in advance, also on borrowed money. Cheap labor in China was inducing many manufacturers, particularly in the textile industry, to open factories in Manchuria and China, in direct opposition to the interests of home labor, and this caused much discontent. The government was still burdened with the huge civil and military bureaucratic machine created by the war, and it was facing the problem of reducing expenditure in all governmental departments, and at the same time providing for the inevitable unemployment that was sure to follow.

Enormous numbers of people were engaged in unproductive work. For example, there are hundreds of theatres in Japan. Every theatre has several restaurants and tea houses attached to it. Each of these has its staff of employees and supernumeraries, and the total runs into the tens of thousands. Besides, there are the middlemen, and they are legion. The charcoal that is almost universally used by the poorer classes in the cities for fuel passes through eight hands before it reaches the consumer. It was obvious that, if taxes were to be reduced, these people must be made productive, and yet there was already much unemployment in industry.

Ten years ago adjustment would have been simplified by the return of many of the surplus workers employed in war industries to the land; but Japan's rapidly increasing population and the increased cost of production to the small farmer had blocked this outlet. Tenant farmers were being encouraged by the government, and landlords who, owing to the high taxes, could no longer afford to keep their estates, were selling to small holders; but they found few purchasers. The average net income of the small farmer

in Japan is 120 yen (sixty dollars) a year — certainly not an alluring prospect to men who had been getting wartime wages in munition factories and shipyards. There remained, therefore, before the Japanese two alternatives: emigration on a large scale, or the conversion of Japan from an agricultural into an industrial country.

Contrary to general opinion in this country, the Japanese are not seriously counting on emigration for the solution of the problem of overpopulation. They are not good colonizers, and they lack the pioneer spirit. They cannot be induced to emigrate to countries where the climate is not similar to their own; and even when they do, they are always looking forward, like the Latin races, to earning enough money to go back and spend the remainder of their lives in Nippon. The Hokkaido, the northernmost island of the empire, contains at present enough unoccupied land to accommodate an agricultural population of half a million. Wheat and cattle-raising there are immensely profitable; but the Japanese prefer living in the congested areas in the south to undertaking the development of the rich pasture and farm lands in the Hokkaido.

On my way to Sakhalin I passed through part of the Hokkaido and spent two days in Hakodate. Although the climate there is at least twenty degrees colder than that of Tokyo in summer, and the thermometer frequently drops below zero in winter, the people live exactly as they do in southern Japan — in the same flimsy little houses, with open fronts and paper *shoji*, exposed to wind and weather.

'They have not even learned to adapt their footwear to the climate,' an Englishman in Hakodate told me. 'In winter they wear wooden clogs and short stockings. The former get caked with snow, and at every telegraph pole along the street during the winter

months, you see the citizens of Hakodate stopping to clean their clogs. They pin blankets over their kimonos instead of adopting warm fur-lined coats; they insist on cultivating rice which produces only one crop a year here as against two or three in the south, and that has not the same food-value as wheat and oats, which they refuse to raise or eat.'

Up to the present time, emigration to South America, Brazil in particular, has not been very successful, I was told, because the Japanese settlers, though they were subsidized in the beginning by the government, were later outrageously exploited as cheap labor by the Brazilian capitalists. A new project of the Japanese government was to subsidize a syndicate for the purchase of large tracts of land in Chile, to be developed under Japanese management.

Colonization in Korea and Manchuria was progressing slowly, in spite of all the efforts of the government to encourage it; and the majority of the Japanese considered industrial expansion as the immediate means of meeting the country's needs. This will mean Japan's aggressive entry into the field of competition for foreign markets, particularly the Asiatic market, and inevitably, until the world realizes the Utopia of international economic co-operation, economic imperialism.

As the natural outcome of changed conditions, the balance of political power was shifting from the military oligarchy and the far-famed Elder Statesmen — of whom, by the way, only two, Matsukata and Saionji, are left — to an industrial oligarchy such as exists at the present time in Germany. The movement began during the war, when six or seven banks in Tokyo, Nagasaki, and Nagoya formed a syndicate to further government enterprises. Under them a system of government subsidies was established,

which still exists in the raw-silk industry. These men naturally exert tremendous influence in politics; and just as in Germany, where there is the struggle between the Stinnes combination and opposing groups, so in Japan there is a conflict for power between the Mitsui and Mitsubishi-Iwasaki interests. The latter support the Kato cabinet; the former have been out of power since the days of the late premier Hara, but if the Kensaikai should get control of the government, they would be the dominant influence. Practically all the industrial enterprises of Japan are falling under the influence of one of these groups and their allied interests.

Thus Japan, politically and economically, has been going through a period of post-war readjustment complicated by the eternal conflict between old and new ideas and imperfect assimilation of Western methods. At the same time, the Japanese are making social readjustments no less far-reaching. Ultramodern movements exist side by side with ultraconservatism.

A group of women, headed by Baroness Ishimoto, last summer organized the Japanese Society for Birth Control, shortly after Mrs. Sanger's visit to Japan; the movement for women's suffrage was well under way; women in small towns and villages were forming current-topic classes for the discussion of national and international problems; and at the same time, in the poetry clubs, verses laboriously painted with India ink on rice paper, about the color of the petals of a lotus or the flutter of a butterfly's wing, were the subject of serious and prolonged discussion. Housewives who bought enameled ironware for their kitchens still did their cooking over charcoal braziers, under the eyes of their ancestors, before the Shinto shrine that is in every Japanese kitchen, and said their prayers at a Buddhist altar before going to classes in

economics and civics at the Y. W. C. A.

New religious movements were springing up on every hand, most of them attempts to bring Buddhism or Shintoism into direct relationship with the life and problems of the people. The Shinto priests had evolved a formal liturgy, burial and marriage services, and had even undertaken to open soup-kitchens and day nurseries, thus giving substance to what had always been at best but a shadowy form of ancestor-worship.

A few years ago the stage and society were given over to aping Western manners and customs, but recently they have shown a tendency to revert to Japanese ideals. Most of the women in Tokyo's gay younger married set had gone back to kimonos and *obis*, and you could see them every evening fox-trotting in native costumes with straw sandals on their feet. In the repertoire of the Imperial Theatre at Tokyo modern plays figured largely, but they were not, as previously, translations, but Japanese plays on Japanese subjects, often emphasizing the conflict between the old and the new. Many Japanese who had spent much time in foreign countries, and formerly entertained foreigners in European fashion, gave only Japanese dinners. I went to a great many parties while I was in Tokyo, and the only place where I saw any number of Japanese in European dress was at the reception given at the Foreign Office for Secretary Denby and the class of '81 from Annapolis.

These were some of the superficial indications I noticed; but they are really part of the far more significant movement that is stirring the Buddhist and Mohammedan worlds, and of which there are phases in every part of the East and the Near East. In Japan it has no name as yet; in China they call it the New Tide; we have

christened it Pan-Islamism in Mohammedan countries, but its slogan is 'Asia for the Asiatics.'

It is a very real movement, but it has been much misunderstood in the West, where its strength has either been much underestimated, or exaggerated as a possible menace to Western civilization. There is no dream of world-conquest in the minds of its leaders. They claim the inalienable right of all Asiatic peoples to their own territories, their own economic development, and their own culture, and to their political supremacy in their logical spheres of influence. Whether or not it will take an aggressive militaristic form will depend largely on the progress made in the world within the next few years toward international coöperation. Its proponents in Japan are looking beyond all possible European combinations and alliances to a day when it will be possible to form an alliance between Japan and China, which will result in a great federation of the two peoples, with a distinctive culture that has merely assimilated, not copied, certain features of Western civilization, with a definite nationalistic foreign policy, and an economic structure freed from European exploitation. Conservatives visualize it as a great imperialistic federation, liberals as a Far-Eastern Democracy, Socialists as a Yellow Commune in a Red Millennium; but it is the dream of the man in the straw hat, the tan ox-fords, and the *crêpe* kimono; of the bronzed officer in his khaki uniform with red trimmings; of the statesman in the frock coat with his European decorations; of the business man, the industrialist, the labor leader; of every thinking man in Japan to-day. Japan's goal for the immediate future is economic imperialism; but her eventual goal is the domination of the yellow races in the Far East.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SAIL! A SAIL!

THE *Standard Dictionary*, making due allowance for emergencies, defines a sailboat very warily. 'A sailboat,' it says, 'is a boat that is or may be impelled by a sail or sails.' This definition, in my judgment, could not be improved.

Until I met this boat, sails had always seemed to me to belong on horizons, or in books. I had not hoped to have one in my control.

'You'll take to it easily,' Phineas assured me, as we rowed out into the little cove where the sailboat spent the night. 'We'll just go for a short sail out around the lighthouse, past Shell Island, and then into the bay to the big dock. I told Veronica to meet us there for a swim at eleven.'

We started before ten. Phineas had thought best to allow a good margin of time; for this boat, he told me, was like some horses, less sensitive than the average to the rein.

It looked docile enough as I climbed in. It was hardly larger than the rowboat itself; but it was equipped with those items of seafaring gear that set a sailboat apart forever in a landsman's mind as something fabulous and rare. To one who has spent life inland, the most hackneyed terms of salt-water vocabulary seem like a literary language, to be used only by Captain Hook and Dick Dead-Eye, and Conrad and John Silver and Defoe. Here I had my first chance to bandy such words about. Our craft might be small and cranky; but it had a mast, a sprit, a sail on the sprit, two thwarts, a centreboard, a tiller, a life buoy, a mushroom anchor, and a sheet! We took along our oars.

'When I have shown you the main points,' said Phineas, catching the light wind in the little sail, 'you can tack out of the cove against the wind.'

Skillfully he went through all the right manœuvres for my benefit; and I, as attentive lecture-audience, learned what it was to put about, to sail close to the wind, to port the helm — to do everything except the one act in which I later specialized.

'Now,' said Phineas, 'we'll change seats. You'll have to be good and firm with the tiller. This boat does n't understand hints. When you want to turn her, give her a good full yank.'

'How shall I know which way to yank?' I asked, taking the sheet in my hand and seating myself by the tiller.

'I'll tell you,' promised Phineas. 'In a minute, when I give the signal, put her over hard to the left.'

I made a rapid mental calculation to decide which would be the left. Would it be the left as the boat, the tiller, the sail, or Phineas saw it? Suddenly it dawned on me that I should have to tell Phineas about a deficiency of mine that I had hoped to hide from him forever. The fact is, I do not instinctively know right from left: that is, I have to stop and reason it out before making practical application of the terms. I try not to let this become too evident, because I am aware that this matter forms one part of modern tests for feeble-mindedness, or worse. But now and then comes a crisis that exposes me. In gymnasium drill, for instance, when the command is 'Right, dress!' I am just as likely to dress left.

'Phineas,' said I, trying to speak naturally, 'there's something about

me you don't know: I can't tell right from left.'

'Oh, well,' replied Phineas lightly, 'that won't matter. On a boat we say starboard and port.'

This is typical of the way people view my disorder. They think that I confuse the words, and that my difficulty will clear up if they use synonyms, such as clockwise and counter-clockwise, gee and haw. But I do in theory know what the words mean. What I lack is the feeling in my bones. Under this handicap I was about to sail a boat.

'Now!' exclaimed Phineas, as we bore down upon an anchored sloop that was bobbing in the eelgrass near the shore. 'Put about!'

Obediently, about I put. I gave the tiller a mighty jerk in what I judged would, in Phineas's opinion, be the left.

'Hi!' said Phineas, brandishing an oar. 'Turn her to the left! The other way! You're going to luff.'

'How do you luff?' gasped I, shaking my idle sail as one shakes a baulky alarm-clock to start it.

'You are luffing,' responded Phineas, poling us off the eelgrass diligently with his oar. 'I'll have to show you how to jibe.'

I shall never see gay sunlight on bright blue water without remembering that day, when, with Phineas to guide me, I jibed and luffed busily back and forth across that little cove. I thought of the old fairy-story in which the wolf used to say to the little pigs, 'I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll puff and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house in!' Similarly, hither and yon among the tethered sailing-craft, I puffed and I luffed.

'Now then,' said Phineas kindly, 'we'll make a *good* tack this time. Put about, steer across, and use the windmill on the island as a guide.'

Cautiously I spread my sail, as one spreads her apron for apples from a tree.

'Be firm, now,' encouraged Phineas; and around we went. Triumph. We sped across toward the windmill, like a clipper ship off for the Barbadoes in the Spanish Main. And suddenly the wind gave one last sigh, and died.

'It'll spring up again,' said Phineas. 'Be ready to take full advantage of the next gust. The sprits'l is n't sensitive, you know.'

If the sprits'l was not sensitive, I was. A superstition as old as the sea teaches us that certain passengers bring bad luck. I felt responsible for this dead calm. It seemed to me that the sprits'l was partly responsible, too. A little sail with such a sprightly name ought not to hang so still. Placidly it drooped from the sprit, no more in a mood for voyaging than a tent flap in the sun.

'I see plenty of wind,' announced Phineas, 'just outside the point. If we could only get around the sand spit!'

'Shall we row?' I inquired tentatively.

'No,' said Phineas.

I began to learn the code of the New England skipper. To resort to oars is like giving up the ship. My own lubber-like impulse would have been to go where the breeze was, but your true mariner whistles for the wind.

'Phineas,' I ventured, after a long period of sun-baked calm, 'do you think it's eleven yet?'

'It's half-past,' replied Phineas briefly, with that up-to-date intelligence as to time that men acquire from long practice with the Watch Sur-reptitious.

'Well,' said I, 'since we're so short of wind, don't you think *you'd* better sail us around the point?'

'Possibly,' admitted Phineas. 'You haul up the centreboard if we look as if we were going to ground.'

But even Phineas could not inspire the sprits'l. We were now so near the

shore, and so preternaturally still, that sandpipers came running down the beach by twos and threes to look us over. A sea gull alighted on the water not far off, and floated toward us, like a duck.

At last came a scant teaspoonful of wind, and we began to move.

'Don't let us graze,' cautioned Phineas.

One never gets a sharper impression of an uneven coast-line than when peering anxiously over the edge of a little craft, calculating the probable clearance for a mysterious centreboard. I imagined ours as fin-shaped, very deep, and pointed. Very soon, at the first sponge-like bed of seaweed that I sighted in our course, I hauled it up entirely, to relieve the nervous strain. We cleared the sand spit so near to scraping, that a small crab sunning himself on the bottom ran for his life.

The teaspoonful of wind was now a skyful, with more to come. As I took the helm and grasped the tugging sail by its one slim rope, I had the irreverent thought that I was holding something alive and frisky by its tail. Literary voyaging in *Treasure Island* and *Typhoon* prepare one in a way; but when one is skirmishing slantwise along with a Cape Cod wind on the quarter and a tricky sprits'l sloping toward the shore, one's sensations begin to be first-hand. There is a kind of roller-coaster motion about the waves around Shell Island that begins to be disturbing if persistently indulged. The long bask in the hot sun of the cove had not been the best preliminary for these slithering ups and downs.

'Phineas,' I began, in a voice that sounded diffident and formal, 'in a few minutes I may not feel quite like myself. Be ready to change seats.'

My passenger gave me a searching glance. But he made no sign. He knew that my salvation lay in things outside myself.

'Rocks ahead,' said he tersely. 'Steer exactly between the bell buoy and that gull.'

Sailing orders of this kind preserve the soul from death — one's compass a surf bell, one's star a flying gull.

Around the island, past the rocks, past the lighthouse, we went scudding up the bay, plain sailing now before the wind. I even made the landing at the dock, coming up to the lee of it as Phineas directed, and coasting neatly until we touched and made fast. I was pleased to note that we had not scraped any of the gorgeous paint from the sides of the other vessels moored near by — Periwinkle, Sabot, Isabella, Viking, and Flea.

Just then, out beyond the boathouse, we saw one of the boys swimming toward us, with signals of welcome and surprise. Phineas hailed him in brotherly tones, making a megaphone of his hands.

'Did Veronica wait long?' roared Phineas.

The swimmer made no answer, but came splashing toward the pier and hauled himself up beside us, presenting me with a starfish as he came.

'How about Veronica,' queried Phineas. 'Did she get cold waiting around?'

'Oh, no,' said the swimmer calmly, 'she did n't. Veronica did n't come.'

'What happened to Veronica?' persisted Phineas.

'Nothing,' said Veronica's brother, 'nothing happened. She just said she guessed she would n't come. She said I could probably ride up to the cottage with you along about three this afternoon.'

He turned to look at our proud caravel bumping its nose against the barnacles on the pier.

'Veronica did say,' he added thoughtfully, 'that she knew you and the sprits'l just a little bit too well.'

'CAN I HELP YOU, MADAM?'

ANY woman who thinks that chivalry is dead, that men are prone of late to assume a 'Let-Georgiana-do-it' attitude, has but to begin a little job of tinkering along some line popularly regarded as 'no woman's job.' She will find that the world is still peopled with eager, unselfish knights-errant. Noble Lohengrins and bold Sir Launcelots will sprint to her side at her first *tink*.

This morning I decided to undertake a bit of work on the car — merely to replace a lost bolt in the license plate, which neither my husband nor the garage-man found time to do. Simple? *Mais, non!* First of all, I must procure a new bolt for the plate, and so walked into a hardware store and asked for one. The young salesman was aghast over my notion that any bolt would do.

'You better bring the plate in here, or the bolt you have in it yet. Then I can give you the exact fit.'

So I went to the garage, took out the tool case, and was proceeding to detach the license plate when the garage-man interposed.

'Want any help?' he asked sociably, and without waiting for my reply took the screwdriver out of my hand and deftly loosened the bolt, with the aid of a wrench and another tool or two he found in the kit.

'There, now you can get an exact match in no time.'

I went back to the hardware store. The clerk, after careful measuring, selected five cents' worth of bolts which he considered even better than the kind originally used, because they had a snugger fit in the spring-washer affair that went with them, as he carefully pointed out to me. He bowed me out, with an air that plainly defied me to find them otherwise, before turning to his next customer.

Now the thin metal of the license

plate made a most annoying jingle whenever we went over bumps, and I therefore decided that while the plate was off would be a good time to add the board-backing which my husband had been contemplating.

As I had it along with me, I went to the building where my husband has an office. Just inside, I met the head janitor of the place, who, spying the plate, observed sociably, 'Have to have a license to walk these days!'

I started to explain about the board, whereupon he appropriated the plate.

'Let's see. I've got just the right kind of a board for that, I'm sure.' And off he darted.

He painstakingly sawed a board into a neat fit, screwed the plate to it in eight different places, examined his work critically, and handed it back with a flourish. 'Now she won't jingle,' he declared, and went off.

I started back to the garage, but noticed that the janitor had forgotten to drill the holes through the board for the bolts that must fasten the plate to the license rod. So I went up to the office, and finding no one there, congratulated myself that at last I could do a little work on the job. But I had scarcely found the drill I meant to use, when my husband came in.

'Well, well, Keturah, at that license tag, are you? Got it on a board, too? Here, let's see that drill a minute. You want a larger one than that.'

And without further ado, he changed the drills and went to work. After several minutes of careful measuring and drilling, he handed the plate back with the complacent remark: 'There, run along with it. And if you can't put it back, I'll do it when I get around to it. I'm busy now.' And off he toddled.

The man who keeps the cigar and confectionery store in the building was just starting off to the bank, or lunch, when I stepped out of the elevator. He

spied the plate, asked if I was off for a ride, and when I started to explain, holding out the contraption to show what had been done, he observed, —

'No, that's not the right way to fasten the plate to the board. Those screws will work out in no time. Now if you had a couple of bolts in the sides — Good. Those are just the thing.'

He gobbled on to the two extra ones the boy had given me, when I meekly produced them. He went back into his shop, to his pipe-repairing stand, drilled a hole in each side through metal and board, put the bolts through, screwed on the nuts, cut off the extra length of bolt, hammered the ends flat for rivets, looked it all over appreciatively, and handed it back with a proud: 'There, missus. Now you can ride and ride, and that board and plate will stick together as long as you need a license, even though everyone of Jim's eight screws drop out.' And he turned away to wait on a customer before starting out again.

I sneaked into the garage, rejoiced to find the garage-men all busy. I noiselessly got out the tool case, fitted the plate in place on the bracket, and had just started screwing in the first bolt, when suddenly a man crawled out from under his car two stalls away, and with a 'Can I help you, madam?' took screwdriver, bolts, plate, and everything away from me and went to work.

To complete it to his satisfaction, he brought a wrench and other paraphernalia from his own kit. Ere long, with the flair of one conscious of successfully performing a deed of unselfish kindness, he stepped back to scrutinize his work, pronounced it good, and crawled back under his car.

'Well, well, Keturah,' laughed my husband, when he spied the license-plate in place. 'Got it on, after all?'

'No, I just started it. A nice, kind gentleman finished it for me.'

MANY THINGS

THE Walrus undoubtedly was a property man, and it was the stage carpenter he was walking with, that day that ended so tragically for the young oysters. Perhaps oyster shells were on the list for the next production. Of all the professions, there is none that engenders greater familiarity with such a host and variety of 'many things.' If, as I suspect, the Walrus was a property man, it was natural and normal for him to speak of shoes and ships and sealing wax in conjunction, and he had probably, at odd and crowded moments, made cabbages stand for kings. At any rate being property man for the Green Mask Players is being second cousin to the Walrus. When their third season closed with a bill of three one-act plays, the property man's shopping-list read as follows: —

A cuckoo — other birds
A book
A Welsh dresser
Old pewter
Windsor chairs
A raisin cake, and other wedding gifts
Pots of geraniums
Church chimes (which doubled in 'The Boy Jones' as a palace clock)
An old and magnificent cradle
Ermine-trimmed robe for same
A Paisley shawl
Victorian furniture
A large gilt mirror
Girandoles
Two hoop-skirts
Wax flowers under glass
A mantel and its appurtenances
The baby clothes of 1843
A baby!

And many other things.

Now began the great hunting.

The cuckoo and the other birds were easy: they were snared in a music shop together with the chimes. The old pewter was looted from the homes of

long-suffering friends, as were the girandoles and the Paisley shawl. But it was seemingly the closed season for Welsh dressers, so the P.M. and the A.A. doubled as carpenters, and evolved quite a charming dresserette, to hold the pewter and pots of geraniums that brightened 'the Davis cottage in the hill country, England.'

There were daily rumors of Windsor chairs roosting in strange parlors, which proved, on investigation, to be Chippendales or Sheratons. At last came authentic word of two genuine, armless Windsors of the required age in the wood-type. They were on top of the H—— building! Fifteen stories above the city street, we found the perfect Windsors. They were conveyed to our Ford, waiting fifteen stories below, by a Chestertonian colored porter, who assured us that 'Anything we-all has as you-all wants we'd be proud to lend it to you.'

Then we played a game of hoop-skirt, hoop-skirt, who has the hoop-skirt? A lady in the Heights had a splendid pair, but she was brought up on the Polonian principle and refused firmly to lend them. The window-dresser at L——'s had two that he offered with his usual affability, for window-dressers are only another kind of property men; but so generous their circumference, had the queen worn one, our limited stage could have held no other actor and no further properties. An adequate hoop-skirt was finally secured for Nurse Bunton, and at the eleventh moment an attic-cleaning neighbor discovered aged and dainty hoops, with a lovely bustle effect, which set off the queen's purple dressing-gown to perfection.

Brightest of bright deeds in the property man's world, a magnificent cradle, a gem of antiquity, with a tester top, was offered to us, so that

'Pussy' might rest in proper royal state.

No one would own to having baby robes of so remote a period; but a Green Masker of the eighteen-eighties produced a christening robe of the required prodigious length.

The price of even near-velvet for a regal cradle robe was so prohibitive that, for a time, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa was threatened with having to repose under the most plebeian of blankets. But as we were passing a wall-paper store, a draped piece of royal-blue velvet, used to dress the window, caught our eyes, and, charming with smiles, we succeeded in borrowing it.

Searching an antique-shop for wax flowers under a glass bell, we unearthed two guaranteed souvenirs of 'the dear Queen': one a quaint little leather-bound, brass-studded chest, given by Queen Victoria to a cousin setting forth on a journey to Martinique; and the other a slender and wicked sword-cane, with which the gentleman armed himself for the adventure. Beautiful bits, deserving of fine parts in the play! We never could understand the perversity of the author, who refused to write them into her plot. Our idea of the really proper procedure in play-writing is the same as Mr. Vincent Crummies's — first get your properties, and then build the play around them. We have at present in our attic a stuffed peacock, a gilt ladder, a tiny 1860 lace-and-chiffon parasol, and two negro wigs, waiting for an intelligent author.

I believe that the Walrus felt much the same about it, and that, when recounting the list of his properties on hand, he was hoping that the Carpenter would knock together a first-rate play, calling for shoes and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

William McFee, sailor, author, and engineer, writes us that he is 'off the sea just now' and 'tormented all the time with a novel.' He sends us the story of a talkative wanderer out of his Caribbean notebook. ¶What is unprintable and who shall decide it? is the essence of that infinitely discussed problem to which **Stuart P. Sherman** devotes his paper. *The American Genius* is the title of Professor Sherman's latest volume. He is professor of English at the University of Illinois. **William Beebe** has often described the jungle to *Atlantic* readers. In this number he gives an insight into his methods of observation, and admits us to the intimacies of a naturalist's workshop. **Charles D. Christoph**, whose poem 'Europa' we are printing this month, is a new *Atlantic* contributor.

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Ray Morris is a New York banker, a member of Brown Brothers, but his philosophy proceeds from the Maine coast, where his vacations are spent. ¶At seventeen, **Arthur Mason** ran away to sea from Edinburgh University. For thirty-odd years he followed the sea, though lately he has begun to rest a little and to recall his many voyages, sometimes in talk, sometimes in print. He is the author of *Ocean Echoes*, published by Henry Holt and Company. **Earnest Elmo Calkins**, who gives in this issue of the *Atlantic* a small boy's (his own) first adventures with books, is a member of the advertising firm of Calkins and Holden of New York City, and author of 'The Technique of Being Deaf,' published in the February *Atlantic*. ¶Research professor of physiology in Columbia University, **Fred-eric S. Lee** is author and editor of many authoritative books on medical and physiological subjects. **L. Allen Harker** has long been distinguished as an interpreter of child life in England. She is the author of *The Romance of a Nursery* and *Paul and Fiammetta*. **Fannie Stearns Gifford** is a poet, an essayist, and a contributor familiar to *At-*

lantic readers. ¶Are you a Jeopard — or, maybe, a Jeopardess? The question can be answered only by reading 'Groups,' the contribution of **Frances Lester Warner** (Mrs. Mayo Dyer Hersey), formerly of the *Atlantic* staff.

* * *

Gamaliel Bradford, who in his *American Portraits* has painted for the *Atlantic* all manner of famous men, from P. T. Barnum to John Brown, turns for his subject in this number to that most lovable of scholars and teachers, Francis James Child. ¶Long an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic*, **William Sidney Rossiter** heads the Rumford Press at Concord, New Hampshire, and is President of the American Statistical Association. He is perhaps best known to our readers for his striking paper, 'What Are Americans?' published in August 1920. His latest work is the monograph on *Increase of Population in the United States, 1910-1920*, published by the federal census. **Elizabeth Choate** is a young Boston writer, two of whose essays, 'Pilgrimage' (March 1922), and 'On Getting Home' (March 1923), have appeared in the *Atlantic*.

* * *

Charles Merz is an acute student of political forces and personalities in the United States. Formerly Washington correspondent of the *New Republic*, he served as an assistant to the Commission to Negotiate Peace in Paris, 1918-19, and later joined the *New York World* as staff correspondent. **Henry de Man's** career has been full and various. An officer on the Belgian front during the war, and later a Belgian officer on the Russian front, he is an author whose best-known book in English is *The Remaking of a Mind*. After the war he went to work in America as a laborer for the purpose of studying social conditions, and later took charge of the Centrale d'Education Ouvrière, and of the Labor College in Brussels. **Sir Francis Younghusband**, for

many years an officer in the British Army, has held various posts of military and political responsibility throughout the Empire. He is the author of *Heart of a Continent*, *South Africa of To-day*, *India and Tibet*, and *Within*, a record of his own inner life. Miss Elsa Simm is the daughter of the celebrated Munich painter whose frescoes ornament the public buildings of many European capitals. She has put down this record of conditions in Germany out of her intimate, recent experience. Marguerite Harrison was one of the first newspaper correspondents in Russia after the Revolution. She suffered imprisonment there, and upon her return wrote one of the fairest as well as liveliest books on Russia — *Marooned in Moscow*. Last summer after studying conditions in Japan and the Far East, she found herself in a part of Siberia that had just been reabsorbed by the Bolsheviks. She was again thrown into prison and would have been sentenced to death, but for the intervention of Colonel Haskell of the American Relief Association. She was released in February of this year, and returned to America.

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A question for Mr. Newton, the author of the new play, *Doctor Johnson*: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder if Mr. Newton could vouch for the authenticity of the story concerning the controversy between Mr. Gilbert and a certain church dignitary of London, England, shortly after the appearance of the opera, 'Ruddigore.' As the story was told me, it appears that the ecclesiastic wrote a letter to one of the London 'dailies' deploring the use of 'Ruddigore' as the opera's title, and that Mr. Gilbert's reply went something like this: —

'Should I refer to Your Lordship's complexion as being ruddy, Your Lordship would most certainly be pleased — as I would be; but should I, which I do not intend to, refer to Your Lordship's "bloody cheek," Your Lordship would most certainly be offended — as I am.'

C. C. THACKRAY.

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We are glad to publish this protest and criticism, by the Speech Readers Guild of Boston, on a letter relating to deafness published in the March *Atlantic*.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

At the close of a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Speech Readers Guild of Boston there was shown the letter signed 'Wano' as published in the Contributors' Column of the *Atlantic* for March.

Since in the letter reference is made to the Speech Readers Guild (incorrectly given as *Reading*), we cannot refrain from an expression of protest in behalf of the class of speech readers for whom this organization exists.

'Wano' does not realize the difference between persons who are totally deaf from youth or birth and who have been educated in schools for the deaf, and persons commonly termed hard-of-hearing, whose dull response to sound has come upon them in later years so that a *readjustment* to life is necessary. The former frequently may be aided by such exaggerated movements as 'Wano' advocates. But the latter, who are represented by our group here, as well as those in distant cities with whom we are in touch, dread exaggerated lip movement and feel both a mental and nervous reaction from such efforts on the part of kindly intentioned but misconceiving friends.

To those who wish to help us we would say, Please do not mouth your words; if you naturally speak very rapidly, enunciate more slowly, but take care to do this *without* exaggerating the movements. Look in the mirror and see how you form your words — it will help you greatly in this art of clear diction.

In the words of Shakespeare we entreat: 'Speak the speech, I pray you . . . trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier had spoken my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and betget temperance, that may give it smoothness.'

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
of the Speech Readers Guild.

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In last month's Contributors' Column, Edward Richards, author of 'The Test of Faith,' was erroneously spoken of as 'a Quaker who has put his faith to the test.' Mr. Richards is not a Quaker. He was brought up in the Episcopal church, and since his return to America has become a Presbyterian. His extraordinary story of moral and physical courage is made all the more striking by the knowledge that he belongs to a Christian sect, which unlike the Quakers is not generally regarded as opposed to participation in war.

More light comes to us upon the behaviourism of our grandmothers:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

In the April number of the *Atlantic*, the description in 'The Behaviourism of Our Grandmothers' of *Etiquette for the Use of All* reminds me of its American counterpart, *A Young Lady's Friend*, by a Lady, written some time in the fifties by the wife of a Harvard professor. I have never owned a copy but I have treasured certain passages in my memory for more than twenty years.

If a young lady goes out to dinner, she is told, 'Do not put yourself forward but fall back among the young people. A child, an annual, or a worked ottoman will afford subjects of conversation until dinner is announced.'

For dinner itself, there are many rules. 'If you believe in following foreign customs, you will feed yourself with your fork only; but if you believe, as I do, that America has a right to her customs as well as any other country, you will sometimes use your knife if you close your lips neatly but not too tightly over the blade.' 'In some houses, bowls with water will be passed. These are not to drink from but to dip the fingers in.' 'If hothouse grapes are served, do not scream out.'

But as in all these manuals, there are more pitfalls to be warned against in the matter of relations with the other sex than anywhere else. 'If you receive an offer of marriage by letter, answer at once, for to most men a refusal is not only a disappointment but a mortification.' 'If a gentleman admires your bracelet, take it off at once,' for fear I suppose of the 'pressure of the hand.' 'Do not worry about marriage. When the right man comes along an individual attachment will spring up in your heart.' 'Individual' is her most passionate word.

PAULINA CONY DROWN.

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DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Mr. Powers in the April *Atlantic* asks the question, What part is Christianity to have in the coming greater conflict of the nations? The question is certainly important and Christians ought to answer it.

He says that Christ was not an economic teacher and devotes a page to reflections upon the expression in the King James version of the Sermon on the Mount, Take therefore no thought for the morrow. This he thinks not economic. But he fails to give to these words their true meaning. In the Greek it is clear that they mean what the revised version expresses, Be not anxious for the morrow, Be not anxious for your life. When the King James version was made, the

word 'thought' was often used in the sense of anxiety. In Bacon's *Henry VII* we find the phrase, 'Hawys was put in trouble and died with thought and anguish before his business came to an end.' Many other quotations of like character can be found in the Century Dictionary.

Properly understood this command of Christ is of the first importance in our modern life. Anxious care and worry when we are dealing with others are usually combined with jealousy and distrust. These evil passions now are leading nations all through the world into strife. Christianity then has this message for them all: These are evil passions and Christian men and Christian nations should deal with each other in the spirit of mutual confidence and friendliness.

EVERETT P. WHEELER

CHAIRMAN AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

* * *

When the history of literary censorship comes to be written, we shall submit the following:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Speaking of censorship of literature, a recent incident in our small town public Library has convinced me that it will take more than the primness and conscientiousness of a Library Board to preserve the innocence of our near-by rural communities.

Pronounced 'unfit and improper' by the Board, the works of de Maupassant were taken from the shelves, dispatched to the Library attic, and later promised to a man in the community for whose future the Library did not feel responsible. One day when this rash individual called for his treasures, they were not to be found. The new librarian was puzzled at first; then she recalled that they must have been put into a box with some other old books. 'And one day,' she went on to explain, 'a man drove in from the country to get some books that he said had been promised for their new Methodist Sunday School Library—and we gave him the whole box.'

Should n't there be some sort of Lusk book raids, to enforce the decisions of censors of literature?

* * *

The heaviest indictment against the modern jail and prison is an enforced idleness for prisoners which is still the prevailing practice.

We are glad to print the following letter showing how Joseph F. Fishman's article has borne fruit and how a beginning is being made to supply books for prisoners by using the A.L.A.'s unexpended war fund.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It has been claimed that there are many ex-service men in jails who need books more than any other group, and in order to make sure that this statement was true the A.L.A. arranged to have the jails in certain large cities of the Middle West visited. As a result of this inquiry, it was estimated that about twenty per cent of the jail population were men who had served in the World War.

The inquiry proved further that in most of the jails there were no books, few magazines, no place to read except the corridors and cells, and a poor light there. Conditions were better in work-houses where there is more space available for bookshelves, better light, and, in one or two instances, already a supply of books. At the Chicago 'Bridewell,' there is a library of 15,000 books in a separate room, with branch collections in six cell-houses where every night the 'librarians' carry wooden trays heaped with books to each cell and the prisoner chooses what he wants.

There was no opposition on the part of the jailers to the visits and in most instances they welcomed the offer of regular help from the public library. At St. Paul the jailer felt sure that no one wanted to read, but had no objection to the men's being asked about it nor to their being offered books. Accordingly a few were put on the bars and although they were a hit and miss lot which chanced to be at hand, they were all taken.

I believe that this is typical of the attitude of the jailers and of the men, and that a library service that was systematic and discriminating would be acceptable to everybody. Moreover, if the number of ex-service men passing through jail and work-houses is twenty per cent of the population, the A.L.A. would be justified in drawing upon its War Fund, and it would be out of the question to discriminate against those prisoners who never had been soldiers. It could be understood that, although provided primarily for ex-service men, all who chose might use the books.

The A.L.A. is also getting additional information as to the names of individual ex-service men who want books, and is prepared to supply what is needed either through local library organizations or directly to the reader himself, with the understanding that eventually the books sent him shall be turned over to the prison library.

MIRIAM E. CAREY

Chairman, Committee on Institutional Libraries, American Library Association.

We cannot but hope that this work may develop until every jail and prison in the country has an adequate library — a very great, but not an impossible achievement.

* * *

Did you know that snakes develop from horsehair? Shakespeare was right about that after all!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have enjoyed very much the 'Nyasaland Sketches,' by Hans Coudenhove, but he made a statement in No. 2 that I must take exception to. It is when he says he cannot believe Shakespeare when he says that horsehair, imbedded in mud, would develop into worms or snakes as we used to call them — and as Shakespeare is not here to defend himself I would like to say a few words for his vindication — inasmuch as I have had some experience with horsehair snakes myself. I know I am exposing myself to the ridicule of the modern scientist when I say this, for I have understood they say that it is an utter impossibility for a snake to develop from horses' hair.

But, when I was a child we lived in the country (about 25 miles from N. Y.) and we had an old watering-trough, made from a hollowed-out log, where our horses were always watered, and quite often my brothers used to bring in a hair snake found around this trough. The trough was set on a slant; the horses always drinking from the lower end while the upper had always in it some green slime. One day I pulled out a lot of hairs and imbedded them in the slimy end of the trough — I remember hearing one of my brothers say one day, 'What are all these horsehairs doing in here?' And another one said, 'Oh, Emilie is trying to raise horsehair snakes.' The first said, 'I have a notion to throw them out,' but the other said, 'No, let them alone and let her see what she can do.' And in a couple or more weeks after putting them in my mother called me one day and told me I had a couple of snakes there.

That was a great many years ago but I can still see those snakes as they curled about my fingers and as they opened wide their mouths — how long they lived or anything more about them I cannot tell — but if that old trough was still in existence I would like to prove to some of our modern scientists that there is such a thing as live snakes developed from horses' hair.

Shakespeare was right!

MRS. L. EMILIE PEARSALL.

